

Radio Mirror

APRIL

15¢



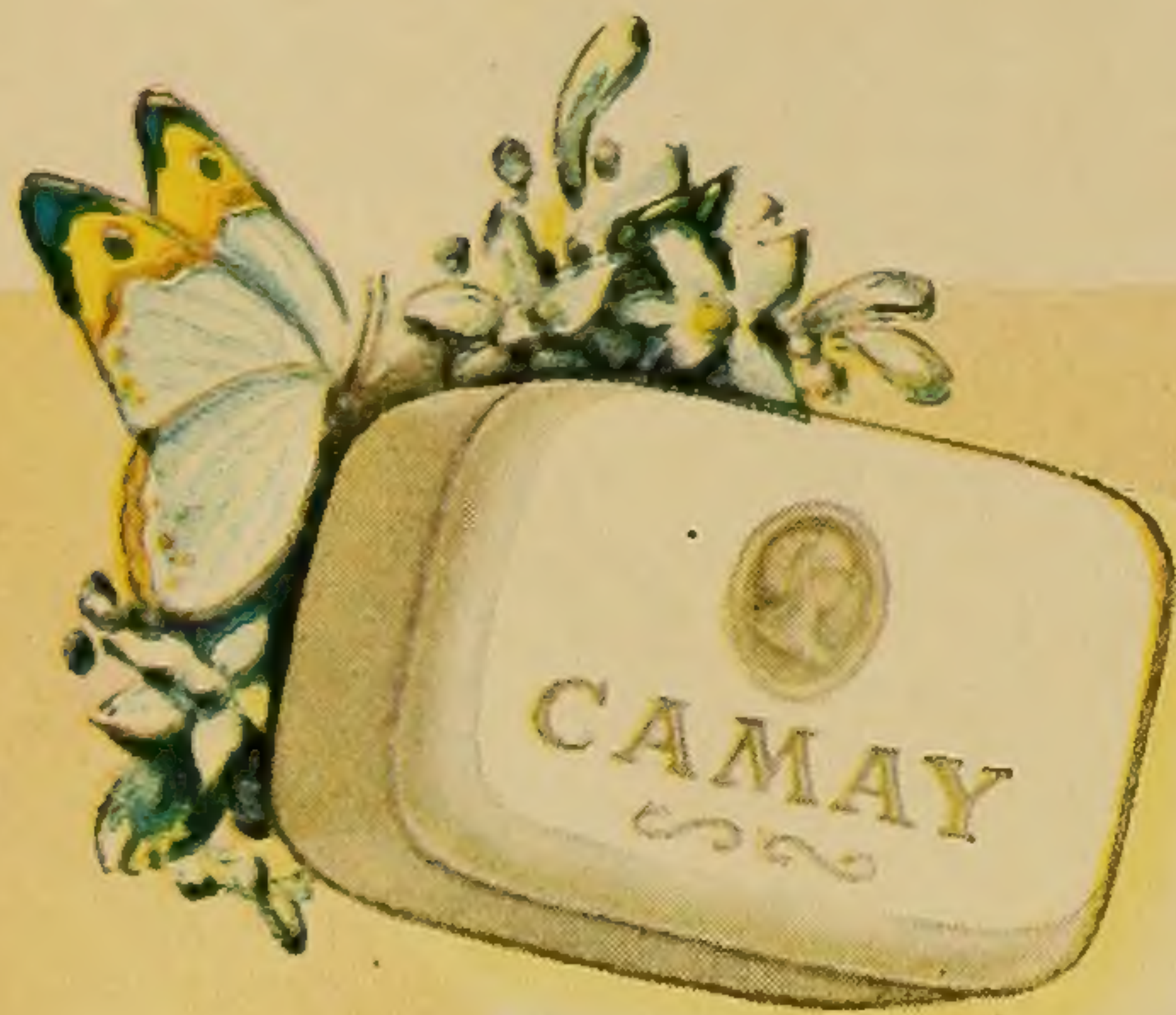
MARTHA
TILTON



IN LIVING PORTRAITS

Today's Children

Just One Cake of Camay—and your Skin will be Softer, Smoother!



A skin that's lovelier, softer, breathtakingly smoother—it's yours with your very *first* cake of Camay! So renounce all careless cleansing—go on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet. Doctors tested Camay's daring beauty promise on scores of complexions.

And these doctors reported that woman after woman—using just *one cake* of Camay—gained a fresher, clearer-looking complexion.

THE STORY OF THE KEITHS



Rhythm and Romance for Jean and Alan—as they traced the exotic pattern of the rhumba. Between dances, Alan couldn't keep his eyes off Jean's complexion—so smooth "and most divinely fair." She credits its softer texture to the Camay Mild-Soap Diet—says, "The very *first* cake of Camay helped awaken the sleeping beauty of my skin."



Honeymooning at Niagara—and the Maid of the Mist never sailed with a lovelier bride. "I'm going to help my skin stay smooth and radiant," says Jean. "I'll stick with the Camay Mild-Soap Diet." For a fresher bloom in your skin get Camay—so mild it cleanses without irritation. Follow instructions on your Camay wrapper.



Please use every bit of Camay—precious materials still go into making soap.



MRS. ALAN FRANCIS KEITH
—the former Jean Luke of Cleveland, Ohio
Bridal portrait painted by *M. Bolegard*

"April Fool?"



CUPID: Ah...! A joke, huh? Plain girl gets candy from unknown suitor. But it's not candy and there's no suitor. Very funny!

GIRL: All right. *Laugh* then.

CUPID: *Me?* Excuse it, but to me it's not funny, honey. But it *should* remind you that maybe there'd be real candy and a real suitor if you'd just laugh once in a while. Smile at people! Sparkle!

GIRL: Sparkle? Cupid, my pet, with my dull teeth I couldn't even glimmer! I brush 'em, but—Well...

CUPID: Mmmm? Ever see "pink" on your tooth brush?

GIRL: And what if I have?

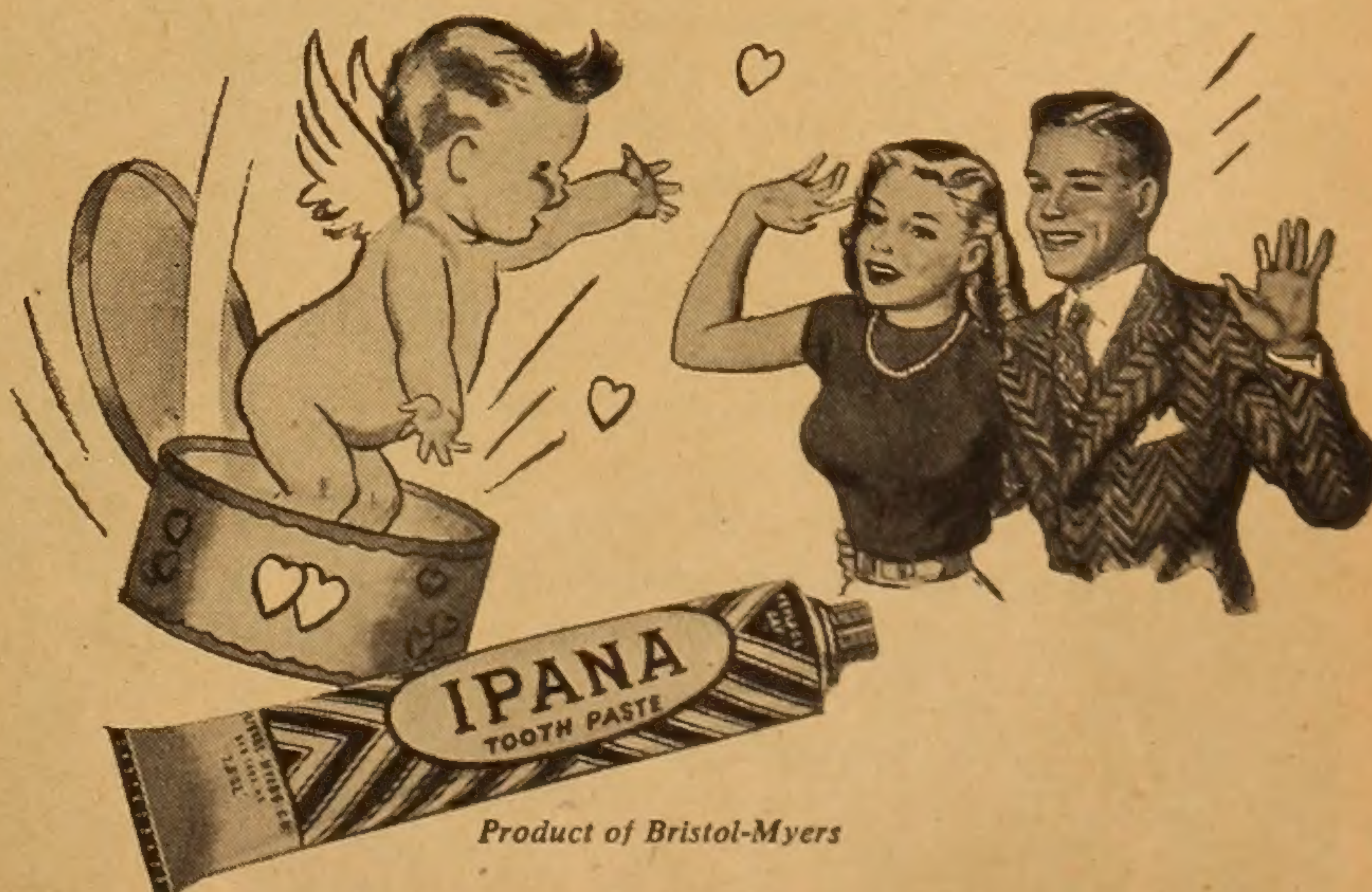
CUPID: What if I have, she says! Listen, you marshmallow-minded little idiot! That "pink's" a warning to see your dentist! He may find soft foods are robbing your gums of exercise.

And he may suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."



GIRL: And right away I start glittering like diamonds, huh? People have to wear dark glasses. I get—

CUPID: Quiet, Woman! And listen. A sparkling smile depends largely on firm, healthy gums. And Ipana not only cleans teeth. It's specially designed, with massage, to help your gums. Just massage a little extra Ipana on your gums when you brush your teeth. You'll be helping yourself to healthier gums, sounder teeth... and a prettier smile than you ever wore in your life! Now get started!



For the Smile of Beauty

IPANA AND MASSAGE

Radio Mirror

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ON THE COVER—Martha Tilton, of ABC's Hall Of Fame, Color
Portrait by John Engstead

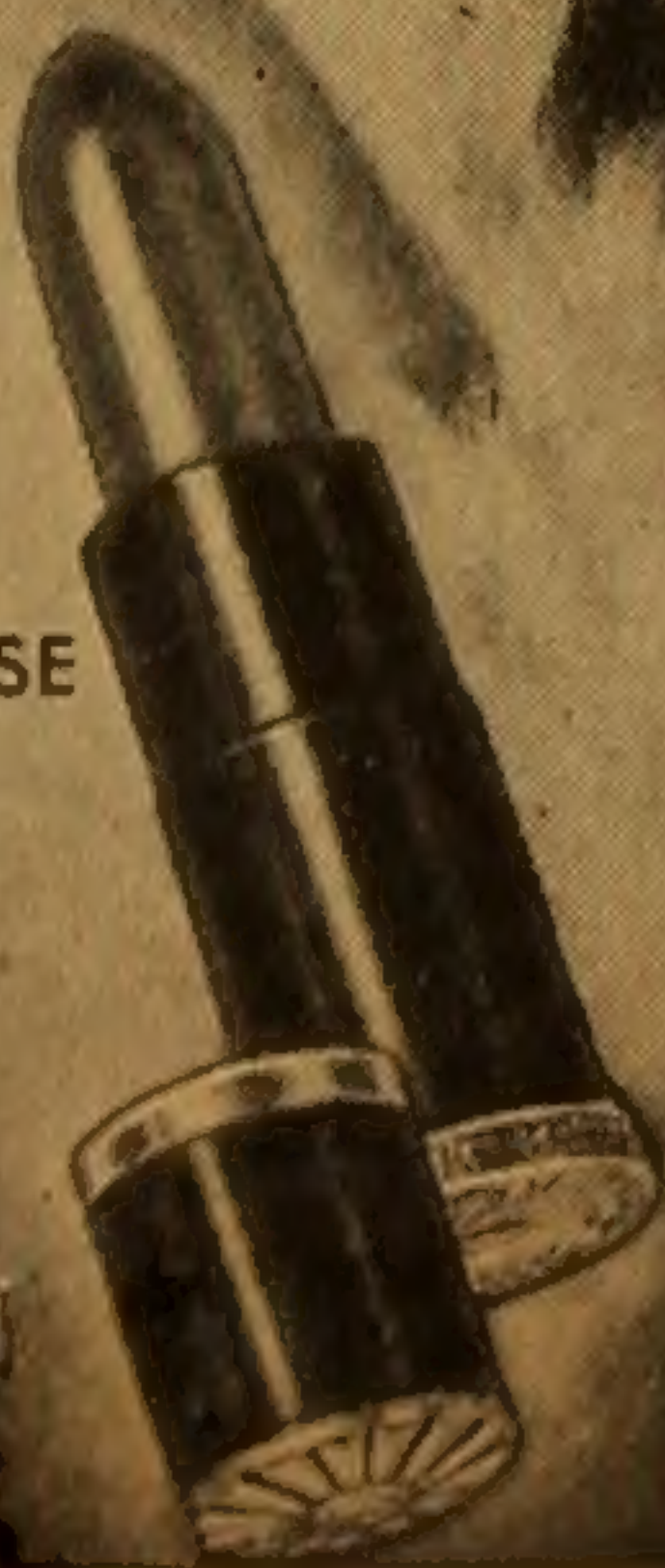
the Lips he chooses are
Irresistible

And you, too, can have thrilling warm lips radiantly alive with Irresistible—the lipstick that brings glorious color to your lips and breathtaking moments to your heart. **WHIP-TEXT** to stay on longer yet be smooth-spreading, non-drying. Your most becoming shade with matching rouge and face powder available at all 5 & 10¢ stores.

Add a touch of Irresistible Perfume
it's wicked — it's wonderful

Now FINER THAN EVER
IN NEW METAL SWIVEL CASE

Lipstick by *Irresistible*



Radi-I-Q



By JACK LLOYD

One point for each correct answer—check yours with those on page 69. A score between 8 and 6 is good, 5-3, fair, and below 3—well, listen in more often, won't you?

1. Elmer Blurt is his famous creation and when you hear this ABCo-median whispering "I hope—I hope—I hope" you know we're talkin' about
2. On Columbia's Joan Davis Show there's that constant struggle between Joanie and her rival, Barbara Weatherby, to win the affection of crooner-boy
(a) Dave Street
(b) Andy Russell
(c) Danny O'Neil
(d) Phil Brito
3. Cecil B. DeMille was recently replaced on the Lux Radio Theatre. Can you name the new producer on the show?
4. Senator Claghorn, Claghorn that is—on the Fred Allen Show is a new addition to Allen's Alley. Behind that character hides
(a) Alan Reed
(b) Kenny Delmar
(c) Fred Allen
5. Unscramble the following names of radio shows:
(a) Jack Harrigan
(b) Captain Burton
(c) Hop Armstrong
(d) The Second Mrs. Midnight
6. Jack Benny's contest has brought terrific response from his fans. We don't know if you sent your letter, but we'd like you to name the slogan of that contest.
7. Match the following names with their occupations:
(a) Jim Brent
(b) Jeanette Davis
(c) Martha Deane
(d) Henry Morgan
(a) Commentator
(b) Singer
(c) Comedian
(d) Lead on Road of Life
8. On the new Bob Hawk Show a contestant lost out the other day because he couldn't name the capital of Nebraska. Can you?



Don't be that kind of a Cover Girl!

You can't cover up underarm odor—but you can guard against it with Mum

YOU SIMPLY can't resist perfume. That added dash of fragrance makes you feel so feminine. So alluring.

But you're only fooling yourself. For even the loveliest of perfumes won't cover up underarm odor.

Your bath washes away *past* perspira-

tion, but you still need protection against risk of *future* underarm odor. And Mum's the word for that.

So take 30 seconds to smooth on Mum after every bath, before every date. Snowy-white Mum keeps you sweet—nice to be near all day or evening.

Mum won't irritate your skin or injure fabrics. Quick, safe, sure—you can use Mum even *after* dressing. Won't dry out in the jar. Ask for Mum today.

For Sanitary Napkins—Mum is gentle, safe, dependable...ideal for this use, too.



Product of Bristol-Myers

Mum

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

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FACING the MUSIC

By KEN ALDEN



Joan Edwards' daughter can tell she's safe with Bing, who has four sons of his own.

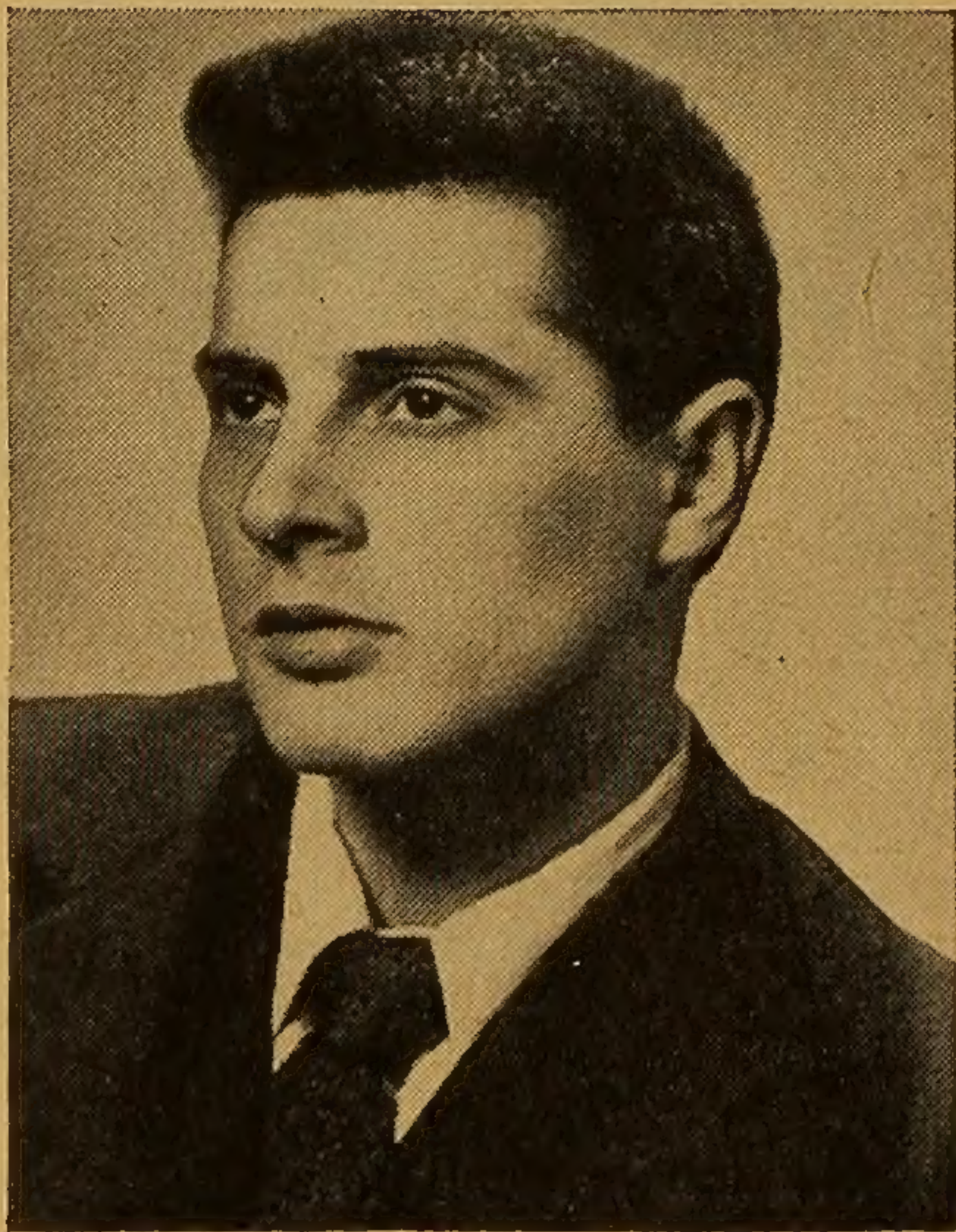
GINNY SIMMS and her socialite husband, Hyatt Dehn, were in New York recently on a belated honeymoon, and the attractive CBS singer told me about two impressive wedding gifts given to her by her tall, handsome mate. Dehn made Ginny a vice president in a new real estate corporation he has formed, and he is leveling off the top of a whole mountain to build for his bride a new Beverly Hills Home.

Incidentally, Ginny and her husband are taking a keen interest in helping the housing shortage, particularly as it affects ex-servicemen. Dehn plans to produce quality pre-fabricated houses on an assembly line basis.

The Dinah Shore show is having writer trouble. There's a good chance Dinah's sponsors may turn the whole NBC half hour into a full musical pattern, dropping out the alleged comedy.

Leonard Suess, Eddie Cantor's 24-year-old trumpeter-conductor, is seeing plenty of New York and Hollywood with film actress Virginia Weidler.

Take a note: Mrs. Glenn Miller has given Ray McKinley permission to use her late husband's music library for his new band . . . Jean Sablon, the French Crosby, is auditioning for a network show . . . By the time you read this Maurice Chevalier should be in the U. S. after a long absence. At one time Chevalier was suspected of being too friendly with the Nazis but was subsequently cleared . . . Red Norvo has joined Woody Herman's band . . . Harry James was caught with wife



Johnny Desmond duplicates his GI singing successes (NBC, Saturdays).

Betty Grable in a gambling house stickup. The holdup men tapped the establishment's cash register but left Betty with her jewels.

Eddy Duchin, now giving out with his piano magic on the Music Hall, told friends he doesn't want his motherless son to become a professional musician. He hopes that the boy will study medicine, an original ambition of his famed father.

Duke Ellington held up the opening of his Carnegie Hall concert in New York one full hour because his valet



Joy Hodges (above) song-salutes newlyweds on NBC's Honeymoon in New York, heard each morning at 9:00 A.M. EST.

was tardy in bringing him his brand new full dress suit.

Jo Stafford is feuding with Eddie Cantor because the latter entered her radio studio, uninvited, to ask the studio audience if they would like to attend the Alan Young show after they had witnessed Jo's. Such temperament!

THE CREAMER

It took Johnny Desmond, the ex GI swooner and now one of the potential singing stars of 1946, and me thirty-two minutes to fight our way from the eighth floor radio studio in Radio City to the main floor coffee shop. Avid, excited teen-agers blocked our progress. We pushed our way through a maze of autograph books.

Although the young singer was slightly embarrassed and apologetic, he didn't mind the delay.

"If they didn't do it then I'd be worried," he admitted.

I certainly didn't mind it because this is the same way it had been with Sinatra, Como, Haymes and Russell. This was the sure sign on the Broadway barometer that Johnny was hot.

The slightly built, brown-eyed baritone had been out of uniform exactly six weeks when I interviewed him. In that short space of time he had clicked on his sponsored NBC Saturday morning show, wowed them at the Strand (Continued on page 102)



*Bright
about her Bridge -*

*Stupid
about her Scalp!*

*Ignorance, Indifference and Neglect
May Lead to a Troublesome Case
of Infectious Dandruff*

Don't be dumb about so important a thing as your scalp and hair.

Common symptoms like excess flakes and scaling, itching and irritation may, and often do, indicate the presence of infectious dandruff . . . the stubborn kind that may hang on a long time and embarrass and trouble you.

If you have the slightest evidence of infectious dandruff, start now with Listerine Antiseptic and massage twice daily. This is the easy, delightful treatment that, in a clinical test, brought complete disappearance of, or marked improvement in, the symptoms of dandruff to 76% of the dandruff sufferers

within 30 days. It has helped so many . . . may help you.

Kills "Bottle Bacillus"

Listerine Antiseptic kills millions of the "bottle bacillus" germs . . . those ruthless little invaders that can grow in vast numbers on the scalp, threatening its health and the appearance of the hair. Many a noted dermatologist calls the "bottle bacillus" a causative agent of infectious dandruff.

Flakes Begin to Disappear

While Listerine Antiseptic mops up on germs, it also helps to rid scalp and hair of those distressing flakes and scales. And almost immediately itching is allayed.

Even after a few treatments you

begin to see and feel improvement. Your scalp tingles and glows, feels wonderfully alive! Your hair feels delightfully fresh! Listerine Antiseptic does not bleach it.

Get in the habit of making Listerine Antiseptic and massage a part of your regular hair-washing. It pays! Remember, Listerine Antiseptic is the same antiseptic that has been famous for more than 60 years in the field of oral hygiene.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY
St. Louis, Mo.

the tested treatment
LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC
and MASSAGE

Pityrosporum ovale, the strange "bottle bacillus" regarded by many leading authorities as a causative agent of infectious dandruff.



Announcing the new Improved **POSTWAR★ARRID**

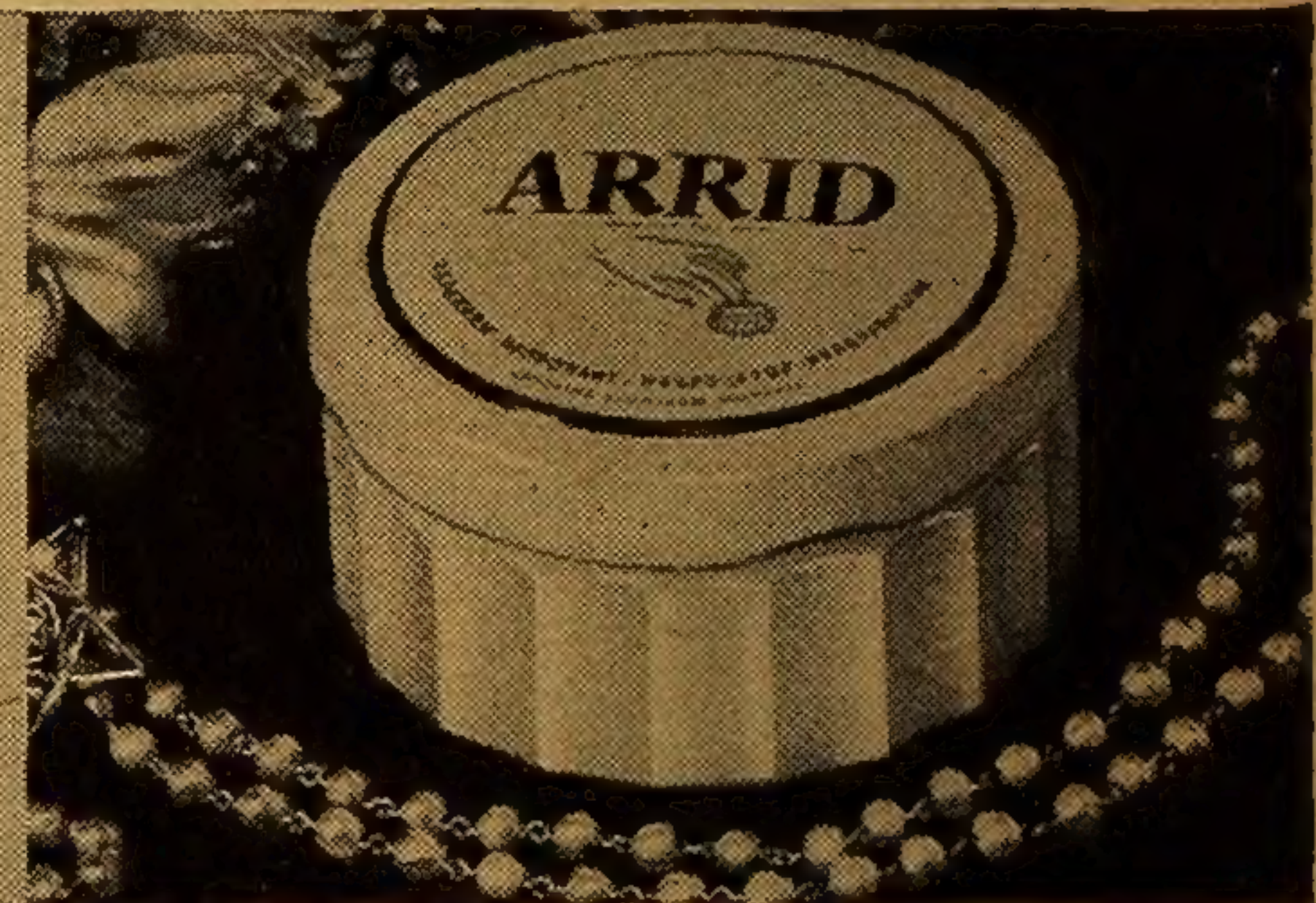
No other Deodorant
stops perspiration and odor
so effectively, yet so safely!¹

It's the improved deodorant you've been waiting for! The new, soft, smooth, creamy deodorant that gives you the maximum protection possible against perspiration and odor with safety to your skin and clothes! No other deodorant of any sort... liquid or cream... meets the standard set by this wonderful new Postwar Arrid for stopping perspiration and odor with safety!

so Soft! so Smooth! so Creamy!

Springtime Evening Drama

The new, long Sarong skirt... slim and sleek. The casual black top, with the season's smartest sleeve! Wear it with short daytime skirts, too... but always protect it (and you) from perspiration and odor. Use Arrid daily! No other deodorant stops perspiration and odor so effectively, yet so safely... only Arrid!



★ In the same familiar package... marked with a star above the price

Only safe, gentle Arrid

gives you this thorough protection

1. No other deodorant stops perspiration and odor so effectively, yet so safely.¹
2. Nearly twice as effective in stopping perspiration as any other leading deodorant cream.
3. Does not rot clothes. Greaseless and stainless, too.
4. Safe for skin. Non-irritating. Antiseptic.
5. Soft, smooth, creamy... easy to apply. Just rub in well, no waiting to dry!

39¢ plus tax Also 10¢ and 59¢

ARRID...nearly twice as effective
in stopping perspiration
as any other leading deodorant cream!

(1) Based on tests of leading and other deodorants.

Some of the many Stars who use Arrid

Grace Moore • Georgia Gibbs • Jessica Dragonette • Jane Froman
Diana Barrymore • Carol Bruce • Barbara Bel Geddes

Black's the thing this Spring!

And heavy gold jewelry is lovely with it! But you'll spoil your dress and glamour, if you don't guard against perspiration! Use Arrid daily! Arrid is nearly twice as effective in stopping perspiration as any other leading deodorant cream.

A MASCULINE viewpoint on women's hair styles can be a great help to a gal if to please or allure the male eye is what she has in mind. From the cradle to the grave, most men make at least a casual "man on the street" study of pretty women. When you find a man willing to discuss your hair style, listen to him. He might be right. At any rate, he might be enlightening. You can't afford to ignore a masculine opinion, if you can manage to get hold of one.

According to two very articulate radio executives who prefer to remain anonymous, men want women to wear hair styles that please men.

To arrive at your most appealing hairdo may require several hairdress rehearsals but it's found usually after you've carefully reviewed the facts of your face and figure, made mental notes of your good and bad points. Your aim is to emphasize the good and skillfully try to play down such features as too high and wide or too narrow foreheads, unattractive ears, a heavy jawline, etc.

But the hair styles we like, say the men, are even more than flattering frames for the face. They look gorgeous and shiny close-up and they suit your figure from afar.

Suit your figure? Yes, for hairstyles like your clothes, your hats and accessories must take your individual proportions into account. The short, small girl can't wear big hats any more than she can wear heavy looking long bobs or carry oversize handbags. Like herself, her hair style is best kept short and small. The large or very broad-shouldered girl needs a fuller, softer hairstyle for one that's too sleek and head-hugging may make her head look too small for her body. You keep hair short or upswept for short necks while the swan-like throats can wear chignons low.

The best time to experiment is before your shampoo when you don't care what happens to your last setting. With lotion to revise the old waves and with strong arm use of your brush and plenty of pins, rehearsals for a wonderful new hair-do are easy.

Don't try for chic, severe effects if you've the piquant face of a ragamuffin child. Hair styles are a trade-mark or keynote of your personality and type.

As important as your hair style—more so in fact, because on it depends the way your hair "drapes"—is its condition. Brushing, if you haven't been doing it regularly and hard, isn't going to do much good at the last minute, just before you re-set. Your hair will still be stiff and uncooperative, and the effect of your new arrangement will be negligible. And, again as important, learn the professional techniques of making soft waves and pin-curls. Naturally you'll probably not be able to achieve the results a master hairdresser does, but you can learn to wind each curl in such a way that it will settle into the shape you intended for it, when all your hair is brushed out. Ask your hairdresser to show you.

Also please, say the men, when you find hair styles that do you proud, be true to those styles. Don't change them for the sake of changing them. Change is only good if it's for the better. By all means give the new hair styles an honest try-out, but if they blur the pretty picture of you when previewed from all angles, lady, forget them. Be happy the way you are.

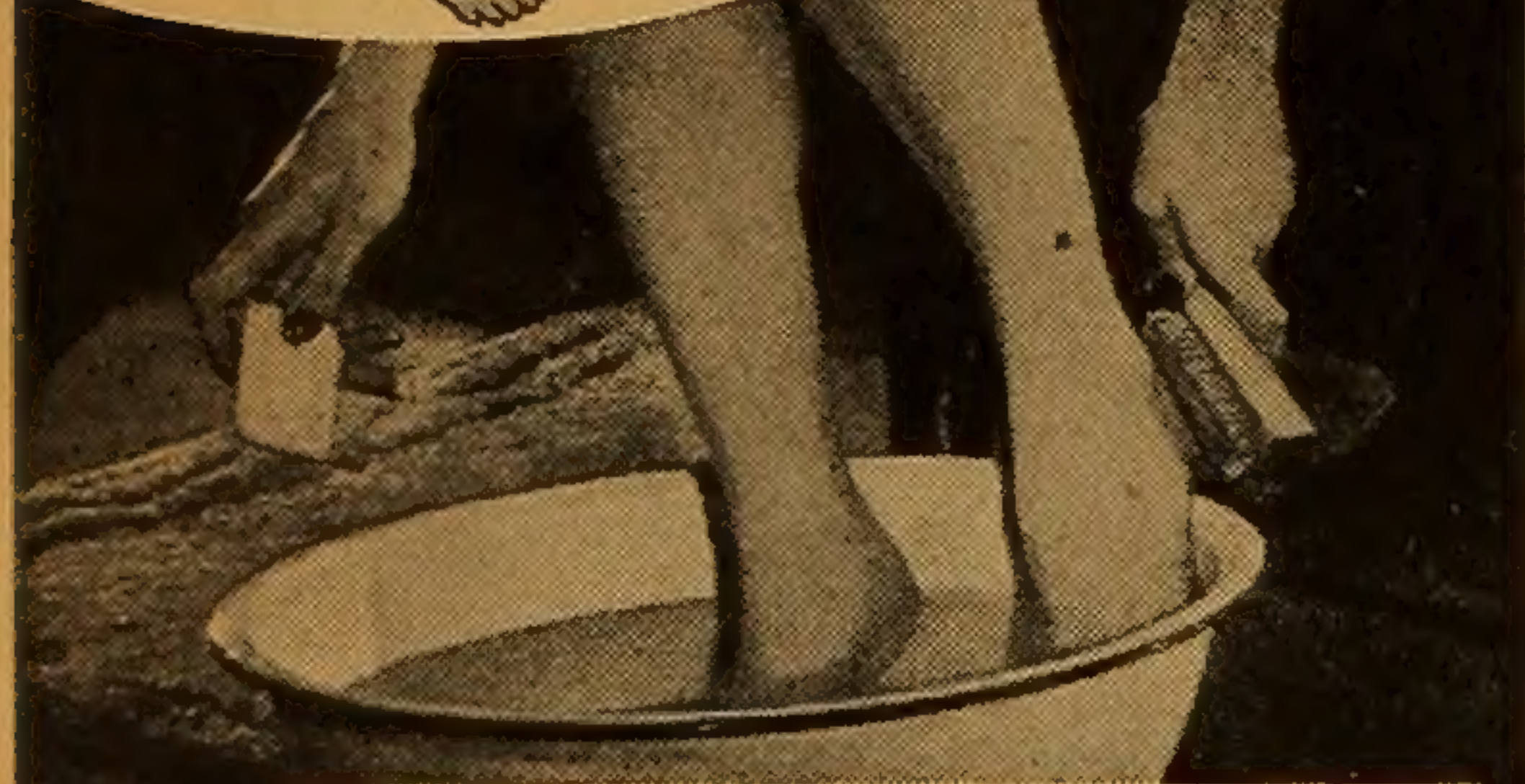
Hairdress Rehearsal



RADIO MIRROR'S
Home and Beauty

Even the busiest girl—take a hard-working radio actress like pretty Pat Ryan, of CBS's *Let's Pretend*—must somehow save a few minutes each day for brushing, shaping, neatening her all-important hairdo.

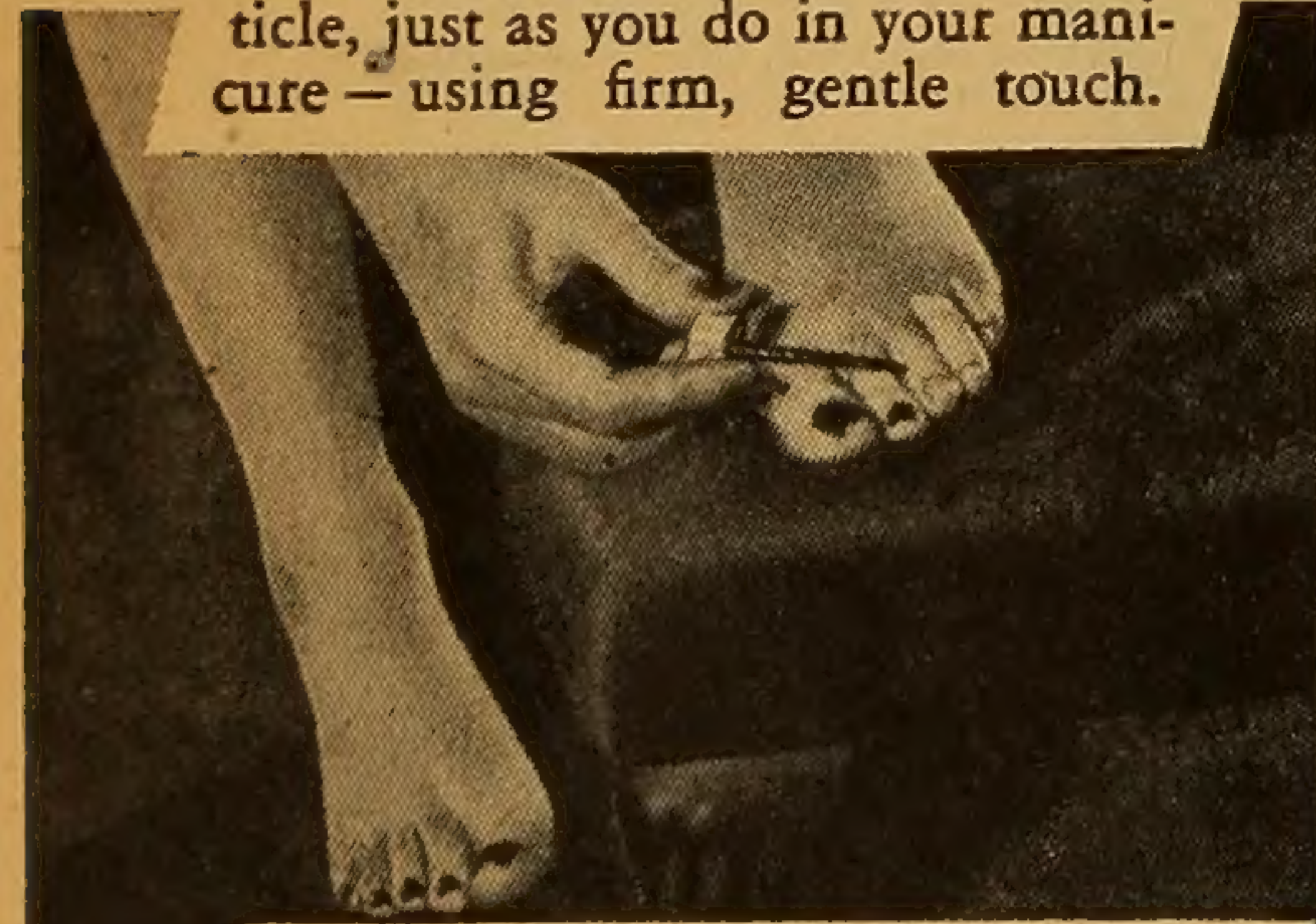
FOOTSTEPS to BEAUTY!



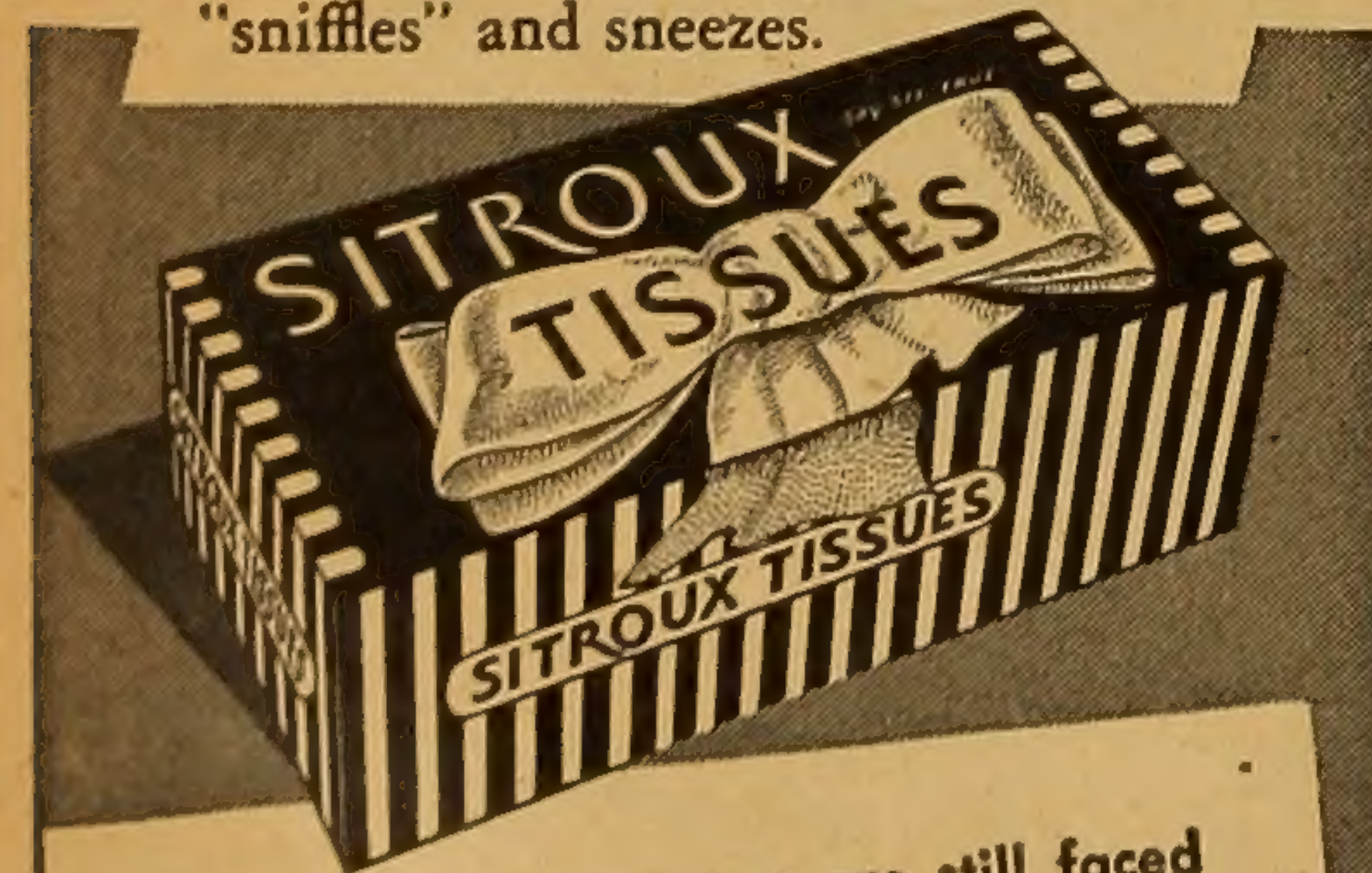
Give yourself a really good pedicure at least once every two weeks. First—use emery board to shape nails to modified oval—and keep them *short*! Next, massage feet with rich lubricating cream. Then, soak in warm soapy water and scrub firmly with stiff brush.



Cover an orange-wood stick with one fourth of a Sitroux Tissue. (SAVE Sitroux!*) Push back cuticle, just as you do in your manicure—using firm, gentle touch.



Apply polish in three strokes, covering entire nail. Remove excess with Sitroux Tissue, just as in manicure. Keep soft, absorbent Sitroux handy for blotting lipstick, facial cleansings—as well as “sniffles” and sneezes.



*Tissue manufacturers are still faced with material shortages and production difficulties . . . but we are doing our level best to supply you with as many Sitroux Tissues as possible. And, like all others, we are making the finest quality tissues possible under present conditions. For your understanding and patience—our appreciation and thanks!

SITROUX TISSUES

SAY SIT-TRUE

It's Sunday afternoons at 5:30 P.M. EST for Gene Autry's western songs, with the Kass County Kids.



WHAT'S NEW from Coast to Coast

By DALE BANKS



Everybody but Duffy has signed Archy's apron, worn on NBC Fridays, 8:30 P.M.

ONCE you start something in radio, there's no telling how far you may get. Take Dan Seymour's *You Make The News* broadcasts. Realistic and always hitting close to home, the show now has the honor of having one of its scripts read into the Congressional Record. Right here, we have a strong temptation to add the quip that lots of Senators could do worse—and do—than read a few decent scripts into the record of our nation's top lawmaking body. The day after Seymour's broadcast of a show featuring the atom bomb and atomic energy, he got a call from the Senate committee investigating atomic energy, asking for a copy of the script.

WJZ's *Bride and Groom* show is well on its way, now. It's got a sponsor and everything. In case you haven't come across it on your dials—it's on the air Monday through Friday at 2:30 in the afternoon—here's how it goes. Every day the program features a couple celebrating their Golden Wedding anniversary, a newly married couple in Hollywood on their honeymoon and a couple who marry between appearances on the day's program in a ceremony performed at the expense of the American Broadcasting Company.

John Nelson, show's M.C., is becoming known as “Marrying Sam.” Of course, the couples married with the show's blessing receive a practical send-off with a wide range of valuable wedding presents. Now, the sponsors announce that the first child born of a couple married on the show will be given a thousand dollars to be used for its education.

Magazine writers who have trouble figuring out new and interesting ways for their heroes and heroines to meet would do well to listen to *Bride and Groom*. One couple, for instance, met at the Clark Academy Theater in Hollywood. He was working the stage lights and she was raising and lowering the curtain. The show was plenty fouled up that night as a result of their meeting and the ensuing “love at first sight.” Another couple met because she accidentally spilled a cocktail on her dress at a party and the escort with whom she had arrived got angry with her. Her future husband came to her rescue and took her home. Another pair met in a traffic tie-up in downtown Los Angeles on Dec. 6, 1941. They got to talking, made a date for the next day—a date which he kept with Uncle Sam. They cor-
(Continued on page 10)

MRS. ROBERT MONTGOMERY...
as famous for personal charm as
her celebrated husband is for bril-
liant acting.

"Sensational!"
says Mrs.
Robert Montgomery,

**"And that's why TANGEE GAY-RED
is starring on Hollywood's smartest lips"**

Yes, Tangee's exciting new lipstick shade—Gay-Red—is the hit-color of Hollywood. In that exotic city (where a girl's face is her fortune) this Tangee sensation is being acclaimed by the loveliest ladies of the film colony. Try Tangee Gay-Red... it gives you a lift... makes your lips look *young* and *gay*. Remember—Gay-Red comes in Tangee's outstanding creation—the Satin-Finish Lipstick.

Use *Tangee*

and see how beautiful you can be



CONSTANCE LUFT HUHN,
Head of the House of Tangee
and one of America's foremost
authorities on beauty and
make-up. Among Mrs. Huhn's
most recent triumphs are the
exciting new lipstick shade,
Tangee Gay-Red, and the new
Tangee Petal-Finish Cake
Make-Up.

AT LAST...A PERFECT CAKE MAKE-UP!

Some cake make-ups you've used are fine in one way...some in another...but the new Tangee Petal-Finish Cake Make-Up is ideal in *every way*. It's easy to apply—stays on for extra hours—is designed to protect the skin—and does not make you look as though you were wearing a mask.

ARE Your Hands



Haunting as Music?

Rough, raspy hands are as outdated as a 1912 gramophone. Use SOFSKIN CREME to soften your skin and smooth away roughness. SOFSKIN is so good for your hands many beauticians prefer it. Make it part of your daily grooming schedule for hands, wrists, elbows and ankles, too. See how thrillingly soft and white your skin can be.



In the Black and Gold jars—
35¢ 60¢ \$1.00 sizes*
*Plus tax

Ask for the free Sofskin
demonstration at your beauty
salon or cosmetic counter

SOFSKIN CREME
for lovely hands and skin

SOFSKIN COMPANY FINDLAY, OHIO

(Continued from page 8)
responded all through the war and lo, it grew into love. A blind couple met at a training school for Seeing-Eye dogs. And so it goes with no two alike and very few conventional introductions. Not that it isn't possible.

Harry Sosnick's brother, Capt. Joe Sosnick, has the most unenviable job in the Army today. He's the defense counsel for the Japanese war criminals at the trials in Tokyo. His letters to his brother prove very interesting reading indeed, not only to the conductor of the Raleigh Room program orchestra, but to Hildegrade and the rest of the cast, as well.

Some things go on forever—and why not? When Sammy Kaye was a student at Ohio University, he opened a place near the campus, which he called the Varsity Inn and at which, naturally, he put the dance band he was then leading to work. Since then, the campus dance and dine spot has become a university institution and is now being managed by Sammy's nephew.

Here's a nice idea for a real memorial. Remember Gunther Hollander, the fifteen year old Quiz Kid, killed by a bus in Chicago? His friends are busy at the moment raising funds to establish a Gunther Hollander scholarship in the physical sciences, the subject in which he excelled.

For some strange reason, Jane Lauren, now prominent in the cast of the Light of the World show, started her career as a specialist in Chinese, Burmese or Korean characters, all because she knew a few words of Chinese. For the first few months after that, Jane was really afraid that directors would never remember that she could speak English, too. But all that's been changed, now.

It seems there's a perfectly logical reason for Al Pearce's characterization of Elmer Blurt being so casually wonderful. Pearce bases the character on his own youthful experiences as a milkman and door-to-door salesman in San Jose, California.

Half-pint June Foray is known as

the best dialectician in Hollywood. Apparently, she can do anything and everything with her vocal chords. She's been the parrot in Spike Jones' "Chloe," has dubbed in sound tracks as the hiccup of Paulette Goddard and Veronica Lake, does all imaginable kinds of baby cries and can make animal sounds of all varieties.

Peg Lynch, who writes the Private Lives of Ethel and Albert and plays the part of Ethel, came out of the studio fuming the other day. Like most radio people, she's all for as much realism as possible in radio. But she also thinks this can be carried too far.

"I don't mind it when Alan (he plays Albert) Bunce starts heaving the studio furniture around," she complained. "He does that when he's supposed to be exerting himself—hanging the draperies for me, or some such thing. But when he's supposed to be reading a newspaper and insists on picking up a newspaper while he's reading his lines, I'm always sure he's going to spot an interesting headline and forget we're on the air. Realism isn't worth that kind of suspense to me."

The Ah! Sweet Confusion Department: Olyn Landick, the female impersonator who plays the comical "Cousin Cassie" on The Sheriff series, reports that practically every day's mail brings him invitations to join some woman's club or other.

No one knows quite how it happens, least of all the people to whom it happens, but rare indeed is the actor who doesn't get set as a type—and stay that way. Recently Wally Maher, who's really a very nice guy, was complaining about the fact that directors can see him only as an evil character. His major stint for the past three years has been playing "bad guys" on the Suspense show. In those three years, he's killed 31 persons and embezzled five million dollars, been killed 18 times himself and served just about 1000 years in prison. Some record.

Ralph Bellamy is a handy man to have around, especially for a wife who plays the electric organ. His wife is swing organist Ethel Smith, not that (Continued on page 12)



Bob Hope and Jerry Colonna demonstrate a new approach to golf. As they play it, you need, besides the standard equipment, a jeep, and a couple of really lazy players.



*Back Home
again!*

Yes, Dole Pineapple Products are returning to civilian life. Each one—Juice, Sliced, Crushed, and Chunks—has that famous Dole goodness, flavor, and quality. Look for them at your grocer's. Depend upon them to bring enjoyment whenever you serve them.



Special Easy Work For MARRIED WOMEN



**Earn Sparetime Money and Get
Your Own DRESSES**

**EXTRA AS A SALES
BONUS**

Here is a delightful, easy, spare time occupation for married women (and a few ambitious single women) who will welcome the opportunity to turn their idle hours into cash—and at the same time get their own personal dresses and other wearing apparel EXTRA as a bonus, without paying one single penny! Imagine showing your friends and neighbors a vast, complete selection of newest, latest-style, gorgeous frocks—more than 100 styles, all sizes, and scores of fabrics in the season's latest colors and patterns! You know they'll be fascinated, especially when you mention the AMAZINGLY LOW PRICES and the PROMPT DELIVERY.

Use Your Own Home as Headquarters

Many thousands of women, young and old, living in every part of the United States, in big cities and in small towns, are adding many welcome dollars to their incomes—and earning their personal wardrobes—by the remarkable Harford Frocks Plan. When your friends and neighbors see the beauty of the styles, learn the LOW MONEY-SAVING PRICES, see the COMPLETENESS of the selection and the many dozens of styles they can pick from—they'll be mighty happy to give you their orders. Not only do you make a handsome cash commission on every order you take, but you also earn generous credit towards your own personal dresses and other wearing apparel, and that's how you can be "the best dressed woman in town" without laying out one single cent.

You Offer a COMPLETE Line of Wearing Apparel

Yes, more than 100 different dresses, all the very latest styles—but in addition the Harford Frocks line contains hosiery, lingerie, sportswear, suits, children's clothing, etc. Imagine giving your customers the opportunity to select all their wearing apparel needs at money-saving prices, in the comfort and privacy of their own homes without tedious shopping, without expending precious time! No wonder Harford Frocks salespeople everywhere are reporting phenomenal success!

Gorgeous Style Presentation FREE

Just mail the coupon below for the glorious presentation of Harford Frocks styles ABSOLUTELY FREE. Due to today's conditions we may not be able to send it at once—but rush your name and address to be placed on our list and be among the first to receive the new Style Line when available. Mail coupon now.

HARFORD FROCKS, INC.
Dept. C-8001 Cincinnati 25, Ohio



Send me the new Harford Frocks Style Presentation ABSOLUTELY FREE as soon as possible.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

My age is.....

(Continued from page 10)

we think you wouldn't have known that, anyhow. Several times, now, Bellamy has been able to come to last minute rescues, practically seconds before his wife goes on the air, by fixing defective plugs and connections in the studio organs.

Louise Fitch, star of Valiant Lady, is having a little trouble these days convincing people that she isn't a professional dressmaker. She's all the time having to turn down orders for clothes. Seems Louise got tired during the war of the prices that were being charged for halfway decent clothes and made up her mind to learn how to sew for



Another new civilian: Herb Shriner, the Wabashful Humorist, is back on the air in NBC's Tuesday Follies.

herself. She says her first attempt looked like nothing in the world. But she slugged away at it and, now, she's so expert that people either don't want to believe she makes her own clothes, or, if they do, keep insisting that she make them some, too.

Perry Como looks a lot more relaxed these days, since the Tuesday and Thursday broadcasts have been dropped from his schedule. Until they were, he had one of the toughest schedules in radio, doing ten shows a week, not to mention the "aftershows" for the studio audience which always keep him there at least forty-five extra minutes.

Now, Perry even has time to chat awhile when you run into him. He told us a cute story about one of his fans, the other day. For a couple of months, a young girl attended every Supper Club broadcast and never failed to ask Perry for his script after the show. Finally, Perry's curiosity couldn't stand it any longer and he asked her why she wanted so many of his scripts and received a starry-eyed answer that in another week or so his dreamy fan would have enough Perry Como scripts to paper her bedroom.

Like lots of Hollywood luminaries, Shirley Ross is a firm believer in numerology and, at this point, it would be hard to tell one way or the other

whether she's right. Her real name was Bernice Gaunt and she claims to be a direct descendent of John of Gaunt. That was the name she was going to use on her first contract, until a numerologist told her that a name with S's and R's would be more lucky. She's been lucky, all right, but we still say was it the name or the voice?

When maestro David Broekman rehearses the choir on the Star Theatre program, he gives the singers the pitch with a violin borrowed from a nearby musician. There's a reason why Broekman doesn't own a violin of his own and that reason goes back about 20 years to a pact he made with himself. At that time he was playing the violin with the N. Y. Philharmonic and had been playing with that orchestra for several years. He decided one day that it was time for him to get up and get ahead and he'd never do it if he hung on to his job. So, he pawned his violin for \$40, never went back to pick



And this is Archie Andrews' girl, Betty, played by Doris Grundy on NBC's Adventures of Archie Andrews.

it up and vowed that he would never own another one. And he never has.

As a show of permanence in a changing world, the constancy of Woody Herman's two champion fans is a reassuring thing. From the army of Herman's admirers it might be thought difficult to pick two champions, but, on the record, any reasonable person will admit that Ruth Grossbart, eighteen and Cappy Sheridan, sixteen, of Brooklyn and Manhattan, rate every consideration.

They're on hand at every Woody Herman network broadcast, attend all New York rehearsals and recording sessions and whatever out-of-town performances their pocketbooks and families will permit. This has been going on for more than five years and the two girls have become very good friends. One of them still goes to school and the other works in a hotel, but they both play hookey when there's the slightest chance to hear the band. They have become so well known to the band that they're practically mas-

(Continued on page 14)

Are you in the know?



This sleeping beauty's off the beam, because—

- ☐ She's a curfew keeper
- ☐ She should be prom-trotting
- ☐ She's still wearing makeup

Sleep and beauty go together—but don't dream of wearing makeup to bed! It coarsens your skin—makes mud-pies of your complexion. It invites unsightly "blossoms." So, refresh your face thoroughly at bedtime. Cleanliness and *daintiness* go together, too. And they're never more important than at "certain" times...that's why Kotex contains a *deodorant*. Yes, locked inside each Kotex napkin, the deodorant can't shake out. See how this new Kotex "extra" can keep you sweet-and-lovely!



In calling for an appointment, how should she give her name?

- ☐ Miss Dinah Mite
- ☐ Miss Mite

How's your telephone technique? Whether you're buzzing the dentist or beautician—when making *any* business appointment give your full name. Thus, the gal above should be Miss Dinah Mite. Which distinguishes her from other Miss Mites; prevents needless puzzlement. And on "problem days" there's no need for guesswork—as to which napkin *really* protects you. Kotex is the name to remember. For you get plus protection from that exclusive *safety center*. Never a panicky moment with Kotex!



Do you choose the colors of your clothes—

- ☐ To copy your gal pal
- ☐ To suit your color-type
- ☐ Because they're hi-fashion

A color that's Bacallish for one chick can be her gal pal's poison! The trick is to find shades to suit your own color-type. Tuck materials of assorted hues under your chin. Whichever befriends your skin-tone and tresses—that's for you! It's a poise-booster. So too, (on "calendar" days) is Kotex—the napkin that befriends your smoothest date duds. Because Kotex has *flat tapered ends* that don't show . . . don't cause embarrassing bulges. You can scoff at revealing outlines with those special flat pressed ends!

Should a gal go down the aisle first?

- ☐ Yes
- ☐ No
- ☐ Not always

Usually, the swish dish should be first to follow the usher. But a gal doesn't *always* precede her escort. When the usher is not at the door, her tall-dark-and-Vansome leads the way. Know what's what. It keeps you confident. And to stay confident on "those" days, know which napkin gives lasting comfort: Kotex, of course. Kotex is made to *stay soft* while *wearing* . . . doesn't just "feel" soft at first touch...so you're carefree because you're more comfortable!



A DEODORANT in every Kotex* napkin at no extra cost

More women choose KOTEX
than all other sanitary napkins



**Instantly, You'll See
the Results of this Famous
3-WAY MEDICINAL
TREATMENT**

You don't have to wait week after week—try just one application of the Glover's 3-Way Medicinal Treatment tonight — and tomorrow you'll see the difference! Compare the lovelier, natural-looking color tones—the fresh radiance—the sparkling highlights and clear, soft, exquisite beauty of your hair. Get all three today — Glover's Original Mange Medicine — GLOVER Beauty Shampoo—Glover's Imperial Hair Dress—and use separately or in one complete treatment. Ask for the regular sizes at any Drug Store or Drug Counter—or mail the Coupon for FREE application!

GLOVER'S

with massage, for DANDRUFF, ANNOYING SCALP and EXCESSIVE FALLING HAIR



FREE TRIAL

Send Coupon for all three products in hermetically-sealed bottles, with complete instructions for Glover's 3-Way Treatment and useful FREE booklet, "The Scientific Care of Scalp and Hair."

GLOVER'S, 101 West 31st St., Dept. 554A, New York 1, N. Y.

Send Free Trial Application package in plain wrapper by return mail, containing Glover's Mange Medicine, GLO-VER Shampoo and Glover's Hair Dress, in 3 hermetically-sealed bottles, with FREE booklet. I enclose 10c to cover cost of packaging and postage.

Name
Address
City..... Zone..... State.....

(Continued from page 12)
cots and rate mascot's privileges in such matters as tickets and entree.

Now that Kenny Gardner and Billy Leech are back from the wars and have returned to their old spots as vocalists with Guy Lombardo, the Guy has a really formidable array of singing talent. He's keeping Don Rodney, who has been handling the vocals during the war, with the band. Pretty soon, Guy had better start thinking of some kind of chorus or group work for the boys, or maybe start thinking of abandoning a few instruments and using voices in their stead.

Stopped in at a Danny Kaye rehearsal the other day and came on a slight tiff. Danny, who was tired, was complaining that the pages of his script had been mis-numbered. Goodman Ace, who scripts the Kaye shows, shuffled the scripts around good naturedly, handed them back to Danny and said, "There, you see. One, two, three, four, five . . . as simple as NBC."

It's a good thing there was no telephone strike on when Ward Byron, producer of the Tuesday night Johnny Presents show, was home sick in bed. Because, if there had been a strike, there probably wouldn't have been a show that night.

Byron lives in Douglaston, L. I., and, when it became obvious to him that he wouldn't be able to make the trip into the city for rehearsals and the performance, he tuned in to the studio, via the telephone. He got a clear connection and prepared the whole show, right from his bed, directing the cast, pacing and timing the show and making it as smooth and neat as though he had been right in the studio.

These days, being a camera bug is merely a sideline and hobby for Danny O'Neil. But it was not always thus. In fact, the first job Danny ever held down—and at a very early age, too—was as a newspaper photographer on an Alabama paper. He was thirteen years old, when he landed that job through sheer accident. Danny had been given a camera by his father and

he was showing it off to his friends on the street, when an automobile crashed right in front of him. Calmly, Danny got the only pictures of the accident, took them to the local paper and got a job on the camera staff.

The things people do sometimes amaze us. Take the young GI who appeared recently on the Honeymoon in New York show and revealed the sort of things that had occupied his mind before he went into the Army. Somewhere along in the days when he was courting his girl, he had figured out the exact number of steps he had to walk to get from his house to her house—583 steps, precisely. Oh, for the days when we could spend time on such thoughts!

In a way, William Gargan's right back where he started from in his new show, I Deal In Crime. The fellow who's now playing a detective actually started out in his adult career as a private detective. Bill's father was a detective, but that somehow failed to thrill the younger Gargan as much as it should have done. From the very beginning, Bill's real interest was the theater and he worked at it diligently all through school, acting in school plays and seeing every show he could manage when he wasn't in school. He gave in to his parents' wishes just enough to get a job as a private detective, but he didn't hold that long, because it was discovered that he spent most of his boss's time tracking down producers who might give him a job.

Paul Lavalley has started another young hopeful on a career. He's baritone Leonard Stokes, whom Lavalley discovered in his orchestral choir and spotlighted as a soloist on his Friday night show. As a result, Stokes has now signed a contract for a nationwide concert tour.

What everyone has been expecting finally happened. Music Hall has filed suit against Bing Crosby. Bing doesn't want to sing on that show any more.
(Continued on page 16)



Aunt Jenny's Real Life Stories break into television, catching Aunt Jenny in her familiar kitchen in an experimental CBS television broadcast.

"I tried to
be good -
always!"



Benedict Bogeaus
presents

**PAULETTE
GODDARD**

in

Diary of a Chambermaid

also starring

**BURGESS MEREDITH
HURD HATFIELD
FRANCIS LEDERER**

with

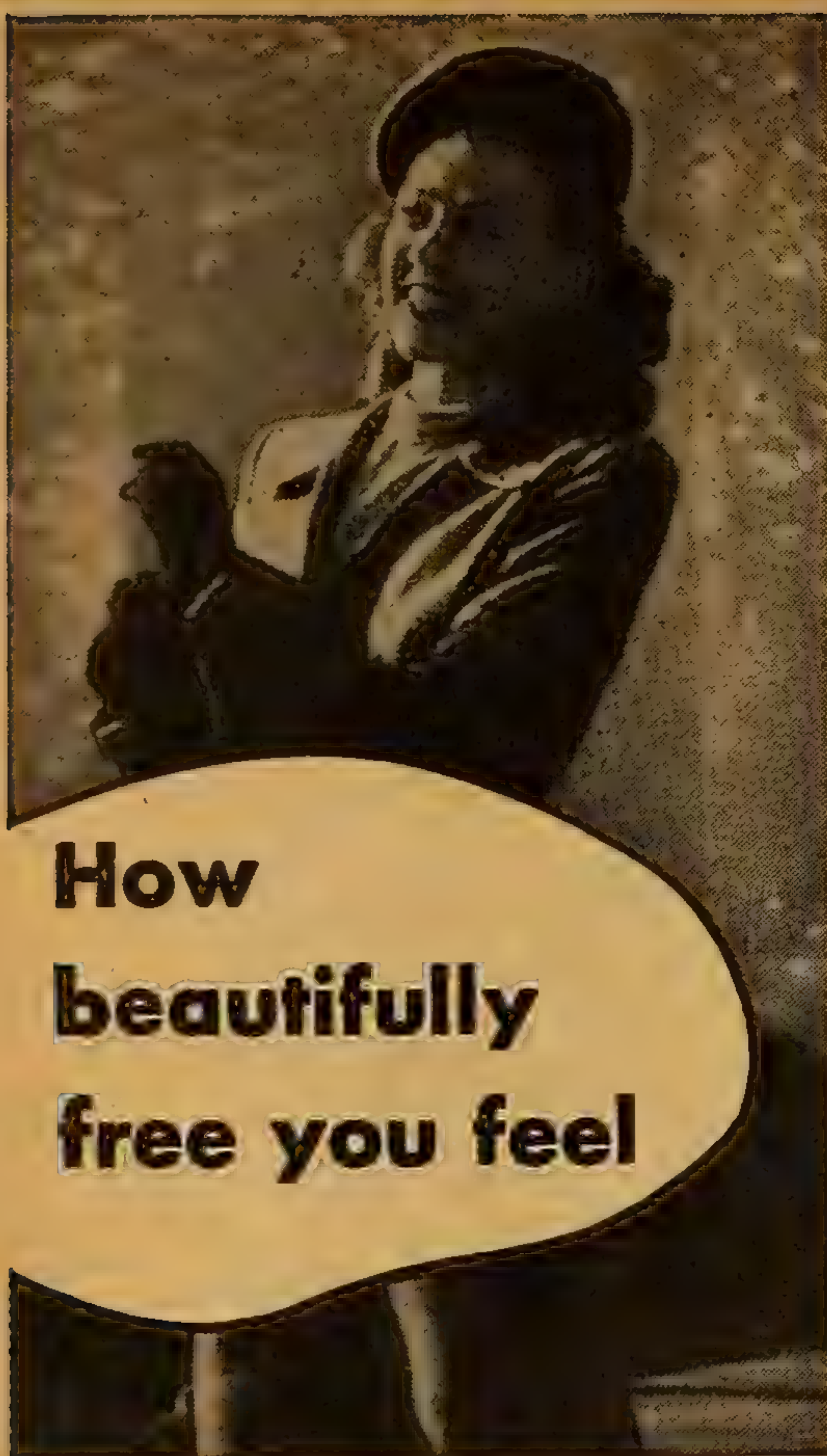
JUDITH ANDERSON • FLORENCE BATES • IRENE RYAN
and

REGINALD OWEN

Produced by **BENEDICT BOGEAUS** and
BURGESS MEREDITH
Directed by **JEAN RENOIR**

Adapted from the novel by Octave Mirbeau
And the play by Andre Heuse
Andre De Lorde and Thielly Nores
Screenplay by Burgess Meredith
RELEASED THRU UNITED ARTISTS





**How
beautifully
free you feel**

Whenever you hear a woman speak enthusiastically about Tampax, you are listening to a typical user—and it's natural for her to talk that way. This modern sanitary protection has no hampering belts and external pads. So you feel just as free on Tampax days as on any other day of the month!

Invented by a doctor, Tampax is made of highly absorbent surgical cotton compressed in applicators for easy and dainty insertion. Your hands need never touch the Tampax and you are unaware of its presence when it is in place. No odor can form with Tampax. No chafing is possible. No edge-lines will show in skirts. Moreover, changing is quick and disposal is easy.

Millions of women are now using Tampax and feeling "beautifully free" every month. Why shouldn't *you* be one of them? You can buy Tampax at any drug store or notion counter. A whole month's supply fits into your purse. Comes in 3 absorbency-sizes: Regular, Super, Junior. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Massachusetts.

**NO BELTS
NO PINS
NO PADS
NO ODOR**

3 absorbencies { **REGULAR
SUPER
JUNIOR**



Accepted for Advertising
by the Journal of the American Medical Association



Mary Mason (left) plays Jinny Roberts, on CBS's The Strange Romance of Evelyn Winters. Red-headed Arthur Godfrey is a CBS every-morning feature.



(Continued from page 14)

What he wants is a deal under which he can transcribe his show. That way he can make a baker's dozen of show transcriptions all at one fell swoop, and then relax until another thirteen weeks have gone by.

* * *

After an unsuccessful experiment, Kate Smith's broadcasts are once again open to studio audiences, and requests for tickets that have poured in can again be filled. Kate isn't so sure that cutting her show to half an hour wasn't a mistake too, and she is toying with the idea of resuming a full hour variety show, with guest stars.

* * *

Irene Beasley, who sprinkles human interest stories between popular tunes on her shows, was once a schoolteacher. Irene was born in Whitehaven, Tennessee, and moved with her family to Amarillo, Texas, when she was six years old.

As a little girl, she spent her summers with her grandmother Holmes in Plum Point, Mississippi. Grandma gave Irene her first piano lessons. And when grandma said practice, Irene practiced—in the beginning pieces like "Dixie" and "Red Wing."

Bease, as her friends call her, attended Sweet Briar in Virginia and, after she was graduated, taught school in Mississippi and Tennessee. She taught in county schools for awhile, then went to Memphis to teach mathematics, music and business management in a junior high school.

But the musical interests started by her grandmother began to crop up. After school sessions and during vacations, Irene sold records in a phonograph shop and sang the latest songs in a five and ten cent store.

Then, one day she decided to write a song of her own. She called it "If I Could Only Stop Dreaming" and persuaded her father to publish it. Next, she found a piano player who agreed to plug the song on his radio program—provided Irene would sing the lyrics. That try proved that "Bease" could put over a number with a bang. Irene was in radio, starting at a local Memphis station in 1928. Then she spent a year in theaters and studios and night clubs

in Chicago. In 1929 she came to New York and shortly after her arrival she was signed by CBS.

Not content with only her radio work, Irene also sang at many night clubs, including the Versailles, Paradise Club, Ben Marden's Riviera and Riley's Inn up at Saratoga. Between her radio stints, she traveled in vaudeville and was starred in the Broadway musical comedy hit "Thumbs Up."

Now, the influence of grandma Holmes persists in Irene's radio program. Irene has been conducting a search for a woman among her listeners who has played the piano for the greatest number of years. Some have been found who have been playing steadily for sixty-seven years, but so far, no one has touched the record of Mrs. Holmes, who kept playing from early childhood until she died at the age of eighty-five—and this in spite of the fact that she was deaf during her latter years.

Irene Beasley is tall and slender, with sparkling blue eyes and dark brown hair. She's avidly interested in everything from the simple activities of her radio "neighbors," as she calls her fans, to the complexities of politics. She owns a cotton and corn plantation in Mississippi and, like so many Southerners, has many, many relatives—close and distant. There's a constant stream of her relatives coming to see her all the time from all over the country, but she loves having them. They in turn find her just as warm and simple as she used to be when she was school teacher back in Tennessee.

A big thing to have accomplished.

* * *

KINDA CRAZY—BUT GOOD

Cal Tinney, regarded by admirers as a "professor of philosophy for the common man" and by himself as "just an ole country boy that ain't mad with nobody," describes his new radio program Relax With Cal Tinney (WJZ, Monday through Friday at 6:45 p.m. EST), as "One of those rare phenomena—a dinnertime radio show that doesn't interfere with the digestion."

The Oklahoma-born humorist-philosopher's cowboy drawl has been miss-

(Continued on page 96)

Introducing OWEN JORDAN

FOR a long time, the American Broadcasting Company's Terry and the Pirates—Monday through Friday from 5 P.M. to 5:15 EST—a show ostensibly for the kids, has been up among the most adult programs on the air. Terry—the leading character—has been carrying on a relentless fight against fascism, a fight started months before the actual war began, and continuing now with sensible warnings against the enemy which has not been completely routed everywhere, nor completely conquered.

Terry is played by Owen Jordan, a medium-tall young man, with dark, curly hair and grinning brown eyes. And, in a way Owen is a kind of perfect choice for the part. He's really interested in children. Last fall, for instance, he appeared at some seventeen high schools in and around New York, lecturing to students of the drama on the possible use of radio in child education. His lectures were based on more than the dramatic aspects of radio, too. He's been a teacher and made use of his experience.

Owen was born in Chicago, but his early boyhood was spent in Denver, where his mother worked in a stock company. He did return to Chicago, however, to complete his elementary schooling and to go through high school. He was quite an athlete, being regular quarterback on the football team at high school and the city champion in the 50 yard dash. In fact, athletics played such a big part in his life that for a while he wasn't quite sure whether he wanted to be an athletic director or an actor.

Later, when he entered the University of Chicago, he was still undecided. He was a member of the University track and football teams, but he also took part in all the school shows. After awhile, the grease paint won and Owen transferred to De Paul University to study drama. After he was graduated, he stayed on at De Paul for a year and a half as a dramatic instructor.

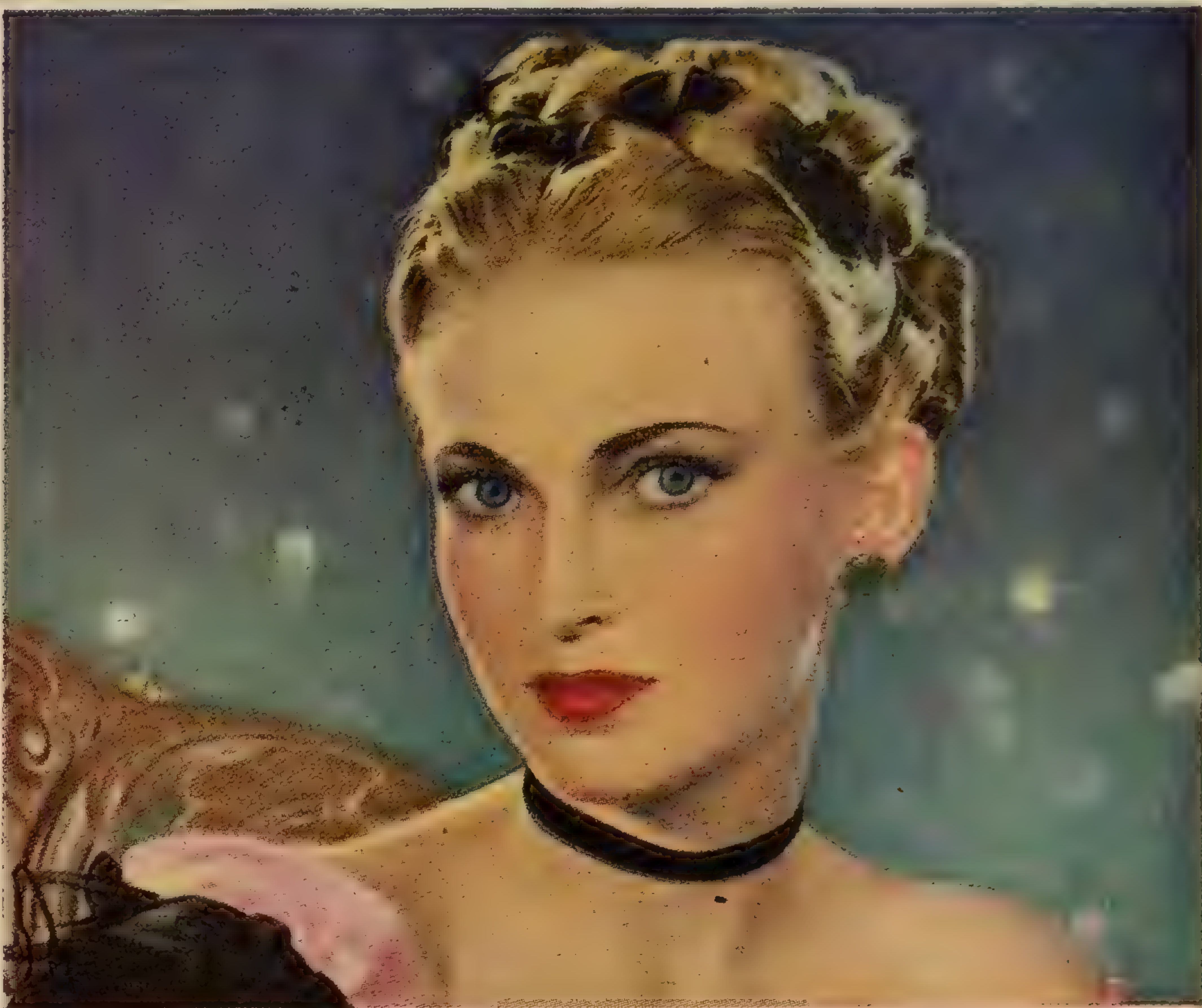
That didn't prove entirely satisfactory, however, so in 1938 he came to New York. He hadn't been in the Big Town long before he landed a part in the radio serial David Harum. Nor was it much longer, before he was a regular on the Arch Oboler's Plays, Cavalcade of America, Front Page Farrell and Aldrich Family programs.

No actor is ever really satisfied with just working in radio—why, we can't imagine, because radio offers so much chance for variety, but they simply aren't. Owen wasn't satisfied, either. He hustled around and worked in several Broadway successes—in "Eve of St. Mark", with Tyrone Power and Annabella in that film couple's version of "Liliom" and in Saroyan's "Time of Your Life".

Now, Owen is kept pretty busy with a heavy radio schedule. Besides playing Terry, he's got fairly regular assignments on the Kate Smith Show, Real Stories and many other programs.

Owen is married and his principal summer pastime is sailing. He owns a twenty-eight-foot racing sloop, jointly with Johnny Call, a Broadway actor currently appearing in "Bloomer Girl". Sometimes, Owen says, his adventures on the sloop match the hair-raising thrills he goes through as Terry.

EVELYN BYRD LAPRADE—This lovely young member of the distinguished Byrd family of Virginia is delighted with Pond's new "sheer-gauge" powder. "It brings exquisitely clear, subtle color to my skin!" Miss LaPrade says.



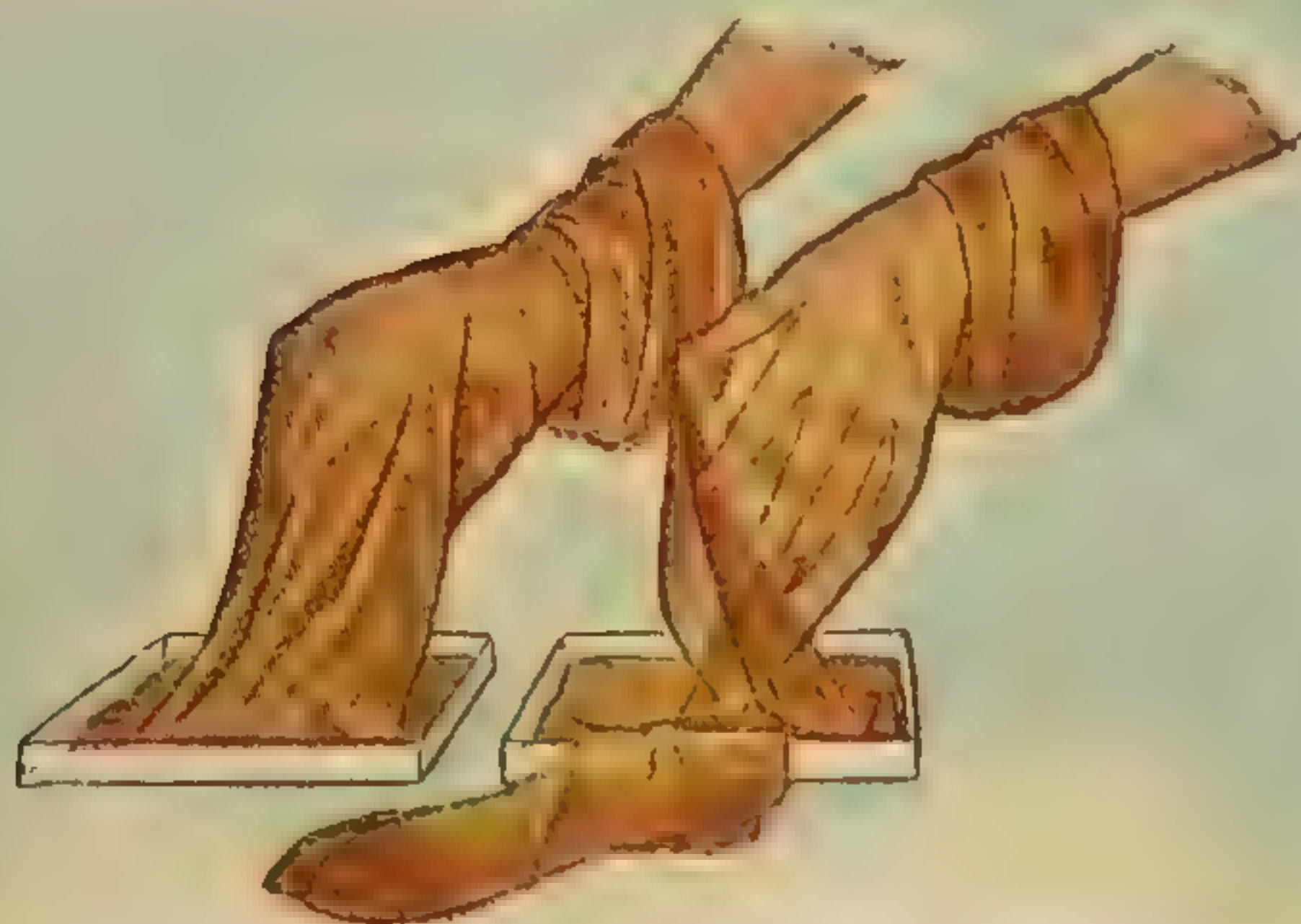
What gives Pond's powder
such glowy, ultra-smooth color "ON"?

Pond's powder is "Sheer-gauge"!

The more "sheer-gauge" your stockings are, the more glamorous their color looks "on"! Today—Pond's "sheer-gauge" face powder brings that same kind of glamour to your complexion.

Because Pond's powder is *blended sheer*—to suffuse your skin with that same unmistakable "luxury" look! The same flawless, ultra-smooth color flattery.

Choose from a wide range of Pond's lovely Dreamflower shades. They're *all* "sheer-gauge"!



"Sheer-gauge" means lovelier color
for your face, too!

Two stockings—same shade in the box—but so different "on"! Pond's Dreamflower Powder shades look lovelier "on" because they're so "sheer-gauge"!



Special! Pond's
Make-up Trio

A lovely box of Pond's powder, with matching Pond's "Lips" and "Cheeks." A \$1 value for only 79¢, plus tax. Wonderful for prizes, gifts—for you!

Pond's
Dreamflower Powder

—made "sheer-gauge" by experts in beauty!



No other shampoo leaves your hair so lustrous, yet so easy to manage!

For "He loves me knots," remember this:
He'll adore your topknots, curls or swirls
when your hair is Drene-lovely!

Drene your hair and it shines
with all its natural beauty.

Today's Drene with Hair Conditioning action
leaves your hair silkier, smoother, easier to manage.

"After your Drene shampoo, try a new hairdo
for Spring," says Jerry Courtney,
famous Cover Girl and Drene Girl.

"There's nothing like a becoming new hairfix
to boost your spirits any time!"

You'll love the way Drene with Hair Conditioning
action leaves your hair so beautifully behaved.

Jerry shows you these easy-to-fix Drene styles
you can try at home or ask your beauty
shop to do. First insist on Drene Shampoo
with Hair Conditioning action.

No other shampoo leaves your hair
so lustrous, yet so easy to manage.

▲ YOU DON'T NEED DAISIES to tell you he loves you . . . with
your hair swept up in this tilted topknot. "See how Drene brings
out all the natural sheen of my dark hair," says Jerry. As much as
33 percent more lustre than any soap or soap shampoo. Since
Drene is not a soap shampoo, it never leaves any drab film on hair
as all soaps do. And the very first time you Drene your hair, you
completely remove unsightly dandruff.

Drene

**Shampoo with
Hair Conditioning Action+**



▲ BOUQUETS TO YOU when you turn a center-part page-
boy into this full chignon with just a jeweled barrette.
"This hairdo is so easy to fix," Jerry explains, "right after
your Drene shampoo." Drene with Hair Conditioning ac-
tion leaves your hair beautifully behaved. You'll find, too, a
good permanent helps keep page-boy rolls neatly in place.

Quiet Weekend

A NEW ADVENTURE OF THE FALCON

Where the Falcon goes, adventure follows. He might have known that even his quiet weekend would explode!



HE was going to spend a fine, lazy, quiet Easter, Michael Waring announced. For a whole week, he intended to forget that he was the Falcon, and devote himself to wearing slacks and slippers, smoking his pipe, listening to the radio, and eating home-cooked meals. He wasn't even going to think about the work that made his days full of tension, excitement, frequently danger—the robbers, murderers, spies, black-market operators, or similar malefactors whom he outwitted and brought to justice. He was going to relax.

He should, of course, have known better.

Mike sketched this idyllic pro-

gram for himself on Good Friday evening, upon hearing Nancy Collins' news that she was leaving New York for a week, to stay at her Cousin Carol's house in Connecticut. "Richard—Carol's husband, you know—is going away on a business trip," she explained, "and Carol asked me to come up and stay with her and Dickie. She's the nervous type, and being all alone in that big house scares her. So I said I would."

"And leave me here in town all alone?" Mike asked, looking hurt. "You can't do that, Nancy."

"I can and I will," Nancy asserted.

Mike snapped his fingers. "I've got it. You call up Cousin Carol and tell her I'm coming along. A week in the country is just what I need for my health."

"There is absolutely nothing wrong with your health," Nancy objected.

"And Carol mightn't want another guest."

"She'll love me, once she gets to know me. As a matter of fact, if she's inclined to be nervous, a man around the house would be a positive advantage."

As he usually did, Mike had his way. He and Nancy drove on Saturday to the Drews' big white house just outside Darien. It had once been a farmhouse, but the Drews had modernized and redecorated it, throwing two rooms together here, adding a sunporch there. Set back a hundred feet or so from the road, it was beautiful and a bit isolated.

RICHARD DREW wasn't leaving until Easter Sunday afternoon, and for twenty-four hours Mike enjoyed exactly the sort of domestic peace he'd envisioned. He went to church Easter morning, ate a tremendous Easter dinner, and filled the ears of young Dickie, aged seven, with highly colored accounts of his exploits. He was present when Dickie gave his mother an Easter gift, but no premonition told him that the incident meant his plans were about to be interrupted.

Dickie's gift was an Easter egg. It was about the size of a turkey egg, but no self-respecting turkey would have produced anything so gaudily red,

green, and purple, combined in a nightmare design. "I thought it would make a good paperweight for your desk," Dickie told Carol.

"Oh—why yes, Dickie," Carol said, rallying from the first shock of seeing the monstrosity. Carol, a little brown-haired woman with bright blue eyes, prided herself on her home. Everything in it, from dining room table to the smallest ash tray, had been chosen with painstaking care, to fit into the overall pattern, and the most casual glance was enough to reveal that this

Easter egg would fit into no pattern whatever—unless possibly that of a junk shop. She held the egg gingerly in one hand and looked at it guardedly. "It is very heavy," she said. "I should think it would make a lovely paperweight."

Dickie beamed. "I bought it Friday," he said, "from a man that came to the door selling things. He

was a funny little man, with a white mustache,—and he looked so poor I thought I ought to buy something from him; so I took the money out of my glass bank. It was only fifty cents."

"And well worth it, too," Carol said loyally. She put the egg on an end table. Maybe, she told Nancy later, she could think of a way to get rid of it without hurting Dickie's feelings.

The opportunity presented itself late Sunday afternoon, when Nancy and Carol were alone in the house, Mike and Dickie having gone with Richard to the station. And, rather oddly, Carol found she didn't want to get rid of the egg . . .

The doorbell rang, and Carol went to answer it. Nancy, sitting at the far end of the livingroom, heard the rumble of a man's voice, and Carol saying clearly, "Yes, he did. But—" More rumbling interrupted her, with the sound coming nearer all the time, until Nancy could distinguish words.

"It was a mistake, you see, lady, but I'm willin' to do the fair thing. The boy give me fifty cents for it, and I'll buy it back from you for a dollar, just so's there won't be no hard feelings—"

Nancy, her startled gaze on the archway between the livingroom and the hall, saw Carol appear, backing slowly and fascinatedly away from a little

man in shabby clothes and with a startlingly white mustache. The man was smiling, and while his smile was servile there was something vaguely threatening about it, too. His eyes, scampering past Carol's retreating figure, lit on the Easter egg.

"There it is, lady!" he exclaimed. "Come on—sell it back to me for a dollar, whaddaya say?"

"I—no, I don't want to. Won't you please go away?" Carol said in a frightened voice, and abruptly he scowled at her.

"Now, lady, I don't want to cause no trouble, but you better give me that—"

From the window seat, where she had been watching unobserved, Nancy stood up. She wasn't frightened; on the contrary, she was suddenly quite angry.

"You heard what my cousin said,"



Quiet Weekend was suggested by the MBS program Adventures of The Falcon, heard each Tuesday night at 8:30 P.M. EST. Michael Waring, The Falcon, is played by James Meighan; Nancy, by Joan Banks.

she told the little man. "She doesn't want to sell it back to you. Now get out of here and stop bothering us!"

The man's mouth, under its white mustache, dropped open, and he fell back a step. "Wait a minute," he said. "No need to get huffy, is there?"

"None at all," Nancy said. She walked quickly to the fireplace and picked up a poker. "Get out!"

The little man obeyed, rather hurriedly. Peering through the front window, Carol and Nancy watched him go down the street until he turned the corner. Carol was shaking.

"He frightened me terribly!" she confessed. "If it hadn't been for you, I think in another minute I'd have let him have that dreadful egg—and I didn't want to give it up at all, though I can't think why I should want to keep it!"

Nancy picked the egg up and hefted it thoughtfully. "I can't think why he should be so determined to get it back, either," she said, frowning.

Neither could Mike Waring when—having waited until Dickie was out of the room—they told him about the incident. "It's only a painted hunk of some kind of metal," he said. He twisted it between his hands. "Doesn't unscrew or come apart." He glanced up at Nancy, narrowing his eyes. "A little fellow, you said, with a white mustache?"

"Yes," Nancy nodded. "Very white."

"Could it have been a false one?"

She looked doubtful. "Mmm—yes, I suppose it could, come to think of it."

"Oh, well." Mike put the egg back on the table. "Probably just some crank. I wouldn't worry—I don't imagine you'll ever see him again."

They did see him again, though.

The weather, which had been fine earlier in the day, turned wet and drizzly as the sun went down. Dickie was put to bed, and Carol went soon after, complaining of a headache. Mike touched a match to the logs in the fireplace, and he and Nancy settled down to a game of cribbage together. In the middle of the game, he reached over and laid his hand on hers.

"I like this," he said softly. "The firelight—and the rain on the windows—and you."

"Why—Michael Waring!" Nancy blushed, and she tried to smile, but she couldn't hide her pleasure. Mike was usually as sentimental as a treasurer's report. She began to think that bringing him up to visit Cousin Carol had been an excellent idea.

"We ought. (Continued on page 56)

Nancy brought the sock down on Mrs. Lattimore's hand, the one holding the revolver. The revolver promptly went off, Carol screamed, and Mike jumped forward



AN APRIL FOOL

Date with Judy

Of all the days in Judy's memory, this was absolutely the queerest. It ended just the way it started—and the things that went on in between!



JUDY had been up and about only fifteen minutes that day, but already the strangest things kept happening. Her favorite sweater she had found tied in knots. The doorbell had rung twice—and no one was there. She had answered the telephone—and her ear still ached from the bedlam of shrill whistles and crazy groans over the wire!

"Jeepers!—you might almost think this house is haunted!" she exclaimed to Randolph at the breakfast table. Her younger brother didn't answer but just handed her her orange juice—which was odd in itself, since Randolph had never before concerned himself with the finer points of gentlemanly courtesy to his sister.

"Everything seems so strange to-

day—" Judy absent-mindedly took the glass and drank—"everyth—oh! OH!! Brumfaw-fff!" Foam sputtered from Judy's mouth as she hurled herself out of her chair and out of the room.

When she got back Randolph was self-righteously helping himself to scrambled eggs and blandly returned her accusing gaze.

"There was soap in that orange juice! Mother, will you tell your son to be just a little less obvious about the way he tries to poison his only sister?"

Mother repeated, absent-mindedly, "Son, will you be just a little less obvious about the way you try to poison your only sister?"

"Natch. Next time—"

"It really is so very peculiar—" Judy interrupted her brother, returning to

her earlier remarks about the strange happenings of the morning. She laid her hand dramatically over her heart, in what she fondly believed was a gesture straight from Ingrid Bergman, and lowered her voice to a whisper. "Do you suppose, Mother—do you suppose some enemy has laid a curse on this house?"

"That they did," Randolph put in. "Only it happened a long time ago—sixteen years ago, to be precise."

"But that's when Judy was born." Mother lifted her head from the morning's mail. "Oh—oh, I see what you mean! Son, you are being unkind."

"You're being impossible!"

And Judy flounced out of the room—straight into Oogie Pringle's arms as he came through the front hallway.

"Jeepers!" Judy exclaimed. "You might almost think this house is haunted. Do you suppose someone has laid a curse on us?" "That they did," Randolph put in. "But it happened sixteen years ago."



"Hiya—Judy! Gee, you look more beautiful in the morning before you've put on your face than most girls do at a party. You look sn-aa-z-zy!"

"Oh, Oogie—I'm a fright! I'm even worse than that, with my face all washed. I look—I look wholesome!" But she was pleased and even the terrible prospect of looking *wholesome* didn't dampen her spirits much.

"What's that in your hand?"

"OH—IT'S a present for you, Judy. It's a picture of something you like very much—of v . . a . . n." He spelled it out as if it were a secret.

"Of Van! Van Johnson?" Little squeals of anticipation came from Judy as she dived into the box. "Why, Oogie Pringle! How could you!—it's nothing

but a picture of an old moving van!"

"APRIL FOOL!" he yelled. In the breakfast room Mother clapped her hands to her ears.

"April Fool? Oh, so *that's* why—that's how this morning—oh, for goodness sakes!"

"That's what he said—that's what the man said—I heard him say it—" Randolph chanted, coming up behind them.

"Well, of all the infantile, childish goings-on, playing practical jokes, when you're a practically grown-up man! Oogie Pringle, I'm ashamed of you!"

"Why—last year, Judy, you practically ruined the whole Oogie Pringle Hot Licks Band when you smeared molasses all over the mouthpieces of

the saxophone and the trombone. You weren't too old for April Fool then!"

"Well, I am now." Judy struck a world-weary pose. "But definitely. I have broken with my childhood, Oogie. It isn't easy for me to tell you like this—so crudely—without any warning—but it's better that you know it now. Tonight I step out onto the threshold of being a woman."

"Said threshold," Randolph confided to Oogie, "being the well-known diningroom at the Taryton Hotel. Very glamorous. They serve a mean parsnip-and-pork chop Blue Plate special there."

"Randolph Foster! You've never been there in the evening—you're not old enough. They have soft lights and music—Jan Judson and his Jumpin'

Jives—and little tables with waiters hovering about and champagne in ice buckets and beautiful women in furs and diamonds and handsome men, disillusioned with the world and grateful for having someone in the room who is young and fresh, and Lobster Newberg—

"Which do they prefer, the young and the fresh or the Lobster Newburg?" Randolph wanted to know.

But Judy took Oogie's arm and swept him into the livingroom where they could be alone. There were solemn things she had to talk over with him.

"Then you're sure you don't mind too much, Oogie? You don't mind my going there tonight with Bud Rogers?" It had come to her that Oogie, while he looked unhappy, was not the sad and broken man one might expect from the fact that he had just learned that a handsome, older—Bud Rogers was nearly eighteen!—man was to escort Judy across that threshold that meant her entrance into the sophisticated world outside. This was her first real grown-up date. Dining and dancing at a hotel, just she and Bud Rogers alone! Why, if Mother and Father hadn't been going to a Club banquet at the same hotel the same evening she would never have been permitted to go without a chaperone!

Oogie was impressed. But Oogie was used to the idea that Judy was a wonderful creature and was someday meant to burst upon the world a gorgeous butterfly, while he trailed along in her shadow. Besides, there was baseball practice that afternoon and he was pitching.

He tried valiantly to slip into the role that was expected of him. "Gee—Judy—you'll knock their eyes out, even with that ole drip of a Bud Rogers! Guess you'll be in all the society pages from now on. Maybe, sometime, when you have a free evening or something we can go to a movie—maybe, sometime."

This was better. Judy bade him a sad but distant farewell and went as far as the door with him. The telephone was ringing from the other room and it might be for her.

"Who was it, Ran?" she asked when Oogie had finally gone. "Who was

that calling on the telephone?"

"That was just Miss Stevenson, Father's secretary. Something about reservations for the Club banquet table tonight."

"Reservations?" Fear poked an icy needle into her bubble of excitement. "Do you mean people have to reserve tables for dinner at the Taryton—like Mother does when she calls the hairdresser for an appointment? Oh, I'm sure Bud Rogers didn't think of doing that! Oh—I'll just die. It would be just too devastatingly awful, to go there and be turned away because we have no table!"

"THERE'S always Hamburger Haven across the street," Randolph put in, helpfully.

"It will be sheer social ruin!" Judy's eyes were starkly aghast. "What will I do?"

"Well, if your man-of-the-world is too busy driving his father's car around and getting flunked out of school to think of a little thing like reservations, why don't you do it yourself? Just call them up and say you want a table."

"Why—thanks, Randolph! That's a good idea. But it will be so embarrassing if the hotel people think it's the girl making arrangements for the man—he's supposed to do it. How can I manage without being humiliated?"

"Why ask me? I'm just a child. I can't stand this mad, mad pace of the pleasure-loving world—"

Judy ignored him. "I know. I could reserve the table in Father's name. That's what his secretary did for the banquet table. There's nothing unusual in that. Bud doesn't have any secretary, since he's still going to school, and I don't know about his father—no, it will have to be in Melvin Foster's name."

Judy felt much better when her phone call was completed and she knew the table was safe for the evening. She had been right to suspect that Bud had overlooked this little detail. The only thing left to worry her had been the hotel clerk's rather odd attitude when she had insisted that the table be *right next* to the bandstand. Heavens, couldn't he realize that people wanted to hear the music, especially when it was Jan Judson's Jumpin' Jives? Anyway, Father's name had impressed the clerk and the table would be held in Melvin Foster's name, so there was nothing now to spoil the evening.

Judy went back to the breakfast table in a state of blissful dreaminess. Impossible that she could be the same child who had yelled herself hoarse last Saturday at the baseball game when Oogie had hit the winning home run! She hardly heard her Father's voice as he described the forthcoming Club banquet to her Mother.

"... yes, by George, Dora—if it weren't that that old back-slapping bore of a Henry Rogers was going to be the principal speaker of the evening, this would be the best, bang-up banquet the Club has ever put on. As Chairman of the Ways and Means, I—"

But Judy had pricked up her ears.

"Henry Rogers? Bud Rogers' father?"

"Yes. And if that hypocrite starts sputtering about what a self-made man he is—" Father sputtered a little, himself, getting up from the breakfast table. He started from the room—and then turned back, as if he had just remembered something.

"By the way, Dora, I forgot to give you a message—you're to call State 00001 and ask for Fox. Something about a fur coat, I think."

"Really, Father!"

"Really, Father!"

The withering looks from Judy and Randolph ought to have given the joke away, but Dora went obediently to the phone, all unsuspecting. They heard her voice—sweetly gracious at first—then puzzled—then indignant. Then she came back to the breakfast room.

"Of all the stupid men! I told him over and over again that I wanted to speak to Mr. Fox and all he would keep saying was that it was the zoo. I distinctly told him—well, what are you all laughing at?"

Father had to sit down again, he was chortling so hard.

"Fox—don't you see, Dora? Fox—zoo!"

"No, I do not. The man said there was no Mr. Fox—"

"No, nor Mrs. Fox, either, Dora. Don't you see?—it's a joke—April Fool! my dear!"

"I SIMPLY cannot understand it, Melvin. I know all about April Fool—you pick up purses on the sidewalk, only someone has a string attached and pulls it away. But that man was so rude. He said they did not sell fur coats in the zoo. And if you mean a fox—an animal—why, Melvin—you're too old to pretend that animals can talk over a telephone!" Even from the front hall where she was helping her husband into his overcoat, Mother's voice trailed back to Judy and Randolph. And they could catch the by-now-exasperated explanation from their Father.

The phone rang sharply.

"Never mind, Judy," Mother called, forestalling her quickly. "It's for your father."

"Who—Taryton Hotel? Yes. Hello, Mr. Parkins. Yes, Yes, certainly. The best table. My secretary called you a second time? She called this morning? That's strange. Well, she's a conscientious woman all right. Yes, that's right. What's odd about it? I want the very best dinner. Flowers on the table. Certainly, I want you to hold that table—I want no mistake about that now!"

They could hear him replace the receiver grumbling as he did so.

"... inefficiency for you, Dora. Arrangements were made a long time ago. Miss Stevenson makes a routine check-up, I suppose, and they get upset. Probably don't like my idea too well of having individual tables for four in the banquet room, instead of their usual long one—"

The door banged. Now, due to the providence of an epidemic of mumps at school and (Continued on page 87)

An April Fool Date With Judy is an original story by Iris Noble about the characters of NBC's weekly Date With Judy. Heard every Tuesday night at 8:30 P.M. EST, this program about a teen-ager's troubles and triumphs is written by Aleen Leslie, produced by Helen Mack. The part of Judy is played by Louise Erickson; Oogie, by Harry Harvey; Randy, by Dix Davis; Mrs. Foster, by Myra Marsh; Mr. Foster, by Stanley Farrar.



"Hiya—Judy!" Oogie said. "Gee, you look more beautiful in the morning before you've put on your face than most girls do at a party." His voice sounded reverent.

TO MOST people who listen, radio is a well organized series of programs that go on and off the air with such regularity that watches and clocks can be set by them. A twist of the dial, and you can listen to opera, news, drama, sports, music—anything you happen to want to hear. It's almost automatic. Nothing ever seems to go wrong. A program goes on the air, runs through its appointed fifteen minutes or half-hour, and goes off again, right "on the nose" for timing, as the radio engineers say. It's a beautiful example of human efficiency and attention to detail.

Sometimes, though, we people who work in this business get a chance to see how radio can affect the lives of other people; and when that happens we either feel pretty proud of ourselves or extremely humble. Often it's both at once. Major Bowes could probably tell you a great deal about that feeling, and so could Commissioner Valentine on the Gang Busters program, or the people who handle the Pot O' Gold show. I've often felt that the G. E. Houseparty has made life just a little different for the people who hear it or appear on it. One time I *know* it made a difference, and that's what I want to tell you about today.

If Nancy Hunter hadn't had a husband overseas in the Army of Occupation, if she hadn't been having trouble with her mother-in-law, if she hadn't come to Hollywood to visit her friend Alice Thomas, and if Alice hadn't been a friend of mine, there probably wouldn't be a story to tell—or at least I wouldn't know about it. That's the way those things happen. A series of unrelated facts, linked together, suddenly become a completed whole. This time I was one of those unrelated facts. But maybe I'd better begin at the beginning.

Nancy Hunter lived in Stortford, a medium sized town in Oregon. She was young and pretty, and her husband, Johnny Hunter, was overseas in Germany. Nancy didn't have a family of her own; her mother and father had both passed away many years before. She had been working in one of the town's legal offices when Johnny first met her. And after they were married, she kept her job. Johnny had an essential war job for a long time, but was still eligible for the draft and knew that sooner or later he would be called up. It didn't happen until the war was over, but one day Nancy found herself at the station, trying not to cry as she said goodbye to Johnny—a new

Johnny in an unfamiliar Army uniform. Nancy found another girl to share the apartment in which she and Johnny had begun their married life together, and went on with her job, trying not to think of the long empty months before Johnny would come home again. And then one day, Johnny's mother, who lived in a big house up on the hill, suggested that Nancy move in with her. The elder Mrs. Hunter was a widow. Johnny's father had left her a comfortable insurance policy and, by Stortford standards, she was very well off. There was plenty of room in the big house, and there was really no reason why Johnny's mother

and his young wife shouldn't live there together until Johnny came home again.

So Nancy sub-let the apartment to the other girl and moved into the house on the hill. And that was the beginning of Nancy's troubles.

One morning, about a month after Johnny had gone away, Mrs. Hunter called to Nancy as she was on her way out the door.

"Yes, mother?" Nancy came back to the livingroom.

"I'm going to drive over to Middletown this afternoon to visit the Charleses. They're old friends of our family, and I'd like to have them meet

Nancy was torn between loyalty to her husband

and trouble with mother-in-law until

... but let Art Linkletter tell you



HOUSE PARTY

... on which the audience takes a hand, is produced by Mary Harris, heard Monday through Friday at 4 P.M., EST; 3 P.M., CST; 1 P.M., PST, on CBS.

EVERYONE WAS LISTENING!

By

ART

LINKLETTER



you. Can you come with me to visit?
"Oh, I'd like to, very much," Nancy replied, "but I don't think I could get away from the office."

Mrs. Hunter's eyebrows raised, ever so slightly. "Not for just one afternoon?" she asked. "You can't be that important to Bronger & Son."

"Oh, it's not that," Nancy said hurriedly, flushing a little. "It's just that we're getting out a lot of tax reports that must be ready by tomorrow. We've even hired two extra girls to help with the typing this week."

"WELL, if you can't come, I suppose you can't," Mrs. Hunter said irritably. "But it does seem a pity that you have to spend so much time at that office. The women of our family have never worked for a living. I can't understand why you feel you must."

"It isn't just working for a living," Nancy tried to explain, "although I do like to feel that I'm doing my share. It's more that I'd feel lost without something to do—especially with Johnny away. It makes the time pass so quickly."

"It seems to me there are plenty of things to do right here," said Mrs. Hunter. "The Red Cross is looking for volunteers, and the Ladies Aid Society would be happy to have you at their meetings. There's the Bond Drive, too—they're going to need people to help with that. And it wouldn't hurt you to learn a little more about cooking—I could teach you how to make some of John's favorite dishes. Why, there are dozens of things for a woman to do without going out to work."

Nancy began to feel uncomfortable. "I know, mother, and I want to spend as much time working with the Red Cross and those other things as I can. But I can do that in the evenings. And I'd love to have you show me how to cook. I know I'm not very good at it. But couldn't we do that on weekends? I'd hate to leave Mr. Bronger now that it's so hard for him to get trained help. I feel that I ought to be working at

whatever I do best, and office work is about all I know."

Mrs. Hunter shrugged, and said, "Just as you think best, my dear."

On her way to the office, Nancy tried to forget the conversation, but it kept worming its way back into her mind. She desperately wanted Mrs. Hunter to think well of her. After all, she was Johnny's mother and he adored her. But she *couldn't* give up her job, she told herself rebelliously. Maybe when Johnny came back it would be different. Then she'd have another kind of job—the job of taking care of him and making a home for him and the children they hoped for. But that other job would have to wait a while. In the meantime, she had to keep busy. And it helped to know that the checks she deposited in the savings bank every week would be there when Johnny got home. After all, the least she could do was pitch in and help as much as she could. It would be wonderful when he came back, Nancy thought dreamily. They'd move back into the apartment, and Johnny would find a job he liked, and she'd get breakfast for him every morning and dinner for him every night. I'll certainly have to learn to cook first, she giggled to herself.

And that brought back thoughts of her talk with Johnny's mother. I guess maybe she's at least partly right, she told herself ruefully. She's a marvelous cook, and it would be awful if Johnny had to sneak off to his mother's house in order to get a good meal. Well, I'll do the best I can. I can probably learn a lot on weekends. And I'll go over to the Red Cross tonight and sign up for a couple of evenings a week—rolling bandages or something. Then she won't think I'm being stubborn or too independent.

As she arrived at this decision, Nancy's eyes brightened and her shoulders straightened. She even hummed a little as she walked the last few blocks to the office. Everything was going to be all right, and she'd been silly to feel so depressed. Everyone

knew it was difficult for a man's wife and his mother to get along. Good Lord, look at all the jokes about mothers-in-law! But this was going to be one case where everyone would be wrong. She'd see to that! Besides, it wasn't as though Mrs. Hunter were an ogre or something. She was a thoroughly nice woman, fond of her son, and an excellent housekeeper. Maybe she was a little set in her ways, but most older women are. And she must be lonely, too, Nancy thought with a quick little rush of sympathy. As she entered the office and took off her coat and settled down at her desk, she was full of good resolutions about what life would be like from now on in the big house up on the hill.

Two hours later, Mr. Bronger called her into his private office. She picked up her notebook and pencil and went in, ready for dictation. But he simply motioned her to a chair. "I've just had a phone call from Mrs. Hunter," he said.

Nancy felt a sudden lurch in her stomach. Oh, she couldn't have, she said to herself—she wouldn't do that! But apparently she had.

"She tells me she must make a visit to Middletown this afternoon and that it's most important for you to go with her. She asked me if I could spare you for a few hours. Naturally, I agreed to."

"Oh, Mr. Bronger, you shouldn't have—" Nancy burst out angrily. Then she recovered herself. "I'm sorry. But I know how busy you are this week, and I'm sure Mrs. Hunter could have postponed her trip until this week-end. I don't like to take any time off when there is so much to do."

Mr. Bronger looked his surprise; then putting his finger tips together and leaning back in his chair, said genially, "Well, Mrs. Hunter has been a good client of ours for a number of years. I don't think we'd be sacrificing too much if we let you go with her this afternoon. You can work on those tax returns until lunch-time, and then run along." He chuckled. "Just be sure to be in good and early tomorrow morning!"

Nancy swallowed hard, but managed to say a faint, "Thank you, Mr. Bronger," as she rose and went out of his office. Outside the door she paused for a moment to collect herself, and then went over to her desk and sat down. She looked at her hands, which were trembling, and quickly put them in her lap, so no one would notice. All her instincts about the way a business should be run had been violated. It was incredible to her that Mrs. Hunter could have interfered with her office life in such a high-handed way, and it was even more incredible that Mr. Bronger could have accepted her interference so calmly. It just wasn't done, she told herself fiercely! You can't do things like that! Why, she'd be the laughing stock of the office if this ever got out.

Nancy's fingernails bit into her palms as she tried to force herself to be calm. She picked up a report from her desk and made herself look at it. Automatically, she reached into her desk drawer for paper and carbon, rolled it into the type- (Continued on page 78)

Nancy was feeling so very optimistic and happy by that time that she didn't mind my hearing all about her troubles.



Everything is shared"

By MRS. MEL BLANC



"Twelve-man woman"



"One-woman man"

Anxiously, Estelle
queried her diary,
"I wonder if he'll
call me?" and then
began the waiting...

FIFTEEN years ago, I wrote in my diary, "I met the cutest fellow. I wonder if he'll call me?"

That first note about Mel wasn't much different from the other entries in my diary in those five years from the time I was fifteen, when I started keeping it, until I was twenty—and met Mel. All the notations, in those days, were about dates I'd had, or adolescent speculations about what would happen to me in the years to come, plus anxious (and unanswered) queries to the *deux ex machina* of the little book about when and whom I would marry.

Then, late one night in the spring of 1931, I came home and wrote about the "cute" fellow who I hoped would call—and that was the beginning of the real diary—the first entry in a day-by-day account of pure happiness.

I had gone to a dance that night with a friend of mine named Vera, her

brother, and my brother. While I was waltzing with my brother—and who, at twenty, wants to waltz with her brother, no matter how much she loves him—I saw Vera talking to a man I'd never seen before. Now, normally I was very shy indeed—which probably accounted for my dancing with my brother, while Vera found herself this delightful stranger. But even shyness couldn't keep me away then. I walked over toward them, and sort of hung around on the outskirts, hoping with all my heart that Vera would be generous enough to introduce him.

She was. "Estelle," she called, and I closed in the gap between us with most ungirlish haste.

Vera's eyes were teasing. "How would you like to meet someone who's in radio?" she asked.

Mel tells me that I turned a nice, rich rose color. "This is Mel Blanc," Vera

went on. "He's in California from Portland, Oregon, and he's really and truly in radio—he's on the Al Pearce program."

Mel and I just looked at each other. In retelling the story, he likes to point out that here I blushed again. But he did ask for my telephone number. Even so, blushes and all, I wasn't sure that he was really interested. Didn't I anxiously question my diary that night, "I wonder if he'll call me?"

I spent the next two days in awful anticipation of the calamity that would blight my young life in case he didn't call. But finally the phone rang, and I could breathe again, for it was Mel. We didn't see each other that day, but my diary plainly states (with obvious relief) "I am so happy! Mel Blanc called today!"

I wish I could have seen into the future. I wish I could have seen Mel

Blanc as my husband, and also as one of the most famous comedians on the air. It would have saved me a lot of worrisome days.

But now the future is here. I've been Mel's wife for a long time, and he's been that famous comedian for a long time. He's on five shows a week at present. He's Mr. Wortle on Judy Canova's show, and he's also Pedro and the man with the hiccups. He works for Jack Benny and meets himself coming and going on that program as the parrot, the train caller, the French violin teacher and Detective Flanagan. And my incomparable husband is also Bob Hope's incomparable Private Snafu. To George Burns and Gracie Allen he is the happy postman and the cigar store clerk. For Abbott and Costello he plays Scotty McBrown and Cartoon Technicolorvitch. And he gets a big kick out of the fact that he's been billed as "miscellaneous voices" on so many shows he can't keep count of them.

AND so, in the exciting present, I'm married to a motley collection of wonderful funnymen, all of whom boil down, at home, to the grandest husband in the world.

That, as I say, is the exciting present. Not that the past wasn't exciting, too. It was. There were those long months, for instance, when I knew as well as I knew my own name that I was head over heels in love with Mel—but when I had no idea whether or not he loved me.

I decided, at last, that it was up to me to make some move. I finally asked him if he would consider acting as master of ceremonies at the cabaret dance our club was giving. I didn't see exactly how this was going to further my romance, but at least I'd be with Mel, and that was something. I didn't really think that he'd accept, but he said yes without hesitation, and my stock rose by leaps and bounds with the other club members. I was pretty proud of myself.

I was still sure, when we went to that dance, that I liked Mel a great deal more than he liked me. But by the time the evening was over I was walking on air, because suddenly, right in the midst of a dance, I knew that the feeling was mutual. Mel hadn't said a word, but I just *knew*, in that mysterious way that females have of knowing when a man's in love with them.

Mel was the cautious type—he still is. For a long while we saw a great deal of each other, but he never mentioned that little word "love." Mother was suspicious—perhaps she thought I was wasting my time. And Mel hadn't said anything, so I couldn't reassure her. Instead I'd just say, in my best off-hand manner, "Why, I only feel sorry for him, Mother. He wants a home-cooked dinner—he doesn't know anyone in California." And I'd quickly add, while she was in a softened mood, "Can't we have him over again tonight?"

I don't for one moment think that Mother was fooled by all this, but just the same, she used to let me invite Mel to dinner regularly.

In July, he had to go back to Portland—to attend the wedding of a friend, and to see his family. I was pretty excited when he asked me, the night before he left, if he could leave his car with me. Surely, I told myself—and my diary—that meant *something*. At least, he trusted me with his most cherished possession. (I think if he had run over me with his most cherished possession, I would have found some way to turn it into an indication of affection for me!)

When an embossed leather writing case arrived from Portland for me, I smiled a knowing smile. Why of course—that was Mel's own way of saying, "Write to me, dear. I miss you."

In August, when Mel got back from Portland, I was so eager to see him that I drove right through a stop signal on my way to meet the boat. I got my first ticket then, and Mel hasn't let me forget it to this day.

But he was still slow about proposing. Being of a practical turn of mind, I decided to go to night school to fill in my time. I was working for an attorney, but I was interested in drama—which, incidentally, was elegantly labeled "Oral Art" in the evening sessions catalogue. Suddenly Mel, who had often told me how much he hated school, started going to classes with me. A good sign! To my diary I confided, "He *must* love me. He goes to school with me every night, and I know it isn't school he likes. Why doesn't he propose?"

To ease your mind—it certainly eased mine—he finally did!

HE waited until Thanksgiving Day to ask me, and even then we didn't get married right away. Mel thought that we should have an engagement period. Mel is very serious about marriage; he thinks far too many people ruin their lives by not being sure, by rushing into marriage. He didn't want us to make a mistake.

Goodness knows, I wanted our marriage to last, so I was perfectly content to do just as he wanted—and so we waited until May, 1932. We were married on Mothers' Day, and two hours later we left for Portland. It was a wrench to leave my Mother and Father for the first time in my life, much as I loved Mel—and I was grateful to him, then, for that long waiting. By now I was sure. I wasn't any flighty girl, who rushed headlong into marriage. I was a woman, sure of my love, sure of my husband's love.

Mel had a chance to do a new show for a Portland station, KEX. The name of the program—Cobwebs and Nuts—will give you a pretty good idea of what it was like. Mel did the whole thing, from beginning to end—wrote it, ran the mimeographing machine, produced it, did all the male voices. And there my "oral art" came in handy—because I played all the feminine parts! We worked sixteen hours a day on the thing—and it was on the air six nights a week. Mel would sit at one typewriter and I at another; as he turned the stuff out, I made clean copies, with carbons.

The show was a success, if you count success in satisfaction and acclaim, and not in monetary gain. The financial end of that sixteen-hours-six-days-a-week show was a check for precisely fifteen dollars a week. After a couple of months we suddenly realized that we simply couldn't manage on that. So Mel scouted around and got a job writing scripts for the Portland Breakfast Club, also on KEX. This he managed to turn out on the seventh day—and got an extra ten dollars for it.

So, if we weren't wealthy on that, we were at least solvent for the time being. We kept our chins up, and managed. But after two years of it, we felt we owed ourselves a baby—but a baby couldn't possibly be squeezed into that budget. So Mel asked for a raise, and got it—five dollars a week.

When he came home that night he said, "Estelle—I think we'd better get out of this town. Cobwebs and Nuts has been swell as experience for me—in fact, I chalk it up as a college education. But we've got to have more money! I've got to get out of here—and it'll either be a sanitarium or L. A. Maybe down there we can make some decent money."

It was a good idea all around, of course. Los Angeles is the place where a good half of the best radio shows originate, and a lot more than half of the best comedy shows. Besides, in Los Angeles we had my family to fall back on.

And we did fall back on them to the extent of living with them for a year and a half. At that point, Mel was bringing home \$25.00 every week—and twenty-five being just twenty-five whether it's in Portland or Los Angeles, he was pretty discouraged. But I wasn't. I had all the faith in the world in Mel. Everything in radio was "breaks," I told him, over and over—and someday very soon now, his break would come.

And one day it did seem, finally, as if our dam of hard luck was beginning to give way. Mel came home walking on air.

"Honey—listen to this," he cried. "I've got a spot on the Joe Penner show!"

"This is your break," I told him.

"At any rate, it's our first network show," he answered, cautious to the last ditch. (And right in that conversation you can see one of the reasons why our marriage is a happy one. "Our first network show" he said, not "my." Although it was his break, it was ours because nothing in all of our lives belongs to one or the other of us—everything is shared.)

IT'S fun to realize that although Mel is famous now for his dialects and voices, particularly animal voices, he did not play Joe Penner's duck. But as sometimes happens when things are going wrong, they suddenly begin to go very right. That first night that Mel was on the Penner show, two producers were listening, and both of them called Mel for their shows.

That was the beginning, and success, slowly but surely, followed on the heels of "our" (Continued on page 94)

PRESENTING IN LIVING PORTRAITS

Today's Children



A peculiar, painful happiness has come to MAMA SCHULTZ. For she knows, with the absolute instinct of a mother's heart, that the man who has come to her saying "I am your long-missing son" is an impostor; yet compassionately, lovingly, she accepts him and his lie.



PAPA SCHULTZ' stern, autocratic harshness drove the real Joseph away from home seventeen years ago, and ever since then his one goal has been to find his son again. Now, because he is old and ill, the rest of the family conspires to keep from him that the man whose coming has brought them all such joy is not truly Joseph, but a lonely stranger.



BERTHA SCHULTZ' affection and respect for Richard Stone have grown as they shared family life. But now, knowing that Richard is not really her brother, Bertha realizes that the feeling between her and Richard is a love that should culminate in marriage, and that this happiness is impossible because Papa must never learn the truth.



RICHARD STONE has come by strange and twisted paths into the lives of the Schultz family of Chicago—paths which he himself cannot fully understand. From a past life so full of loneliness and insecurity that he never thinks about it, and refused to talk about it with Army doctors, Richard went to war, where he saw his friend Joseph Schultz killed on the bloody beach of Anzio. Later, when plastic surgery had completely remolded his own shattered face, he came upon the pathetic "Personal" in which Papa Schultz, ignorant of Joseph's death, pleaded that his son return home. Somehow this plea, and his remade face, seemed to offer Richard a chance at a remade life. Telling the Schultzes that he was Joseph, Richard has brought much happiness to Papa Schultz, and to Mama too, although she knows the truth. But to Bertha and to himself the deception has brought unhappiness, because their love must remain unrecognized



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Even though some of the Schultzes know that the returned veteran who says he is Joseph is really Richard Stone, they have accepted him, and feel that the family circle is now complete. Mama Schultz is played by Virginia Payne; Marilyn by Ruth Rau; John Murray by Kleve Kirby; Bertha by Patricia Dunlap; Richard by Art Hern; Papa by Murray Forbes; Otto by Ernie Andrews; Jen by Laurette Fillbrandt. (At the left) Marilyn Larrimore was born Maggie Schultz, the youngest of the Schultz children. She changed her name for her work as a model; it was changed again by her marriage to lawyer John Murray.



OTTO SCHULTZ, suspicious of the man who introduced himself as his older brother Joseph, discovered through investigation the truth about Richard Stone's imposture. Happily married to JEN BURTON, happy in his radio-writing work, Otto remembers the black days when he returned from the war temporarily blinded and is reluctant to expose his father and Richard to the misery that must result from a revelation. But he has shared his knowledge about Richard with Mama Schultz and with Bertha.

Listen to Today's Children, written by Irna Phillips, every Monday through Friday at 2:15 P.M. EST, on NBC.

A WOMAN in love does something when she is hurt. Sometimes, she cries. But at other times, when the hurt is too big for the comfort of tears, she strikes out in a new direction to win back the man she loves. Usually, she acts in too much of a hurry—she does something silly. But once in a while she does the right thing—something infinitely wise. It's odd that you can't be sure into which category you'll fall—how you, yourself, will react to heart-crushing hurt—until the test comes. I didn't know—not until I actually was faced with it—not until I went with Bruce to Cedar Lodge and watched him become attracted to another woman.

When we first returned to the hunting lodge where we had spent our honeymoon, I was afraid that this trip was a terrible mistake. I told myself that six years of living together day after day, of seeing each other at close range, had robbed us of the great joy we had first found in each other. I thought that the old excitement we had known was gone forever. I told myself that the loss of our baby boy had changed the pattern of our living, had changed us.

Bruce's and my marriage was a gay and lovely thing in the beginning. We were young and happy and excited about everything that happened to either of us. And we had plans, beautiful dreams, for children and a happy

family life. The years stretched ahead, exciting and full of promise. But Fate changed our plans when our first child died when he was born and we knew that we could never have another one.

I suppose that is when some of the gaiety disappeared from our lives—when we began to drift. Perhaps that wasn't the whole reason. Maybe we just didn't try hard enough. Anyway, our marriage suffered a change and it wasn't for the better. We gave up our little surprises for each other, our gifts and funny little evenings in out-of-the-way places. We got up in the morning and lived through the day and the evening, and then began all over again. I played bridge and belonged to a few clubs. Bruce concentrated on his business, which kept him out of town a great deal. And before we realized what was happening to us, our marriage had changed from a brilliant, exciting state to an existence all dull grey.

I guess I wasn't as conscious of the change in our lives as Bruce was. I suppose I thought all marriages change, and that ours was following a universal pattern. If Bruce hadn't talked to me about it, I would have gone on drifting until we were miles and miles apart in every way.

It was one night in early January that Bruce picked me up at Connie Anderson's where I had been playing bridge, after a sales meeting of his own.

We didn't say much driving home. We never did, any more. Once there had been a time when we had delighted in telling each other everything that happened during the evening spent apart. But all of that spontaneous joy in each other was gone.

This night we parked the car in the garage and went into the house through the kitchen. Bruce preceded me snapping on lights to make my coming in easier. He courteously helped me with my coat. Bruce was a gentleman and politeness was as much a part of him as the one tiny wave in his dark hair.

The Time is Past

A CASE HISTORY FROM JOHN J. ANTHONY'S FILES

The Time Is Past was suggested by a problem originally presented on John J. Anthony's daily program, heard every Monday through Friday at 1:45 EST, over Mutual.

When you're in love there is a warm enchantment over everything.

Bruce and Mary had felt that, once; they knew that

the feeling they had now was different



As he hung my coat in the closet, I had the feeling that we were behaving like strangers.

I said goodnight quickly, and started up the stairs, but Bruce called me back.

"Mary," he said, "I want to talk with you."

Something in his serious manner frightened me a little, and I paused uncertainly before I turned.

I could tell from his manner that this discussion was painful to him.

"We've got to face the fact that our marriage isn't what it should be," he said quickly, decisively.

"We don't fight—we never argue," I said lamely, defensively.

"IF we did, there might be some hope. We just drift along like strangers."

I knew that he was speaking the truth, but I didn't want to talk about it. Not now. Not yet.

"We can work it out, Bruce," I said softly. "Some way."

"I'd like to think that," Bruce said, "but I can't see it. We've gone too far. There isn't anything left to pin to."

Bruce sounded final—through. And I thought of our early marriage, our dreams and our hopes, and I couldn't believe in the reality of this scene. I felt strangely detached.

"You can have the home," Bruce began, and then I wasn't detached any more. Bruce was contemplating separation—divorce—and the thought of going on without him jarred me out of my lethargy.

"Oh, Bruce," I said with something like horror. "You don't mean that you want us to get a divorce?"

The word hung in the air between us.

"I want to do something," he said. "I don't want to go on like this."

"But we have so much—our friends, our home—"

"We don't have love, though, Mary," Bruce said. "We've fallen out of love."

I was quite certain that I wasn't "out of love" with this handsome, dark-eyed husband of mine. But I was terribly afraid that I was losing him.

"Bruce," I pleaded, "don't talk as if it's all over."

"Then what do you think we should do about our lives, Mary?"

"Let's don't end it," I begged. "Let's look for happiness again—the kind we knew at the lodge."

He turned his face toward me, and his eyes were strangely sad.

"We've changed too much to go back," he said. "We aren't even the same two people, any more."

"Our love isn't lost—we've mislaid it," I said. "But we can find it again."

His face was very kind.

"Do you want to try, Mary?" he asked.

I nodded and my eyes filled with tears.

"Bruce, let's go to Cedar Lake next week for our anniversary," I suggested. "Let's start all over again."

He stood up then and came to me and kissed me very gently. "All right, Mary," he said. "We'll try." But, afterwards, when I remembered how he had said that, I was afraid. I knew that Bruce expected my plan to be a failure.

We left the following week to drive to the winter cabin where Bruce had hunted year after year—the lodge where we had spent the wonderful days of our honeymoon. The morning was crystal-clear and just the way it had been on our wedding day when we had driven gaily along these same snow-covered, winding highways.

And I felt quite content, believing inside of myself that by leaving the scene of our unhappiness behind us we could erase the misunderstanding

in our hearts. What I did not understand is that you can run away from a place, but that you can't run away from yourself. Bruce and I still had ourselves along.

Late that afternoon we turned into the winding country road which led through the woods to the cabin.

"Oh, Bruce, we should have come before," I whispered, "long ago before all of this happened."

But Bruce said something strange. He said, "I am wondering whether we should have come at all."

In that moment I knew surely that Bruce had no confidence in our mission—that he had come only to please me. He believed, I knew, that you cannot turn back—that our marriage should end. I prayed silently, pleading with whatever force guides us to prove that he was wrong—that this return would rekindle love in our hearts.

The Jenkinses ran out to greet us when our wheels scrunched to a stop at the rear of the big log dwelling.

*Ann fumbled and fell,
and Bruce swooped down to
pick her up. She laughed up at hi*



And suddenly the memory of that other morning was all around us—that morning when we had stopped here so full of hope and delight in the future. I remembered how we had gone into the warm kitchen that other day, laughing and gay, clinging to each other—loving the world and everyone in it. Today, we followed the Jenkinses quietly, both of us a little melancholy at this change in our approach.

“WE’VE got a couple honeymooning here right now,” Mrs. Jenkins explained. “A fine couple as happy and as much in love as you were.”

“They sure do hate to lose sight of each other a minute,” Hi Jenkins said, chuckling tolerantly.

“It’ll be nice to have them here,” I said, but my voice came out falsely bright.

Mrs. Jenkins closed the door behind us, and the familiar kitchen with its great range swam mistily before my eyes. And my heart hurt inside of me

until the ache spread all through my body. And, then, I saw the recently-married Tom and Betty, and I realized that Bruce was right. We shouldn’t have come back. No matter how hard we tried, we never could recapture the shining love that glowed in the smiles of these youngsters. We had drifted too far apart to go back.

Tom and Betty joined us at the big table with the Jenkinses for dinner, but they really didn’t see us. They had eyes only for each other. Their every glance, their every word expressed their deep love for each other. But instead of being joyful for them, I was sad for our own loss. And so was Bruce, I knew. He looked at me once and his eyes said, “You see, Mary, it’s no use. We’re not the same—and we never can be again.”

Tom and Betty disappeared immediately after dinner, and the Jenkinses busied themselves with their chores. Bruce and I went in and sat in front of the immense fireplace. We sat

quietly, not talking, staring into the flames. I realized that we had not had a time together like this in years—a night when we had nothing to do but to devote the time to each other. And, because we had neglected our love for each other, we had let it go away. And now we couldn’t talk to each other, any more. Bruce and I were strangers.

“Bruce,” I said, looking to him for a solution, “what is the matter with us?”

He looked at me tenderly.

“Dear Mary,” he said softly. “I knew it would be this way. I shouldn’t have brought you back.”

But, still, I couldn’t agree that there was nothing left for us. Old dreams rose in the flames in front of me. I was ashamed and strangely sad at letting something as precious as love slip out of my life.

“Shall we go home tonight?” Bruce asked me.

I shook my head. “That’s silly. That’s running away again,” I said.

He understood. (Continued on page 64)



TO SAVE A LIFE-

By **FERDINAND YATES**
of Road of Life

*There is no excuse for the ignorance or fear that
may rob a cancer victim of his chances for cure*

MY introduction to that Great Darkness known as "Cancer" took place during my early boyhood. At that time an old family friend had been told that he was suffering from this dread scourge. How vividly do I now recall the fear with which our friend approached the problem! A man of good social standing in the community, he promptly proceeded to live the life of a hermit; to shut himself away from his friends and lose all contact with the outside world. Told that he had cancer, he made arrangements to pass from this life with an air of resignation that death was the inevitable.

It was only in later years that I learned how foolish and wrong is such an attitude on the part of persons afflicted with cancer. As the result of my early schooling, I learned of the existence of the American Cancer Society. Rather than sit by idly while thousands of lives were lost each year to this killer, I was determined to do something about it. It was, therefore, in January of 1945 that I joined the American Cancer Society in its gallant fight against this source of human suffering.

Cancer has challenged the mind and

spirit of man for centuries. Through all those years unnecessary fable and superstition have surrounded the disease. Much of this was due to so little being known about its cause, recognition or cure. But with the coming of modern techniques in surgery and treatment, and with new tools of scientific research the assault on cancer has made great strides. This progress is continuing and, with the proper coordination and support, the time should not be far off when the cause of cancer will be known and its control will be a reality.

As a member of the Field Army of the American Cancer Society, I had the privilege of hearing Dr. Frank E. Adair address our group. Dr. Adair, besides being a prominent cancer specialist, is also president of the American Cancer Society. From his seemingly endless reservoir of facts I learned the following things about cancer.

From December 7th, 1941, to July 23rd, 1945, Axis enemies killed 295,433 Americans on all battlefronts. During that same period cancer killed 595,000 Americans at home, or more than twice as many as were lost in World War II!

"Nor is that all," said Dr. Adair. "It is expected that more than 170,000 per-

sons will die of cancer in the U.S. this year."

I stood aghast! "Isn't there something that can be done to help these people?" I asked myself.

Just then Dr. Adair supplied the answer to my thoughts. Continuing in his forceful manner, he brought home the following hope. "At this moment there are an estimated 700,000 Americans suffering from cancer. When one considers that up to 50 percent of this number could be saved by the simple expedient of teaching persons what *they* can do to beat cancer, it becomes imperative that this message of hope be brought to the attention of all Americans."

Intrigued by the hopeful possibilities for the future as outlined by Dr. Adair,



I began to dig a bit deeper into the facts. I wished to know—as does everyone—what cancer is, how it is caused, how it can be prevented and how it is treated.

It was at one of the Field Army regional meetings that the answers to these questions were supplied for me.

To better understand the nature of the work done by the Field Army, it might be well at this point to explain the function of that body of volunteer workers. It is a body of more than 500,000 enlisted volunteer workers spread throughout the nation. By means of medical lectures, informative literature, exhibits, radio talks, newspaper and magazine publicity, cancer facts are made available to the public.

At one of these meetings, the guest

speaker was Dr. Clarence C. Little, Chairman of the Society's Committee on Education and a world renowned geneticist. The subject of his talk that afternoon was "The Nature of Cancer." Speaking in simple, non-medical terms Dr. Little unfolded the mysteries of that scourge known as cancer.

"Man's growth," Dr. Little revealed, "is regulated by a natural process which begins when the female cell is split by the male cell. When the splitting of the female cell occurs it multiplies into two cells. These two cells then multiply into four and so on, until human life in the form of a child takes place. This process of growth and multiplication of cells continues until adult life is reached. At that point—adulthood—all further cell growth is

stopped by a natural process. From then on new cells are permitted to grow only when body tissue repairs are needed.

"Just so long as the body tissues remain under this 'natural control,' there is normal cellular function. In some persons, however, one or more body cells rebel against this control. For some reason as yet unexplained, they seem to go crazy and begin to multiply when all other cells in the body are responding to normal control.

"By running wild these cells produce a lump or growth which has no useful function in the body," added the doctor. "If this growth does not invade nearby organs so as to interfere with their normal functions, it does not become dangerous. It is what medical men (Continued on page 99)



On NBC's Road of Life (daily at 10:30 A.M. EST), Dr. Yates (played by Guy Sorel), Dr. Brent (Matt Crowley) and Nurse Lanier (Grace Lenard) with a new patient.

Sky

*Love isn't based on age or looks
or security, Jeri discovered. It is—
well, love is love; there is no
yardstick to judge it by*



Full of stars

I STOOD dead still in the dark, unable to speak for the wild choking happiness that surged through me. Wordless, wondering how it could have happened, still unable to believe it, I felt Peter's arms fold gently around me, and draw me close. He dropped his face down against my hair and stood like that for a long time, as if this were relief from unbearable loneliness and pain.

Finally he said, in an urgent voice, "I don't want to rush you into this, Jeri, but . . . if you don't mind, we could be married before I have to leave . . ."

The urgency in his voice seemed to be a part of my body. I leaned into his arms, and my mouth, turned up to his, answered swiftly the question in his kiss.

After a long while I opened my eyes and over his shoulder saw a million stars.

I've found him, I breathed, shaken by the wonder of it. Out of a world full of hurrying strangers, I had found Peter. It seemed as miraculous to me as finding one certain star in the sky full of them which blazed above our heads . . .

I was working as a filing clerk and errand girl in the big Army Separation Center when, weeks before, I had first met Peter Varney. He was in charge of routine physicals for men being processed for discharge. To the girls in the office he was Major Varney, to the GI's going through the mill he was just "Doc." He had been in a Jap prison for a long while, after serving in the Pacific.

"Where are you heading, Doc?" I heard one of the boys ask him one day as he hooked a stethoscope out of his ears. "I mean, after you get through looking down our throats and thumping chests?"

"Home to the ranch," he answered instantly, "I've got a couple or three nags and a canyon full of brush I've been wanting to see—and a boy." The last word seemed to pull up out of his throat.

I was in and out of the office all day, carrying records to and from the files; and I overheard many such bits of conversation. Always it was the same—the ranch, the horses, the young son he hadn't seen for nearly three years.

I found myself waiting tensely for some

mention of his wife; and when I learned, through inter-office gossip, that she was dead, I was almost ashamed of the sudden relief that I felt.

From that first day when he had taken a paper from my hand with a quiet, "Thank you, Miss Walker," something strange had gripped my heart. I kept remembering the way he sank into the chair behind his desk, the way he seemed to be reading a report with only the top of his mind while far back behind his gray eyes other thoughts were churning, like a river beating against some jagged submerged ledge of rock. While I ate my lonely dinner at the cafeteria, or stood watching the methodical flash of the traffic light, I would remember his eyes, or the set of his tired shoulders—even at night, when I lay staring at the ceiling of the little room I shared with a different strange girl each night.

"You understand," the matron at the Girls' Hostel had told me briskly when I registered, "Miss . . . what was the name?"

"Walker," I told her for the fifth time, "Jeri Walker."

"Jeri! What a funny name for a girl . . . as I was saying, you may stay for three days only. The Hostel is intended for a temporary shelter. At the end of three days, if you have not found a room elsewhere, I will see what I can do . . ."

That's the way I had been living ever since my family had been evicted from the tiny apartment into which we had crowded ourselves when we came West to work in war plants. Mom and Dad had sold our farm in Kansas, before they realized that there was no place available out here where we could all live together. Bob, my brother, went to live in a men's housing project at a shipyard, Dad had a chance for higher wages in San Francisco, and Mother finally went to Denver to take care of Grandma. I had a job by that time, so I stayed. For the first time in my life I was all alone, and I had never known how lonely anyone can be in a strange city. It pushed in upon me like a blanket, wrapping me so tight sometimes that it was hard to breathe. I was sick for a home again, for people to care . . . just to

A STARS OVER HOLLYWOOD STORY

Suggested by "Backwash", written by Veronica Forest
for Stars Over Hollywood, heard Saturdays at 12:30 over CBS

belong again to someone of my own.

Perhaps that is the thing which first drew me to Peter Varney—I never knew from one day to the next where I would be sleeping that night, or when I would be out on the street again, tramping in that old hopeless search for a room, feeling rootless and unwanted and alone; but every morning when I went to work, he was there, behind his desk, as solid and certain as the sun.

"YOU'RE too thin," he told me abruptly one afternoon when I came in to file the last of the day's reports. "How long has it been since you last ate a real steak or a nice brown chicken drumstick?"

I laughed and said, "Well, I can't remember . . ."

"That's what I thought." He flipped some papers together on the desk and pushed back his chair. "Believe it or not, I've found a place where they serve such things. If you don't mind . . . we might drive out. I'll be ready to leave here by the time you get into your coat and lipstick, Jeri."

Jeri! He knew, and remembered, my name!

He was changing from his white jacket to the one which matched his uniform. He reached a long hand to turn down the corner of my coat collar which had curled up. We were walking out across the square of gravel to the olive drab car.

This was the first of those magic evenings, unreal as a dream to me. It was heaven to sit here with Peter across the table, smoking a last cigarette over a last unhurried cup of coffee, while he talked about his ranch in the foothills.

"We call it Varney Acres," he said. "But actually there are only two of them, one in a sort of orange grove, the other a dry wash full of brush and wild pigeons. Up higher there are good riding trails ambling off into the hills, and still higher a stream where Lance and I used to fish. He's a great kid,

that boy!" The pride in those words!

That's the way it always ended. Lance, the son he had left in the Academy when he went away . . .

"It all sounds like heaven," I breathed.

"You'll have to see it sometime." His voice broke off suddenly and he jerked his eyes around to me as if he were really seeing me for the first time. All the rest of that evening, while we finished our coffee, while we drove slowly back along the coast road to the city, and up the crowded street to the Hostel where I still clung, uncertainly, three days at a time, I felt his eyes coming back to me, again and again, as if he thought I might have vanished while he looked away.

One night he had to work late and I stayed with him to help finish last things before he left on furlough. Every time I thought of being here without him, that funny cold hand gripped my heart, and now, this last night, it seemed as if I couldn't bear to have him go.

It was dark when we left the Center and crunched across the gravel to the parking space. He took off his cap and tossed it into the back seat of the car as he always did, and turned to help me in.

"Jeri," he said suddenly, his hand tightening on my arm, "I love you very much. Now that I'm leaving, I realize that I . . . need you, Jeri."

It was then that I stood dead still in the dark. It was then that I discovered my one, of the whole sky full of stars . . .

We were married in the office of the Post Chaplain, the day Peter's furlough began; and that night, his voice shaken by a sort of amazement, he said, "You're such a trusting little person, Jeri. You've taken me so completely at face value. How do you know what sort of man I really am?"

"I know you're tall, dark, and handsome," I laughed.

"Except for an ugly mug, and a lot

of gray hair," he grimaced, unsmiling.

"Where?" I laughed, pulling his head down to look. "Funny, I never noticed it before!"

Sudden tenderness washed over me. I would be everything to Peter, compensation for all the horror he had endured, all those things he never talked about, but which always lay far back behind his quiet eyes. I would make our home a heaven for him. Our home . . . home!

On the train en route to the ranch, I snuggled against his shoulder and said, "Peter—I hope Lance will like me."

"He will," Peter assured me. "He couldn't help it if he tried . . ."

"Sometimes kids resent a step-mother," I said.

Suddenly he said, "Well, here goes nothing," and Peter and I put out our hands to him.



Peter looked at me oddly, and the crinkles of a smile slowly fanned around his eyes. "He won't," he promised me.

"I hope he gets home while you're there," I said. "After all, it isn't fun to be shut up in a boarding school all the time . . ."

"I don't think Lance liked . . . his school so well." Peter's eyes were still crinkly with a smile. "Fact is, he wrote me that he was thinking of leaving, some time ago. He called it a dump, said, 'Dad, the old dump is beginning to stink.' Those were his words, I believe."

The train was slowing to a stop and Peter leaned to the window, searching the platform with his eyes as we made our way down the aisle to the

vestibule. He was as impatient as a kid for the porter to let down the steps.

I heard him shout, "Lance!" and an answering yell, "Hey, Dad!"

I stepped down from the train, my hand in Peter's, and stopped dead still.

"Well, I'll be!" Peter was saying; and another voice just like his answered, "I did it, Dad. I'll at least get in on the occupation. That's better than telling my grandchildren I was too young to do anything but read about the big war . . ."

"You young idiot!" Peter was saying as their hands clamped down upon each other. "Running true to form, jumping off the high ledge before you test the water's depth."

Not the freckled kid I had pictured! Stepmother to this . . . this tall lank

Army private? But he was a grown man!

They were both laughing and then, as if they had just remembered me, they both turned.

"Hello, Jeri!" Lance said, his wide smile cleaving a younger replica of Peter's face. "Good gosh! Dad! You old fox! Congratulations!"

He was clapping Peter on the back, grinning delightedly at me. Peter's eyes were crinkled at the corners in the same sly smile I had noticed on the train. He had done this to surprise us both, letting me expect a freckled kid, no doubt writing Lance about bringing home a stepmother . . . letting him believe I was old . . . He was laughing at us both, now; and we laughed with him.

"Take the (Continued on page 70)



Life can be beautiful

PAAPA DAVID has always maintained that if you have faith in God, in yourself, and in your fellow men, you can live harmoniously, both as an individual and as part of a community. His own life has borne out his teachings, and has been a living example to all his many friends of the basic truth of his words. In the same way, your lives and the experiences you have undergone indicate that you too have found life to be a mixture of sadness and joy, good and evil, but a mixture based on a rich pattern, to be understood, appreciated, and above all loved. When you really love life, and face it with generosity, tolerance and faith, you realize its meaning. Contentment and peace of mind serve you as a bulwark against trouble; for you, indeed, life can be beautiful.

Since we introduced the idea to you last month of writing us about your

By **CHICHI HAMILTON**

experiences in learning that life can be beautiful, letters have poured in from all parts of the country. Your response has been heart-warming and encouraging. It has proved once again that those four little words, *life can be beautiful*, are more than a phrase. They constitute a philosophy, a real and true one, which can bring happiness and fulfillment to everyone, everywhere.

The prize-winning letter from the group that arrived in answer to our first announcement will be printed in the May RADIO MIRROR. Meanwhile, here are some letters written to us even before the contest started.

Dear Chichi:

I am almost ashamed to admit that

there was ever a time when I objected to my husband's mother coming to live with us. But I did object a great deal to sharing my home and the raising of my children with another woman whose ways were different from mine.

When Mother Whiteside first came to live with us, I'm afraid I didn't do as much as I should have to make her feel at home. Every time she suggested a different way of cooking, or told me what type of furniture polish she thought was the best, I felt that she was trying to run the house. The children used to ask her permission to do things that they knew I didn't approve of, and this of course simply added to my resentment. It wasn't long before Mother Whiteside and I were not speaking to each other, except when we had to, and poor John, loving us both, was torn by our antagonism. All that has been changed now.

One day last winter, while John was away on business, I left the house right after the children had gone to school. I planned to visit an old friend in another part of town, and stay with her for lunch. I didn't know that in the middle of the morning my little girl, Doris, was sent home from school with what later developed to be an emergency appendicitis. My mother-in-law was the only person at home at the time, and had to call the doctor, make arrangements with the hospital, and get Doris ready to go. As soon as the doctor arrived, Mother Whiteside left Doris in his care. She went through our personal address book, calling all my friends whose numbers she could find, but to no avail. So in the bitterest of weather, book in hand, she went from house to house, trying to locate me. She found me at last, in time for me to take Doris to the hospital, where I stayed until she was out of danger. My mother-in-law took care of the house and the other children all dur-

RADIO MIRROR OFFERS

ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS EACH MONTH

FOR YOUR LIFE CAN BE BEAUTIFUL LETTERS

What experience in your lifetime has taught you that Life Can Be Beautiful? Do you recall a time when the helping hand of a friend, a kindly, wise word of advice, changed your whole outlook, when some chance of circumstance showed you the way to happiness? Chichi and Papa David would like to hear about these experiences of yours, and for the letter sent in each month, which in their opinion best expresses the thought, "Life Can Be Beautiful," RADIO MIRROR Magazine will pay one hundred dollars. Address your letters to Chichi, care of RADIO MIRROR, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, New York. The opinion of the editors is final; no letters can be returned. Listen to Life Can Be Beautiful daily on your CBS station; check the program guide on page 51 for local time. The prize-winning letter will be featured each month in this new RADIO MIRROR department.

*Alice Reinheart plays Chichi;
Ralph Locke is Papa David.*



ing this terrible waiting period.

Is it any wonder that we are all living happily together now, and that I know Life Can Be Beautiful?

Mrs. Joseph Whiteside,
Duluth, Minn.

So, through bitterness, these people who were strangers have now become that warm and wonderful thing—a family. Sometimes, Papa David says, such bitterness is the only road by which a miracle can be accomplished.

Dear Chichi:

I have listened to your program for years, and not the least of my enjoyment comes from the odd coincidence that your husband's and my husband's name is the same. I think you will be

particularly interested, for this reason, in the way I learned to have a greater faith in life and in Papa David's wonderful philosophy that Life Can Be Beautiful.

I guess every woman sometime in her marriage, has, or imagines she has, reason to suspect her husband of having an interest in another woman. Certainly I did.

Sometime ago while lunching with a friend in a midtown restaurant, I saw my Stephen passing on the street, laughing gaily with a very attractive young woman. I didn't think anything about it until that night at dinner, when I asked him how he had spent the day and was about to mention that I'd seen him. Stephen said quickly that

he had been called to a neighboring town on business all day, and immediately, I was suspicious. This, coupled with a number of "late nights at the office" and an attitude of secretiveness, brought me to the conclusion that our marriage was facing a dreadful crisis.

I became nervous and irritable, and suffered horribly from jealousy and self pity. Finally I could bear it no longer, and demanded to know what was going on. At first Stephen didn't seem to understand what I was talking about, but when I referred to the incident of seeing him with this girl when he was supposed to be out of town, he turned to me with a look of absolute amazement. Then he crossed the room and rummaged (Continued on page 62)



Fred Allen's comedy is composed of sardonic voice, perfect timing, and, especially, words—the Allen Mixture of sly insult and tart vituperation that springs forth whenever he is beset by the numerous hazards of his Sunday night shows: insistent hecklers, sniping rival comedians, the denizens of Allen's Alley, and the occasional pitfalls of his own scripts.

ALLEN'S ALLEY

Musical fanfare for Fred Allen's Sunday night show, 8:30 EST, on the NBC network

Words and Music by
ALFRED GOODMAN A. S. C. A. P.

Mis ter All - en, Mis ter

All - en Allen talk Oh, who's the man that cheers the

na tion — When - ev - er it is sad and blue — With

jokes all new and stoo - ges too, Who helps to drive a - way the

gloom — It's not a guy who croons a love song — Or

kills the lad-ies pitch - ing woo — We'll tell the world and then, we'll

tell you too, Mis - ter Fred All - en — it's you. —



SWEET and SIMPLE

So close to ready-made are the new packaged puddings that the final touch can be added in a few seconds. And if you want to fuss a bit, you can achieve any one of a number of magnificent concoctions.

EASY does it is the slogan for this month's recipes—tempting delicacies that will please every member of the family and that are as simple as can be to prepare. This sounds almost like magic and it is the magic of packaged puddings—the same ready mixed puddings that you have used and relied on for so long. Now they are extending their usefulness and we have them as an essential ingredient in pie, tarts, parfait, eclairs and cream puffs—an almost endless variety of desserts that will add interest and wholesomeness to your menus whenever they appear. And watch store shelves for new flavors and combinations of these handy packaged items, which ought to be available any day now.

Marble Pie

- 1 package prepared chocolate pudding
- 1 package prepared vanilla pudding
- 3½ cups milk (1¾ cups per package)
- 1 baked 9 inch pie shell

Prepare puddings as directed on packages, reducing milk in each recipe to 1¾ cups. Cool to lukewarm. Put by tablespoons into cool pie shell, alternating light and dark puddings. Then with knife or spatula, cut through filling in wide zigzag course; repeat in opposite direction. Chill.

Vanilla Tarts with Fruit

- 1 package prepared vanilla pudding
 - 6 tart shells
 - Fresh or quick-frozen cherries and peaches
- Prepare vanilla pudding as directed on package. Cool. Fill tart shells and garnish with fruit.

Vanilla Cranberry Parfait

- 1 package prepared vanilla pudding
 - 1 cup cranberry sauce or jelly
- Prepare pudding as directed on package. Cool, stirring occasionally. Fill parfait glasses with alternate layers of pudding and sauce (if cranberry jelly is used, break up with fork to spreading consistency before layering). Chill. Makes 4 to 6 servings.

Chocolate Eclairs

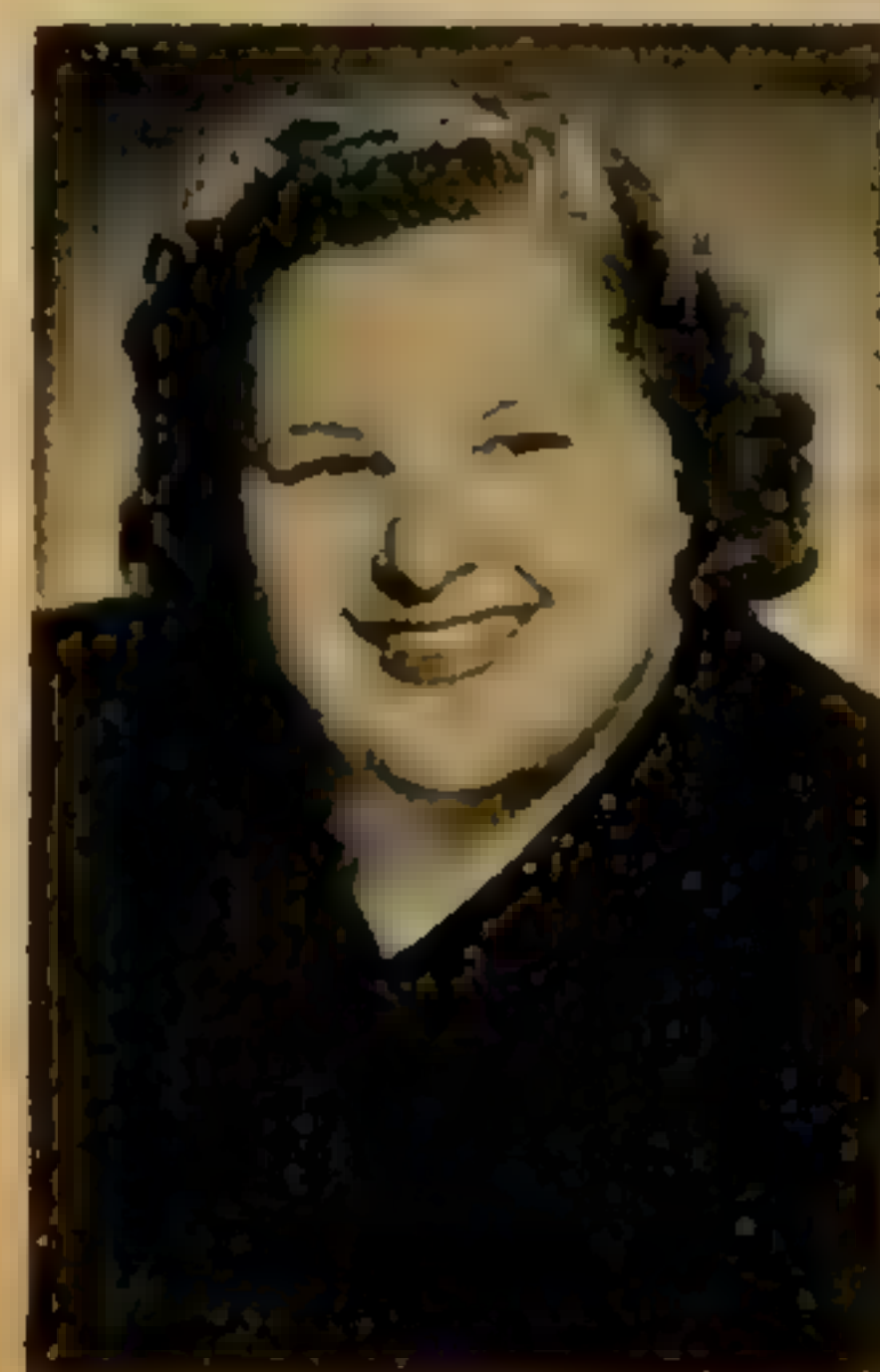
- 1 cup sifted cake flour
 - ½ cup butter or other shortening
 - 1 cup boiling water
 - 3 eggs, unbeaten
- Sift flour once; measure. Melt shortening in water. Stir flour into rapidly boiling water. Cook and stir constantly until mixture leaves sides of pan in

smooth, compact mass. Remove at once from fire. Add eggs, one at a time, beating only until smooth (20 to 40 seconds) after each. Shape on ungreased baking sheet, using pastry bag or two teaspoons to make strips 5 x 1 inches. Bake in hot oven (450° F.) 20 minutes; then reduce heat to moderate (350° F.) and bake 25 minutes longer. With sharp knife make slit in one side; insert chocolate filling or whipped cream. If desired, cover with chocolate frosting. Makes 12 eclairs.

Chocolate Filling

- 1 package prepared chocolate pudding
- 1½ cups milk

(Continued on page 98)



**By
KATE SMITH**

**RADIO MIRROR'S
FOOD COUNSELOR**
Listen to Kate Smith's daily talks at noon and her Friday night show, heard over CBS, at 8:30 EST.

INSIDE RADIO—Telling You About Programs and People You Want to Hear

SUNDAY

P.S.T.	C.S.T.	Eastern Standard Time	
		8:30 CBS:	The Jubalaires
		8:30 ABC:	Earl Wilde, pianist
		8:45 CBS:	Bennett Sisters
		9:00 MBS:	Young People's Church
6:15	8:15	9:15 CBS:	E. Power Biggs
	8:15	9:15 ABC:	White Rabbit Line
	8:15	9:15 NBC:	Story to Order
6:30	8:30	9:30 NBC:	NBC String Quartet
	8:45	9:45 CBS:	New Voices in Song
7:00	9:00	10:00 CBS:	Church of the Air
7:00	9:00	10:00 ABC:	Message of Israel
7:00	9:00	10:00 NBC:	Highlights of the Bible
		10:00 MBS:	Radio Bible Class
7:30	9:30	10:30 CBS:	Wings Over Jordan
7:30	9:30	10:30 ABC:	Southernaires
7:30	9:30	10:30 NBC:	Words and Music
8:30	9:30	10:30 MBS:	Pro Arte Quartet
8:00	10:00	11:00 NBC:	Eternal Light
		11:00 NBC:	Rev. John Zoller
8:05	10:05	11:05 CBS:	Blue Jacket Choir
8:30	10:30	11:30 ABC:	Hour of Faith
8:30	10:30	11:30 CBS:	Invitation to Learning
		11:30 MBS:	Reviewing Stand
	10:45	11:45 NBC:	Solitaire Time, Warde Donovan
		12:00 MBS:	Pilgrim Hour
9:00	11:00	12:00 CBS:	Salt Lake Tabernacle
9:30	11:30	12:30 NBC:	Robert Merrill Show
		12:30 MBS:	Lutheran Hour
		12:30 ABC:	Piano Playhouse
10:00	12:00	1:00 CBS:	Church of the Air
	12:00	1:00 NBC:	Voice of the Dairy Farmer
		1:00 MBS:	American Radio Warblers
		1:15 NBC:	America United
10:15	12:15	1:15 ABC:	Orson Welles
		1:15 MBS:	Ilka Chase
10:15	12:30	1:30 CBS:	Problems of the Peace
10:30	12:30	1:30 ABC:	Sammy Kaye's Orchestra
10:30	12:30	1:30 NBC:	Chicago Round Table
		1:30 MBS:	Sweetheart Time
11:00		2:00 NBC:	Harvest of Stars
11:00	1:00	2:00 MBS:	Chaplain Jim, U. S. A.
		2:00 ABC:	Dorothy Claire, Songs
		2:00 ABC:	Hollywood Star Time
11:30	1:30	2:30 NBC:	John Charles Thomas
11:30		2:30 ABC:	National Vespers
		2:45 MBS:	Dean Mildred Thompson
		3:00 MBS:	Songs Along the Trail
12:00	2:05	3:00 CBS:	N. Y. Philharmonic
			Symphony
12:00	2:00	3:00 NBC:	Carmen Cavallaro
		3:15 ABC:	Galen Drake
12:30	2:30	2:00 NBC:	One Man's Family
		3:30 MBS:	Vera Holly, Songs
		3:30 ABC:	Johnny Thompson and Ilona Woods
1:00	3:00	4:00 NBC:	The National Hour
1:00	3:00	4:00 ABC:	Darts for Dough
		4:00 MBS:	Murder Is My Hobby
1:30	3:30	4:30 CBS:	The Electric Hour
1:30	3:30	4:30 NBC:	Deems Taylor-Raymond Paige Orchestra
		4:30 MBS:	True Detective Mysteries
2:00		5:00 NBC:	NBC Symphony
2:00	4:00	5:00 CBS:	The Family Hour
		5:00 ABC:	Jones & I, drama
		5:00 MBS:	The Shadow
2:30	4:30	5:30 MBS:	Quick as a Flash
2:30		5:30 CBS:	Gene Autry
2:30		5:30 ABC:	David Harding, Counterspy
2:45	4:45	5:45 CBS:	William L. Shirer
3:00	5:00	6:00 CBS:	Ozzie and Harriet
3:00	5:00	6:00 ABC:	Radio Hall of Fame
3:00	5:00	6:00 ABC:	Nick Carter
3:00	5:00	6:00 NBC:	Catholic Hour
3:00	5:30	6:30 NBC:	The Great Gildersleeve
		6:30 ABC:	Phil Davis
		7:00 MBS:	Operatic Review
4:00	6:00	7:00 NBC:	Jack Benny
9:00		7:00 CBS:	The Thin Man
		7:30 MBS:	California Melodies
8:30	6:30	7:30 ABC:	Quiz Kids
4:30	6:30	7:30 NBC:	Fitch Bandwagon
8:30	8:30	7:30 CBS:	Blondie
5:00	7:00	8:00 NBC:	Charlie McCarthy and Edgar Bergen
		8:00 MBS:	Mediation Board
5:00		8:00 ABC:	Ford Hour
8:00	7:00	8:30 CBS:	Crime Doctor
5:30	7:30	8:30 NBC:	Fred Allen
		8:30 MBS:	Don't Be a Sucker
5:55	7:55	8:55 CBS:	Ned Calmer
6:00	8:00	9:00 CBS:	Request Performance
6:00	8:00	9:00 MBS:	Exploring the Unknown
6:00	8:00	9:00 ABC:	Walter Winchell
6:00	8:00	9:00 NBC:	Manhattan Merry Go-Round
6:15	8:15	9:15 ABC:	Louella Parson's Show
6:30	8:30	9:30 CBS:	Texaco Star Theater James Melton
		9:30 ABC:	Former Mayor LaGuardia
		9:30 MBS:	Double or Nothing
6:30	8:30	9:30 NBC:	American Album of Familiar Music
6:45	8:30	9:45 ABC:	Jimmie Fidler
		9:45 MBS:	Dorothy Thompson
7:00	9:00	10:00 CBS:	Take It or Leave It
7:00	9:00	10:00 ABC:	Theater Guild Series
7:00	9:00	10:00 NBC:	Hour of Charm
		10:00 MBS:	Freedom of Opportunity
7:30	9:30	10:30 NBC:	Meet Me at Parky's
	9:30	10:30 CBS:	We the People
		10:30 MBS:	What's the Name of That Song?
	10:00	11:00 CBS:	Bill Costello
10:30	10:30	11:30 NBC:	Pacific Story



START 'EM YOUNG . . .

These days, the cast of Valiant Lady (CBS, Monday through Friday at 10 A.M., EST) relaxes happily at rehearsals. When little Joan Lazer first turned up to play the role of Pixie Jeffreys, the rest of the cast wasn't so easy about it all. They looked forward to lots of waits and long rehearsals and maybe even plenty of fluffs from the little girl on the air. Joan is eight years old, but she manages to handle her scripts like a veteran, without help from any of the adults—except on some of the four syllable words.

Joan learned to read so fluently at a very early age. Not so long ago—not quite three years ago, in fact, Joan was pestering her mother to read her favorite tale, "The Three Bears," just once more and then once more again. Joan was as fascinated by the story the five hundredth time as she had been the first time she heard it—but as she grew familiar with the story and followed the turning of the pages, what she was doing was learning to identify the written words with the spoken ones. After awhile, Joan was able to pick out the same words in newspapers and books. And remarkably soon, she was reading on her own.

Joan is much more thoughtful than most children her age. You'd think that trying to get an education at the same time she holds down radio jobs might be a little difficult. For Joan it doesn't happen to be hard, at all. She's a student at the Professional Children's School and, although rehearsals and show-time often conflict with school hours, Joan may accept parts, providing she notifies the school in advance of her coming absence. Every week, she receives correspondence sheets from the school which outline one week's lessons, and that makes it possible for her to keep up with her work, no matter how many classes she misses. The school also provides for hours after school, when teachers can be consulted to help working pupils through difficult questions.

And, in case there's any idea in anyone's mind that all this must be pretty strenuous to a child Joan's age and might hamper her, here are the facts. Joan is in the sixth grade, which is two ahead of most children of her age. And the subjects taught at the Professional School are different from those at public school, only in two ways: French is taught from the first grade on and physical training is left out altogether—which makes rather good sense since most of the students study dancing in one form or another. Joan gets her other exercise on a skating rink and in a swimming pool. In the two years she's been attending school, Joan has become so proficient in her second language that she can translate everything she reads into French.

MONDAY

P.S.T.	C.S.T.	Eastern Stand Time	
8:00	8:00	9:00	ABC: Breakfast Club
	8:00	9:00	NBC: Honeymoon in New York
6:15	8:15	9:15	CBS: Arthur Godfrey
		9:30	MBS: Shady Valley Folks
8:15	9:00	10:00	CBS: Valiant Lady
10:30	9:00	10:00	ABC: My True Story
		10:15	NBC: Lora Lawton
8:30	9:15	10:15	CBS: Light of the World
		10:15	MBS: Faith In Our Time
1:30	9:30	10:30	CBS: Evelyn Winters
1:45		10:30	ABC: Hymns of All Churches
7:30		10:30	NBC: Road of Life
		10:30	MBS: Married For Life
12:45	9:45	10:45	CBS: Bachelor's Children
7:45		10:45	NBC: Joyce Jordan
9:30	10:10	11:00	ABC: Tom Breneman's Breakfast
8:00	10:00	11:00	NBC: Fred Waring Show
		11:15	MBS: Elsa Maxwell
12:30	10:30	11:30	CBS: A Woman's Life
10:00	10:30	11:30	ABC: Gilbert Martyn
		11:30	NBC: Barry Cameron
		11:30	MBS: Take It Easy Time
8:45	10:45	11:45	CBS: Aunt Jenny's Stories
10:15	10:45	11:45	ABC: Ted Malone
		11:45	MBS: Letters to Lindlahr
8:45	10:45	11:45	NBC: David Harum
9:00		12:00	ABC: Glamour Manor
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS: Kate Smith Speaks
9:15	11:15	12:15	CBS: Big Sister
		12:15	MBS: Morton Downey
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS: Romance of Helen Trent
		11:30	12:30 ABC: Club Matinee
9:45	11:45	12:45	CBS: Our Gal Sunday
9:45	11:45	12:45	NBC: Maggi's Private Wire
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS: Life Can Be Beautiful
		1:15	MBS: Luncheon With Lopez
10:15	11:15	1:15	CBS: Ma Perkins
4:30	12:15	1:15	ABC: Constance Bennett
10:30	12:30	1:30	CBS: Young Dr. Malone
		1:45	ABC: Chicago Varieties
		1:45	MBS: John J. Anthony
10:45	12:45	1:45	CBS: Road of Life
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC: The Guiding Light
11:00	1:00	2:00	CBS: The Second Mrs. Burton
11:15	1:15	2:15	ABC: Ethel & Albert
11:15	1:15	2:15	NBC: Today's Children
11:15	1:15	2:15	CBS: Perry Mason
		2:15	MBS: Jane Cowl
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC: Woman in White
11:30	1:30	2:30	CBS: Rosemary
		2:30	ABC: Bride and Groom
		2:30	MBS: Queen for a Day
11:45	1:45	2:45	CBS: Tena & Tim
		2:45	NBC: Masquerade
12:00	2:00	3:00	ABC: Al Pearce Show
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC: Woman of America
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC: Ma Perkins
		3:15	MBS: Judy Lang, Songs
12:30	2:30	3:30	ABC: Ladies Be Seated
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC: Pepper Young's Family
		3:30	MBS: Remember?
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC: Right to Happiness
		3:45	ABC: Sing Along
1:00		4:00	ABC: Jack Berch
1:00	3:00	4:00	CBS: House Party
		4:00	MBS: Erskine Johnson's Hollywood
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC: Backstage Wife
3:00		4:15	ABC: The Fitzgeralds
1:15	3:15	4:15	NBC: Stella Dallas
		4:15	MBS: Johnson Family
		4:30	CBS: Gordon MacRae, Songs
		4:30	ABC: Time for Women
1:30	3:30	4:30	NBC: Lorenzo Jones
		4:30	MBS: Mutual's Melody Hour
4:45		4:45	ABC: Hop Harrigan
1:45	3:45	4:45	NBC: Young Widder Brown
2:00	4:00	5:00	CBS: American School of the Air
5:00	4:00	5:00	ABC: Terry and the Pirates
2:00	4:00	5:00	NBC: When a Girl Marries
		5:00	MBS: Here's How with Peter Howe
2:15	4:15	5:15	NBC: Portia Faces Life
5:15	4:15	5:15	ABC: Dick Tracy
2:15	4:15	5:15	MBS: Superman
		5:30	MBS: Captain Midnight
5:30	5:30	5:30	ABC: Jack Armstrong
2:30	4:30	5:30	NBC: Just Plain Bill
		5:30	CBS: Cimarron Tavern
2:45	4:45	5:45	NBC: Front Page Farrell
		4:45	5:45 ABC: Tennessee Jed
		4:45	5:45 CBS: Sparrow and the Hawk
		5:45	5:45 MBS: Tom Mix
		5:10	6:10 CBS: Bill Costello
3:15	5:15	6:15	NBC: Sketches in Melodies
3:30	5:15	6:15	CBS: Jimmy Carroll Sings
		6:30	CBS: Eileen Farrell
10:00	6:45	6:45	ABC: Cal Tinney
8:00	6:00	7:00	NBC: Chesterfield Club
		8:00	7:00 CBS: Jack Kirkwood Show
7:30	6:30	7:30	CBS: Bob Hawk Show
		6:30	7:30 ABC: The Lone Ranger
8:30	7:00	8:00	NBC: Cavalcade of America
9:30	7:00	8:00	CBS: Vox Pop
8:00	7:00	8:00	ABC: Lum & Abner
		8:00	MBS: Bulldog Drummond
8:15		8:15	ABC: Hedda Hopper
8:30		8:30	ABC: Fat Man Detective Series
8:30	7:30	8:30	CBS: Joan Davis
5:30	7:30	8:30	NBC: Voice of Experience
5:30	7:30	8:30	MBS: Sherlock Holmes
		9:00	ABC: I Deal in Crime
6:00	8:00	9:00	CBS: Lux Radio Theater
9:00	8:00	9:00	NBC: The Telephone Hour
		9:15	ABC: Swinging on the Golden Gate
		9:15	MBS: Real Stories
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC: Information Please
		9:30	MBS: Spotlight Bands
6:30		9:30	ABC: Paul Whiteman's Orchestra
7:00	10:00	10:00	ABC: Jimmie Gleason's Diner
7:00	9:00	10:00	CBS: Screen Guild Players
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC: Contented Program
		10:00	MBS: Your Land and Mine
		9:30	10:30 CBS: Crime Photographer
7:30	9:30	10:30	NBC: Dr. I. Q.
		10:30	ABC: Swinging on the Golden Gate
		10:30	MBS: Detect-a-Tune

TUESDAY

P.S.T.	C.S.T.	Eastern Standard Time
8:00	9:00	9:00 ABC: Breakfast Club
6:00	8:00	9:00 NBC: Honeymoon in New York
6:15	2:30	9:15 CBS: Arthur Godfrey
		9:30 MBS: Shady Valley Folks
6:45		9:45 NBC: Daytime Classics
8:15	9:00	10:00 CBS: Valiant Lady
10:30	9:00	10:00 ABC: My True Story
		10:00 MBS: Alan Scott
		10:15 NBC: Lora Lawton
8:30	9:15	10:15 CBS: Light of the World
		10:15 MBS: Faith in Our Time
2:00	9:30	10:30 CBS: Evelyn Winters
1:45		10:30 ABC: Hymns of All Churches
7:30		10:30 NBC: Road of Life
		10:30 MBS: Fun With Music
11:30	9:45	10:45 ABC: The Listening Post
7:45		10:45 NBC: Joyce Jordan
9:30	10:00	11:00 ABC: Tom Breneman's Breakfast
8:00	10:00	11:00 NBC: Fred Waring Show
		11:15 MBS: Elsa Maxwell
2:30	10:30	11:30 CBS: A Woman's Life
10:00	10:30	11:30 ABC: Gilbert Martyn
		11:30 NBC: Barry Cameron
		11:30 MBS: Take It Easy Time
8:45	10:45	11:45 CBS: Aunt Jenny Stories
10:15	10:45	11:45 ABC: Ted Malone
8:45	10:45	11:45 NBC: David Harum
		11:45 MBS: Letters to Lindlahr
9:00	12:00	12:00 ABC: Glamour Manor
9:00	11:00	12:00 CBS: Kate Smith Speaks
		12:15 MBS: Morton Downey
9:15	11:15	12:15 CBS: Big Sister
9:30	11:30	12:30 CBS: Romance of Helen Trent
		11:30 ABC: Club Matinee
9:45	11:45	12:45 CBS: Our Gal Sunday
9:45	11:45	12:45 NBC: Maggi's Private Wire
10:00	12:00	1:00 CBS: Life Can Be Beautiful
10:00	12:00	1:00 NBC: Sketches in Melody
10:15	12:15	1:15 CBS: Ma Perkins
4:30	12:15	1:15 ABC: Constance Bennett
		1:15 MBS: Luncheon with Lopez
10:30	12:30	1:30 CBS: Margaret Macdonald
		1:30 MBS: Smile Time
10:45	12:45	1:45 CBS: Young Dr. Malone
		1:45 MBS: John J. Anthony
11:00	1:00	2:00 NBC: The Guiding Light
2:30	1:00	2:00 ABC: John B. Kennedy, News
11:00	1:00	2:00 CBS: The Second Mrs. Burton
11:15	1:15	2:15 ABC: Ethel & Albert
		2:15 MBS: Jane Cowl
11:15	1:15	2:15 NBC: Today's Children
11:15	1:15	2:15 CBS: Perry Mason
11:30	1:30	2:30 NBC: Woman in White
11:30	1:30	2:30 CBS: Rosemary
		2:30 ABC: Bride and Groom
		2:30 MBS: Queen for a Day
11:45	1:45	2:45 CBS: Tena & Tim
		2:45 NBC: Masquerade
		3:00 CBS: Milton Bacon
12:00	2:00	3:00 ABC: Al Pearce Show
12:00	2:00	3:00 NBC: A Woman of America
		3:15 CBS: Michael Scott
12:15	2:15	3:15 NBC: Ma Perkins
12:30	2:30	3:30 NBC: Pepper Young's Family
		3:30 MBS: Remember
12:30	2:45	3:45 ABC: Ladies Be Seated
12:45	2:45	3:45 CBS: Sing Along
		3:45 NBC: Right to Happiness
1:00	2:45	4:00 ABC: Jack Berch
1:00	3:00	4:00 CBS: House Party
1:00	3:00	4:00 NBC: Backstage Wife
		4:00 MBS: Erskine Johnson in Hollywood
1:15	3:15	4:15 NBC: Stella Dallas
		4:15 MBS: The Johnson Family
3:00		4:15 ABC: The Fitzgeralds
1:30	3:30	4:30 NBC: Lorenzo Jones
		4:30 CBS: Tune for Women
		4:30 CBS: Gordon MacRae, songs
		4:30 MBS: Mutual Melody Hour
4:45	4:45	4:45 ABC: Hop Harrigan
1:45	3:45	4:45 NBC: Young Wilder Brown
		4:45 CBS: Feature Story
5:00	4:00	5:00 ABC: Terry and the Pirates
2:00	4:00	5:00 NBC: When a Girl Marries
2:00	4:00	5:00 CBS: American School of the Air
2:15	4:00	5:00 MBS: Here's How with Peter Howe
2:15	4:15	5:15 NBC: Portia Faces Life
5:15	4:15	5:15 ABC: Dick Tracy
		5:15 MBS: Superman
5:30	5:30	5:30 ABC: Jack Armstrong
2:30	4:30	5:30 NBC: Just Plain Bill
		5:30 CBS: Cimarron Tavern
		5:30 MBS: Captain Midnight
		5:45 ABC: Tennessee Jed
2:45	4:45	5:45 NBC: Front Page Farrell
		5:45 CBS: Sparrow and the Hawk
		5:45 MBS: Tom Mix
3:15	5:15	6:15 NBC: Jose Bethencourt, Marimba
10:00		6:45 ABC: Cal Tinney
3:00	6:00	7:00 NBC: Chesterfield Supper Club
3:15	6:15	7:15 CBS: Jack Smith
		7:15 MBS: Korn Kobbler
4:30	6:30	7:30 CBS: American Melody Hour
		7:30 NBC: Barry Fitzgerald
		7:30 ABC: Green Hornet
9:00	7:00	8:00 CBS: Big Town
8:00	7:00	8:00 ABC: Lum 'n' Abner
8:30	7:00	8:00 NBC: Barry Wood, Roland Young, Cornelia Otis Skinner
		8:00 MBS: Leave It To Mike
5:30	7:30	8:30 NBC: A Date With Judy
8:30	7:30	8:30 CBS: Theatre of Romance
		8:30 MBS: Adventures of the Falcon
5:55	7:30	8:55 CBS: Bill Henry
6:00	8:00	9:00 ABC: Guy Lombardo
6:00	8:00	9:00 CBS: Inner Sanctum
6:00	8:00	9:00 NBC: Amos & Andy
		9:15 MBS: Real Stories
6:30	8:30	9:30 CBS: This Is My Best
10:45	8:30	9:30 ABC: Doctor Talks It Over
6:30	8:30	9:30 NBC: Fibber McGee and Molly
6:30	8:30	9:30 MBS: American Forum of the Air
6:55	8:55	9:55 ABC: Coronet Front Page News
		10:00 ABC: Concert Time
7:00	9:00	10:00 NBC: Bob Hope
10:30	10:30	10:30 CBS: Congress Speaks
		10:30 MBS: Better Half
7:30	9:30	10:30 NBC: Red Skelton's Scrapbook
		11:15 CBS: Janette Davis
		11:30 CBS: Crime Photographer



YOUNG AND LOVELY . . .

Jean Gillespie, who plays the ingenue lead on the Alan Young Show (Tuesday evenings at 8:30 EST over WJZ), has come a long way in a very short time. Back in October, 1943, Jean was just another lovely young girl with her heart set on the stage. Then, she was living at one of New York's studio residences for career girls and spending her time looking for jobs on Broadway.

Jean was born in Boston, twenty-one years ago. Although Jean's parents did not belong to the entertainment world and knew very little about its operations, they did everything possible to help and encourage her. They were especially insistent that she get good training and a background for theatrical work.

Thus, when Jean was only three years old, she began taking ballet lessons. She says she still has her first dancing shoes to prove it. By the time she was six, she was ready to join the "Miniature Revue" and went on tour with that show, singing and dancing. Then came school, of course, and the theatrical work tapered off for awhile.

The theater bug was revived, however, when Jean started going to high school. During the summer vacations she worked in summer stock companies. During the school months, much of her limited free time was devoted to teaching (notice the shift from studying to teaching, please) dancing, putting on musical revues and directing dramatic shows in and around Boston. In addition to this she found time to appear as vocalist with the high school dance orchestra which played for many of the college proms in and around Boston.

At nineteen, after she'd finished high school, Jean put in a season of hard work at the Cambridge Summer Theater, where she appeared with such celebrities as Elissa Landi, Glenda Farrell, Constance Bennett, Ilka Chase and Rex Ingram. It was after this experience that she decided to pull up stakes and head for New York without waiting any longer.

Success on the legitimate stage was her big aim and, with that in mind, she made the daily rounds of Broadway and radio producers, like every other beginner. After beating the sidewalks of New York for five hard months, with the only reward an occasional radio job, her big moment arrived. She was chosen to play the ingenue lead in "Chicken Every Sunday." The play ran for nine months and then went on the road. Jean was asked to tour with the show, but she didn't want to leave New York.

That was when Jean turned to radio seriously. Her stage experience proved impressive to radio producers and she found herself being called for parts more and more often. Then back in March 1945 she appeared for the first time on the Alan Young Show as Alan's girl friend, Bett. Now, her other radio jobs have to be sandwiched into free time. Dark-haired Jean Gillespie should go a long way.

WEDNESDAY

P.S.T.	C.S.T.	Eastern Standard Time
8:00	8:00	9:00 ABC: Breakfast Club
6:00	8:00	9:00 NBC: Honeymoon in New York
6:15	2:30	9:10 CBS: Arthur Godfrey
		9:15 MBS: Shady Valley Folks
8:15	9:30	10:00 CBS: Valiant Lady
6:45		9:45 NBC: Daytime Classics
10:30	9:00	10:00 ABC: My True Story
		10:15 NBC: Lora Lawton
8:30	9:15	10:15 MBS: Faith in Our Time
		10:15 CBS: Light of the World
2:00	9:30	10:30 CBS: Evelyn Winters
7:30		10:30 NBC: Road of Life
		10:30 MBS: Fun With Music
12:45	9:45	10:45 CBS: Bachelor's Children
11:30	9:40	10:45 ABC: The Listening Post
7:45		10:45 NBC: Joyce Jordan
9:30	10:00	11:00 ABC: Tom Breneman's Breakfast
8:00	10:00	11:00 NBC: Fred Waring Show
		11:15 MBS: Elsa Maxwell
12:30	10:30	11:30 CBS: A Woman's Life
10:00	10:30	11:30 ABC: Gilbert Martyn
		11:30 NBC: Barry Cameron
		11:30 MBS: Take It Easy Time
		11:45 MBS: Letters to Lindlahr
8:45	10:45	11:45 CBS: Aunt Jenny's Stories
10:15	10:45	11:45 ABC: Ted Malone
8:45	10:45	11:45 NBC: David Harum
9:00	12:00	12:00 ABC: Glamour Manor
9:00	11:00	12:00 CBS: Kate Smith Speaks
		12:15 MBS: Morton Downey
9:15	11:15	12:15 CBS: Big Sister
9:30	11:30	12:30 CBS: Romance of Helen Trent
		11:30 ABC: Club Matinee
9:45	11:45	12:45 CBS: Our Gal Sunday
9:45	11:45	12:45 NBC: Maggi's Private Wire
10:00	12:00	1:00 CBS: Life Can Be Beautiful
10:15	12:15	1:15 CBS: Ma Perkins
		1:15 MBS: Luncheon with Lopez
4:30	12:15	1:15 ABC: Constance Bennett
10:30	12:30	1:30 CBS: Young Dr. Malone
10:45	12:45	1:45 CBS: Road of Life
		1:45 MBS: John J. Anthony
		1:45 ABC: Chicago Varieties
11:00	1:00	2:00 NBC: The Guiding Light
11:00	1:00	2:00 CBS: The Second Mrs. Burton
11:15	1:15	2:15 ABC: Ethel & Albert
11:15	1:15	2:15 NBC: Today's Children
11:15	1:15	2:15 CBS: Perry Mason
		2:15 MBS: Jane Cowl
11:30	1:30	2:30 CBS: Rosemary
		2:30 ABC: Bride and Groom
11:30	1:30	2:30 NBC: Woman in White
		2:30 MBS: Queen for a Day
11:45	1:45	2:45 CBS: Tena & Tim
		2:45 NBC: Masquerade
12:00	2:00	3:00 ABC: Al Pearce Show
12:00	2:00	3:00 NBC: A Woman of America
		3:15 CBS: Michael Scott
12:15	2:15	3:15 NBC: Ma Perkins
12:30	2:30	3:30 NBC: Pepper Young's Family
		3:30 MBS: Remember
12:30	2:45	3:45 ABC: Ladies Be Seated
12:45	2:45	3:45 CBS: Sing Along
		3:45 NBC: Right to Happiness
1:00	2:45	4:00 ABC: Jack Berch
1:00	3:00	4:00 CBS: House Party
1:00	3:00	4:00 NBC: Backstage Wife
		4:00 MBS: Erskine Johnson in Hollywood
1:00		4:00 ABC: Jack Berch
		4:15 ABC: Beautiful Music
		4:15 MBS: The Johnson Family
1:15	3:15	4:15 NBC: Stella Dallas
		4:30 CBS: Gordon MacRae, songs
1:30	3:30	4:30 NBC: Lorenzo Jones
		4:30 MBS: Mutual Melody Hour
4:45	4:45	4:45 ABC: Hop Harrigan
1:30	3:35	4:45 CBS: Feature Story
1:45	3:45	4:45 NBC: Young Wilder Brown
2:00	4:00	5:00 CBS: American School of the Air
5:00	4:00	5:00 ABC: Terry and the Pirates
2:00	4:00	5:00 NBC: When a Girl Marries
		5:00 MBS: Here's How with Peter Howe
2:15	4:15	5:15 NBC: Portia Faces Life
5:15	4:15	5:15 ABC: Dick Tracy
		5:15 MBS: Superman
5:30	4:30	5:30 CBS: Jack Armstrong
2:30	4:30	5:30 NBC: Just Plain Bill
		5:30 MBS: Captain Midnight
2:30	4:30	5:30 NBC: Just Plain Bill
		5:45 ABC: Tennessee Jed
2:45	4:45	5:45 NBC: Front Page Farrell
		5:45 CBS: Sparrow and the Hawk
		5:45 MBS: Tom Mix
3:30	5:15	6:15 CBS: Bill Costello
3:15	5:15	6:15 NBC: Jimmy Carroll, Songs
		6:15 MBS: Jose Bethencourt, Marimba
		6:30 CBS: Eileen Farrell
10:00		6:45 ABC: Cal Tinney
4:00	7:00	7:00 ABC: Headline Edition
8:00	7:00	7:00 CBS: Jack Kirkwood
8:00	8:00	7:00 NBC: Chesterfield Supper Club
		7:15 MBS: The Korn Kobbler
9:30	6:30	7:30 CBS: Adventures of Ellery Queen
		7:30 ABC: The Lone Ranger
9:00	7:00	8:00 CBS: Jack Carson Show
8:00	7:00	8:00 ABC: Lum 'n' Abner
9:00	7:00	8:00 NBC: Mr. and Mrs. North
8:30	7:30	8:30 CBS: Dr. Christian
		8:30 MBS: Fresh Up Show
8:30	7:30	8:30 ABC: Fishing and Hunting Club
		8:30 NBC: Hildegarde
5:55	7:55	8:55 CBS: Bill Henry
		8:00 CBS: Frank Sinatra Show
6:00	8:00	9:00 NBC: Eddie Cantor
		9:15 MBS: Real Stories
6:30	8:30	9:30 CBS: Bob Crosby Show
		9:30 ABC: So You Want to Lead a Band?
		9:30 MBS: Spotlight Bands
6:30	8:30	9:30 NBC: Mr. District Attorney
6:55	8:55	9:55 ABC: Coronet Front Page News
7:00	9:00	10:00 CBS: Great Moments in Music
7:00	9:00	10:00 NBC: Kay Kyser
		10:00 ABC: Ralph Morgan's Music
		10:00 MBS: Radio Auction Show
7:30	9:30	10:30 CBS: Andrews Sisters
		10:30 MBS: Ralph Slater
		10:30 ABC: Betty and Buddy

THURSDAY

P.S.T.	C.S.T.	Eastern Standard Time
8:00	8:00	9:00 ABC: Breakfast Club
6:00	8:00	9:00 NBC: Honeymoon in New York
6:15	2:30	9:15 CBS: Arthur Godfrey
		9:15 MBS: Shady Valley Folks
6:45	9:45	NBC: Daytime Classics
8:15	9:00	10:00 CBS: Valiant Lady
10:30	9:00	10:00 ABC: My True Story
		10:15 NBC: Lora Lawton
8:30	9:15	10:15 CBS: Light of the World
		10:15 MBS: Faith in Our Time
7:30	9:30	10:30 NBC: Road of Life
	2:00	10:30 CBS: Evelyn Winters
		10:30 MBS: Fun With Music
12:45	9:45	10:45 CBS: Bachelor's Children
11:30	9:45	10:45 ABC: The Listening Post
7:45		10:45 NBC: Joyce Jordan
		11:00 CBS: Cecil Brown
9:30	10:00	11:00 ABC: Tom Breneman's Breakfast
8:00	10:00	11:00 NBC: Fred Waring Show
12:30	10:30	11:30 CBS: Bright Horizon
10:00	10:30	11:30 ABC: Gilbert Martyn
		11:30 NBC: Barry Cameron
		11:30 MBS: Take It Easy Time
8:45	10:45	11:45 CBS: Aunt Jenny's Stories
10:15	10:45	11:45 ABC: Ted Malone
8:45	10:45	11:45 NBC: David Harum
		11:45 MBS: Letters to Lindlahr
9:00	11:00	12:00 ABC: Glamour Manor
9:15	11:15	12:00 CBS: Kate Smith Speaks
		12:15 MBS: Morton Downey
9:30	11:30	12:30 CBS: Romance of Helen Trent
	11:30	12:30 ABC: Club Matinee
9:45	11:45	12:45 CBS: Our Gal Sunday
9:45	11:45	12:45 NBC: Maggi's Private Wire
10:00	12:00	1:00 CBS: Life Can Be Beautiful
10:15	12:15	1:15 CBS: Ma Perkins
	12:15	1:15 ABC: Constance Bennett
		1:15 MBS: Luncheon with Lopez
		1:30 MBS: Smile Time
10:30	12:30	1:30 CBS: Young Dr. Malone
	12:45	1:45 ABC: Chicago Varieties
		1:45 MBS: John J. Anthony
11:00	1:00	2:00 NBC: The Guiding Light
11:00	1:00	2:00 CBS: The Second Mrs. Burton
11:15	2:15	2:15 ABC: Ethel and Albert
11:15	2:15	2:15 NBC: Today's Children
11:15	2:15	2:15 CBS: Perry Mason
11:30	2:30	2:30 CBS: Rosemary
11:30	2:30	2:30 ABC: Bride and Groom
	1:30	2:10 NBC: Woman in White
		2:15 MBS: Jane Cowl
		2:30 MBS: Queen for a Day
11:45	1:45	2:45 CBS: Tena & Tim
		2:45 NBC: Masquerade
12:00	2:00	3:00 ABC: Al Pearce Show
12:30	2:00	3:00 NBC: A Woman of America
		3:15 ABC: Appointment with Life
12:15	2:15	3:15 NBC: Ma Perkins
12:30	2:30	3:30 NBC: Pepper Young's Family
12:30		3:30 ABC: Ladies, Be Seated
		3:30 MBS: Remember?
12:45	2:45	3:45 NBC: Right to Happiness
	12:30	3:45 CBS: Sing Along
1:00	4:00	4:00 ABC: Jack Berch
1:00	3:00	4:00 CBS: House Party
1:00	3:00	4:00 NBC: Backstage Wife
		4:00 MBS: Erskine Johnson in Hollywood
1:15	3:15	4:15 NBC: Stella Dallas
		4:15 MBS: Johnson Family
3:00		4:15 ABC: The Fitzgeralds
		4:30 CBS: Gordon MacRae, songs
1:30	3:30	4:30 NBC: Lorenzo Jones
		4:30 ABC: Time for Women
		4:45 CBS: Feature Story
4:45	3:45	4:45 ABC: Hop Harrigan
1:45	3:45	4:45 NBC: Young Widder Brown
2:00	4:00	5:00 CBS: American School of the Air
5:00	4:00	5:00 ABC: Terry and the Pirates
2:00	4:00	5:00 NBC: When a Girl Marries
		5:00 MBS: Here's How with Peter Howe
2:15	4:15	5:15 NBC: Portia Faces Life
5:15	4:15	5:15 ABC: Dick Tracy
		5:15 MBS: Superman
		5:30 CBS: Cimarron Tavern
5:30	5:30	5:30 ABC: Jack Armstrong
2:30	4:30	5:30 MBS: Captain Midnight
		5:30 NBC: Just Plain Bill
5:45	5:45	5:45 ABC: Tennessee Jed
2:45	4:45	5:45 NBC: Front Page Farrell
		5:45 CBS: Sparrow and the Hawk
		5:45 MBS: Tom Mix
		6:15 CBS: Encore Appearance
3:15	5:15	6:15 NBC: Serenade to America
		6:30 NBC: Clem McCarthy
10:00	6:45	6:45 ABC: Cal Tinney
8:00	6:00	7:00 NBC: Chesterfield Supper Club
		7:00 CBS: Jack Kirkwood Show
8:15	6:15	7:15 CBS: Jack Smith
		7:15 MBS: Korn Kobblers
4:30	6:30	7:30 CBS: Mr. Keen
		7:30 ABC: Professor Quiz
6:30	6:30	7:30 NBC: Bob Burns
8:30	7:00	8:00 NBC: Burns and Allen
8:00	7:00	8:00 ABC: Lum 'n' Abner
9:00	7:00	8:00 CBS: Suspense
8:30	7:30	8:30 CBS: FBI in Peace and War
8:30	7:30	8:30 ABC: America's Town Meeting
9:00	7:30	8:30 NBC: Dinah Shore's Open House
		8:30 MBS: Rogue's Gallery
5:55	7:55	8:55 CBS: Bill Henry
6:00	8:00	9:00 CBS: Andre Kostelanetz
6:00	8:00	9:00 MBS: Gabriel Heatter
6:00	8:00	9:00 NBC: Kraft Music Hall
		9:15 MBS: Real Stories
6:30	8:30	9:30 ABC: Detect and Collect
6:30	8:30	9:30 CBS: Hobby Lobby
		9:30 MBS: Treasure Hour of Song
		9:30 NBC: Jack Haley with Eve Arden
6:55	8:55	9:55 ABC: Coronet Front Page News
7:00	9:00	10:00 CBS: Island Venture
7:00	9:00	10:00 ABC: Curtain Time, drama
		10:00 MBS: You Make The News
7:00	9:00	10:00 NBC: Abbott and Costello
7:30	9:45	10:30 CBS: Powder Box Theater
7:30	9:30	10:30 NBC: Rudy Vallee
		10:30 MBS: Swing's the Thing



HE LEARNED ABOUT SWING . . .

He sounds like a hep-cat and he can get violent about it, if it should be necessary, but Kenneth Delmar wasn't always that way about jazz. Not so long ago, the man who now defends swing against the snide remarks of Deems Taylor on the RCA Victor Show (NBC, Sundays at 4:30 P.M., EST), was on Taylor's side of the musical fence—but rabidly.

The RCA Show is a relatively recent assignment for Delmar. At present, he's also announcing Your Hit Parade and the Jack Benny show, announcing and doing comedy bits, the best known of which is Senator Claghorn, on the Fred Allen show, announcing and playing straight man on the Eddie Cantor show, and doing a comedy stint each week on the Danny Kaye program, while it comes from New York. Busy—huh?

Kenneth is a product of the Professional Children's School in New York. He more or less worked his way through school, playing children's parts in the theater and frequently acting as a child master of ceremonies in vaudeville.

Delmar started in radio in 1936, playing young boy and juvenile parts and, after giving several brilliant performances in the Columbia Workshop series, he became a permanent member of the March of Time cast. Since that time, he has appeared on almost all of the major nighttime shows, as well as on most of the daytime serials.

Kenneth says that the toughest part he ever had in radio was one without any lines. He played the part of a man undergoing an operation and all he had to do was breathe heavily for twenty minutes of the half hour show-time. He breathed and breathed all through rehearsals and kept getting dizzier and dizzier. He managed to get through the show, although he was reeling with dizziness by that time—and right after the station announcement at the end of the broadcast, he fainted.

Until a year ago, Kenneth was something of a bore about swing. His friends hated to mention popular music in his presence, because that always led to violent attacks from Kenneth. One day, however, it occurred to Kenneth in the middle of another argument about how swing smells, that anything that gets such a hold on American imagination must have something to it. So he decided to find out. He was a little ashamed, at first, so he went very secretly to the "hot" spots on 52nd Street. Now, no swing session is complete without his head bobbing somewhere in the vicinity. In fact, he's so completely absorbed in his new love that he's almost missed several broadcasts.

Delmar has a tremendous collection of recordings which includes classical and popular music and folks songs. The only hitch to a quiet musical evening at the Delmars, though, is the fact that Kenneth insists on accompanying everyone from Toscanini to Sammy Kaye on a battered guitar.

FRIDAY

P.S.T.	C.S.T.	Eastern Standard Time
8:00	8:00	9:00 ABC: Breakfast Club
6:00	8:00	9:00 NBC: Honeymoon in New York
		9:15 MBS: Shady Valley Folks
6:45	9:45	NBC: Daytime Classics
8:15	9:10	10:00 CBS: Valiant Lady
10:30	9:00	10:00 ABC: My True Story
		10:15 NBC: Lora Lawton
8:30	9:15	10:15 CBS: Light of the World
		10:15 MBS: Faith in Our Time
2:00	9:30	10:30 CBS: Evelyn Winters
		10:30 ABC: Betty Crocker
		10:30 NBC: Road of Life
		10:30 MBS: Fun with Music
12:45	9:45	10:45 CBS: Bachelor's Children
		10:45 NBC: Joyce Jordan
11:30	9:45	10:45 ABC: The Listening Post
9:30	10:00	11:00 ABC: Tom Breneman's Breakfast
8:00	10:00	11:00 NBC: Fred Waring Show
		11:15 MBS: Elsa Maxwell
12:30	10:00	11:30 CBS: Sing Along
10:00	10:30	11:30 ABC: Gilbert Martyn
		11:30 NBC: Barry Cameron
		11:30 MBS: Take It Easy Time
8:45	10:45	11:45 CBS: Aunt Jenny's Stories
10:15	10:45	11:45 ABC: Ted Malone
8:45	10:45	11:45 NBC: David Harum
		11:45 MBS: Letters to Lindlahr
9:00	12:00	12:00 ABC: Glamour Manor
9:00	11:00	12:00 CBS: Kate Smith Speaks
9:15	11:15	12:15 CBS: Big Sister
		12:15 MBS: Morton Downey
9:30	11:30	12:30 CBS: Romance of Helen Trent
	11:30	12:30 ABC: Club Matinee
9:45	11:45	12:45 NBC: Maggi's Private Wire
9:45	11:45	12:45 CBS: Our Gal Sunday
10:00	12:00	1:00 CBS: Life Can Be Beautiful
10:15	12:15	1:15 ABC: Constance Bennett
	12:15	1:15 CBS: Ma Perkins
		1:15 MBS: Luncheon with Lopez
		1:30 CBS: Young Dr. Malone
10:30	12:30	1:30 CBS: Road of Life
	12:45	1:45 MBS: John J. Anthony
11:00	1:00	2:00 NBC: The Guiding Light
11:00	1:00	2:00 ABC: John B. Kennedy, News
		2:00 CBS: The Second Mrs. Burton
11:15	2:15	2:15 NBC: Today's Children
11:15	2:15	2:15 ABC: Ethel and Albert
11:15	2:15	2:15 CBS: Perry Mason
11:30	2:30	2:30 CBS: Rosemary
11:30	2:30	2:30 ABC: Bride and Groom
	1:30	2:30 NBC: Woman in White
		2:30 MBS: Queen for a Day
11:45	1:45	2:45 CBS: Tena & Tim
11:45	1:45	2:45 NBC: Masquerade
12:00	2:00	3:00 ABC: Al Pearce Show
12:00	2:00	3:00 NBC: A Woman of America
12:15	2:15	3:15 NBC: Ma Perkins
		3:30 CBS: Sing Along Club
12:30	2:30	3:30 ABC: Ladies, Be Seated
12:30	2:30	3:30 NBC: Pepper Young's Family
		3:30 MBS: Remember?
12:45	2:45	3:45 NBC: Right to Happiness
		4:00 ABC: Jack Berch
1:00	3:00	4:00 CBS: House Party
1:00	3:00	4:00 NBC: Backstage Wife
		4:15 MBS: Johnson Family
3:00	4:15	4:15 ABC: The Fitzgeralds
1:15	3:15	4:15 NBC: Stella Dallas
1:25	4:30	4:30 CBS: Gordon MacRae, songs
3:00	4:30	4:30 NBC: Lorenzo Jones
		4:30 ABC: Time for Women
		4:30 MBS: Mutual Melody Hour
4:45	4:45	4:45 ABC: Hop Harrigan
1:45	3:45	4:45 NBC: Young Widder Brown
2:00	4:00	5:00 CBS: American School of the Air
5:00	4:00	5:00 ABC: Terry and the Pirates
2:00	4:00	5:00 NBC: When a Girl Marries
		5:00 MBS: Here's How with Peter Howe
2:15	4:15	5:15 NBC: Portia Faces Life
5:15	4:15	5:15 ABC: Dick Tracy
		5:15 MBS: Superman
		5:30 CBS: Cimarron Tavern
5:30	5:30	5:30 MBS: Captain Midnight
2:30	4:30	5:30 ABC: Jack Armstrong
		5:30 NBC: Just Plain Bill
5:45	5:45	5:45 NBC: Front Page Farrell
2:45	4:45	5:45 CBS: Sparrow and the Hawk
		5:45 MBS: Tom Mix
		6:00 ABC: Klerman's News Corner
3:30	5:15	6:15 CBS: Jimmy Carroll, Songs
		6:30 CBS: Eileen Farrell
		6:40 NBC: Clem McCarthy
10:00	6:45	6:45 ABC: Cal Tinney
3:45	5:45	6:45 CBS: The World Today
8:00	10:00	7:00 CBS: Jack Kirkwood Show
8:00	6:00	7:00 NBC: Chesterfield Supper Club
8:15	6:15	7:15 CBS: Jack Smith
		7:15 MBS: Korn Kobblers
6:00	6:30	7:30 CBS: Ginny Simms Show
		7:30 ABC: The Lone Ranger
9:00	7:00	8:00 CBS: The Aldrich Family
		8:00 NBC: Highways in Melody
		8:00 MBS: The Russ Drew Show
8:30	8:00	8:00 ABC: Woody Herman Show
		8:30 ABC: This Is Your FBI
8:30	7:30	8:30 NBC: Duffy's Tavern
9:30	9:30	8:30 CBS: Kate Smith Sings
		8:30 MBS: So You Think You Know Music
5:55	7:55	8:55 CBS: Bill Henry
9:00	8:00	9:00 ABC: Alan Young Show
6:00	8:00	9:00 NBC: People Are Funny
		9:15 MBS: Real Stories
6:30	8:30	9:30 ABC: The Sheriff
6:30	8:30	9:30 MBS: Spotlight Bands
6:30	8:30	9:30 NBC: Waltz Time
6:55	8:55	9:55 ABC: Coronet Front Page News
		10:00 MBS: Your Land and Mine
7:00	9:00	10:00 NBC: Melle Mystery Theater
7:00	9:00	10:00 CBS: Durante and Moore
7:30	9:30	10:30 CBS: Maisie

SATURDAY

COVER GIRL



Years of round-the-piano practice with her singing family put that lilt in Martha Tilton's voice, heard on ABC's Hall of Fame.

By ELEANOR HARRIS

MARTHA TILTON is tiny, blue-eyed, blonde, and beautiful. She is also "The First Lady of Swing." She has further done everything you can imagine in singing—with Hal Grayson's and Benny Goodman's bands, with Three Hits and a Miss, and also with her own radio program for a year, named Liltin' Martha Tilton Time. She has made a dozen musical movie shorts, and her famous records "Loch Lomond," "The Angels Sing," and "I'll Walk Alone" have passed the million-copy mark. She has toured the South Pacific and Europe during the war. And right now she is on the Hall of Fame program with Paul Whiteman every Sunday night.

In short, Miss Tilton and the word "excitement" mean one and the same thing. What's more, they always have.

Take what happened to Benny Goodman's manager when he first laid eyes on the diminutive blonde singer some years ago. His name was Leonard Vannerson—and his weight was 200 pounds. He saw Martha, and lost his heart at once . . . but not so Martha. She saw only his oversized frame, and she kidded him about his weight until, with considerable anguish, he went on a stringent diet which lost him fifty pounds. And gained him a wife! Martha was so struck by his combined desire to win her and his new streamlined physique that they were married the minute his diet was finished. And he's never gained an ounce of weight back again, either, though now they've been married for five years.

Even their wedding was full of excitement—to the average layman, if not to the participants. It looked like the cast for a musical show, with the setting the charming Wee Kirk of the

Heather in Los Angeles. Little Martha was dressed in a blue net wedding gown and a blue hat trimmed with pink camellias. Her sister Elizabeth, then the singer for Bob Crosby's band, was her only attendant—and the best man was none other than Benny Goodman. And since that wedding, there has been an addition to the Martha and Leonard Vannerson home—small Jonathan, aged three, who's already humming around the house.

But it would be difficult not to hum around any house with a Tilton in it. You see, Martha's big family has a monopoly on about two blocks of Hollywood, California—and they all sing like mad. There's Mother and Father Tilton; sister Elizabeth (now singing with Jan Garber's band) and her husband; one grandmother; two aunts, and two uncles. They all live within two blocks of each other, and evenings they all gather at some Tilton home and break into unanimous song.

It is this community life that Martha most misses during the time she's living in New York City. While East, her life is entirely different. Instead of living in a big, rangy house full of swarms of Tiltons, she and Leonard live in one room in a Fifth Avenue hotel. To make it homelike, she scatters potted plants, suitcases and sheet music around; she cooks breakfast in its doll-sized kitchenette . . . and sometimes, home from the theater or an evening out, she throws together a hamburger doused in a can of chili and chopped onions. But this completes her menu as a cook.

She loves New York City, which has only recently become a part-time home. In it she sees her dozens of friends: the Andrews sisters, Frank

(Continued on page 104)

P.S.T.	C.S.T.	Eastern Standard Time
	8:15	CBS: Phil Cook
	8:15	NBC: Richard Leibert, Organist
	8:30	CBS: Missus Goes A-Shopping
	8:30	ABC: United Nation News, Review
	8:45	CBS: Margaret Arien
8:00	9:00	ABC: Wake Up and Smile
6:15	8:15	9:15 NBC: Home Is What You Make It
6:15	8:15	9:15 CBS: The Garden Gate
	9:30	CBS: Country Journal
	9:30	NBC: Fashions in Melody
	9:45	NBC: A Miss and a Male
11:30	11:30	10:00 ABC: Galen Drake
	11:30	10:00 CBS: Give and Take
7:00	9:00	10:00 MBS: Albert Warner
	10:00	10:00 NBC: Eileen Barton Show
	10:15	MBS: Southern Harmonizers
9:15	10:15	ABC: Club Time
11:00	9:30	10:30 CBS: Mary Lee Taylor
	10:30	NBC: Adventures of Archie Andrews
	10:30	ABC: Teen Town
	10:30	MBS: Rainbow House
	10:00	11:00 ABC: Harry Kogen's Orchestra
	11:00	NBC: Teentimers Club
8:05	11:05	CBS: Let's Pretend
8:30	10:30	11:30 NBC: Smilin' Ed McConnell
	11:30	MBS: Land of the Lost
	11:30	ABC: Bible Message
	11:45	ABC: Note From a Diary
9:00	11:00	12:00 CBS: Theater of Today
	11:00	12:00 ABC: Piano Playhouse
	12:00	MBS: House of Mystery
9:15	11:15	12:15 NBC: Consumer Time
9:30	11:30	12:30 CBS: Stars Over Hollywood
9:30	11:30	12:30 ABC: Farm Bureau
9:30	11:30	12:30 NBC: Atlantic Spotlight
	12:45	MBS: Red Cross Reporter
10:00	12:00	1:00 NBC: National Farm & Home Hour
10:00	12:00	1:00 CBS: Grand Central Station
10:00	12:00	1:00 ABC: Symphonies for Youth
	12:00	1:00 MBS: Opry House Matinee
10:30	12:30	1:30 CBS: County Fair
	12:30	1:30 MBS: Opry House Matinee
10:30	12:30	1:30 NBC: The Veteran's Aid
	1:45	NBC: Edward Tomlinson
11:00	1:00	2:00 ABC: Metropolitan Opera
11:15	1:00	2:00 NBC: Your Host is Buffalo
	2:30	CBS: Columbia Workshop
	3:00	MBS: George Barry Orchestra
	3:00	NBC: Orchestras of the Nation
	4:30	MBS: Music for Half an Hour
	4:30	NBC: World of Melody
2:00	2:00	5:00 ABC: Tea and Crumpets
	2:00	5:00 CBS: Philadelphia Orchestra
	2:00	5:00 NBC: Music of the Moment
	2:00	5:00 MBS: Sports Parade
2:30	4:40	5:30 NBC: John W. Vandercook
3:30	4:45	5:45 NBC: Tin Pan Alley of the Air
	6:00	MBS: Cleveland Symphony
	6:00	CBS: Quincy Howe
3:15	5:15	6:15 CBS: People's Platform
	5:30	6:30 ABC: Hank D'Amice Orchestra
	6:30	MBS: Hawaii Calls
3:45	6:45	ABC: Labor, U. S. A.
3:45	5:45	6:45 CBS: The World Today
3:45	5:45	6:45 NBC: Religion in the News
4:00	4:00	7:00 CBS: Helen Hayes
4:00	6:00	7:00 NBC: Our Foreign Policy
	7:00	MBS: Sinfonetta
4:00	7:00	ABC: It's Your Business
	7:15	ABC: Correspondents Abroad
7:30	6:30	7:30 ABC: Dick Tracy
	7:30	NBC: Jimmy Edmundson
4:30	4:30	7:30 CBS: The First Nighter
	7:45	MBS: I Was a Convict
8:00	7:00	8:00 CBS: The Dick Haymes Show
	8:00	MBS: The Whisper Man
8:30	7:00	8:00 NBC: Life of Riley
	8:15	ABC: Here's Morgan
	8:30	ABC: Famous Jury Trials
8:30	7:30	8:30 CBS: Mayor of the Town
	8:30	MBS: Rhapsody for Strings
8:00	7:30	8:30 NBC: Truth or Consequences
5:55	7:55	8:55 CBS: Ned Calmer
	9:00	MBS: Leave It to the Girls
9:00	8:00	9:00 CBS: Your Hit Parade
6:00	8:00	9:00 NBC: National Barn Dance
9:00	9:00	ABC: Gang Busters
6:30	8:30	9:30 NBC: Can You Top This?
	9:30	MBS: Break the Bank
6:30	9:30	ABC: Boston Symphony
6:45	8:45	9:45 CBS: Saturday Night Serenade
	10:00	MBS: Theater of the Air
7:00	9:00	10:00 NBC: Judy Canova
7:15	7:15	10:15 CBS: Celebrity Club
7:30	9:30	10:30 NBC: Grand Ole Opry
	10:30	ABC: Hayloft Hoedown

HER RING—three handsome diamonds set with severe beauty in platinum



She's Engaged!

Cornelia V. Clapp

charming young daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth H. Clapp "Apple Meadow," Bedford, N. Y., is to be the bride of Lt. (j.g.) James R. Neal, Jr., U.S.M.S.



Cornelia's complexion is soft, clear—eyes, blue-violet—hair, burnished brown

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"When Bob comes home from sea he's going to be a lawyer, and we hope to live in Virginia," Cornelia says.

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She rinses with a second coat of Pond's, making quick circles around her face. Tissues off. "I cream twice—for extra softness and extra clean-ness," she says.

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Princess Guy de Polignac

Mrs. Alister McCormick

Viscountess Milton

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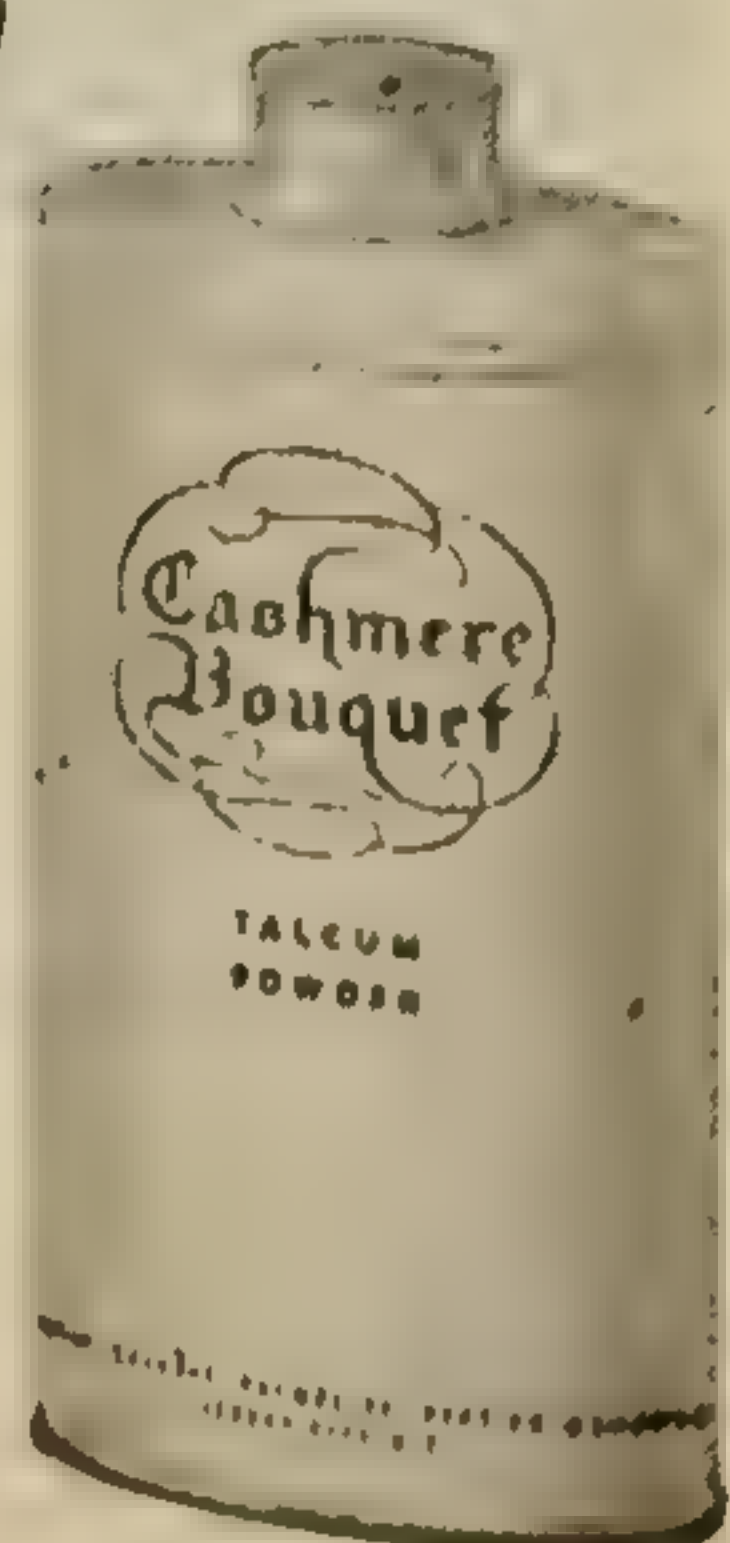
FEEL SMOOTH! Treat chafable places to extra Cashmere Bouquet Talc. That gives your skin a silken sheath of protection. Makes you feel slick, smooth.

STAY DAINTY! Pamper your body often with Cashmere Bouquet Talc. Hours after you use it—your skin whispers its beguiling scent . . . the fragrance men love.

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For the luxury size
 with velour puff ask for
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 Dusting Powder 65¢



Quiet Weekend

(Continued from page 21)

to do it more often," Mike said, and at that moment—to Nancy's intense disgust—the doorbell rang.

"I'll get it," Mike said. He was up and halfway across the room when Nancy leaped after him.

"It might be the man with the white mustache!" she whispered excitedly. "Be careful, Mike!"

Mike didn't answer. He turned on the porch light, glanced briefly through the curtain on the door, and swung it open. "Good evening," he said pleasantly.

It wasn't White-mustache who stood outside. In fact, it wasn't a man at all. Their visitor was unmistakably, even blatantly, feminine, from the eyelashes on which clothes-hangers could have been hung to the feet shod in lizard-skin shoes with heels like slightly oversize toothpicks. Good looking, Nancy conceded, if you liked the type; herself, she didn't.

"I'm sorry to intrude," the vision said in a throaty, dramatic voice, "but could you possibly help me? My car—" She gestured behind her, into the darkness of the street, and batted her eyes appealingly at Mike. "It has a flat tire."

Mike seemed to grow two inches. "Of course!" he said with unnecessary gallantry. "Be right with you."

"It's a shame," the women murmured while Mike rummaged in the closet for his coat, "to drag your husband out on a night like this—"

"He's not my husband," Nancy said, and at once wished she hadn't, because the woman's darkly penciled eyebrows went up a quarter of an inch.

"Here we are!" Mike announced jovially, as if changing a tire on a rainy night were an experience he'd been looking forward to all his life. Nancy stayed at the door for a minute after they'd gone, trying to see them; but the darkness and the rain swallowed them up. "Huh!" she said finally, in deep scorn and to nobody in particular. "All very fine, but I'd like to see her before she does her make-up job in the mornings!"

It was nearly an hour before Mike returned to the house, and when he did return he had the woman, whose name seemed to be Mrs. Lattimore, with him. They were laughing like old

friends, and Nancy noticed that while Mike's clothes were very damp, Mrs. Lattimore's were still beautifully dry. Obviously, she had sat inside the car while Mike worked.

"I brought Mrs. Lattimore in for a drink, Nancy," Mike said cheerily. "Make mine strong." He stood on the hearth, dripping, and after a minute he began to steam a little.

"Scotch and plain water for me, please," Mrs. Lattimore said. "And no ice." She leaned back in her chair and gazed around the room. "What a perfectly charming place you have here—"

"The name is Collins," Nancy said. "But it isn't my place. It belongs to my cousin." Her dislike for Mrs. Lattimore, strong enough at the start, was growing by the minute. She looked at Mike and saw that he was beaming fatuously. "You ought to get those wet clothes off," she said acidly. "You'll catch your death of cold."

Mrs. Lattimore sipped her drink, and suddenly she gave a little cry of surprise and pleasure. "Oh, how wonderful!" she exclaimed, and put down her glass and picked up the Easter egg, all in one series of quick motions. "Where did you get this?" She looked up at Nancy excitedly.

Nancy felt her heart give an alarmed, warning jump. "The little boy that lives here—my cousin's son—bought it to give his mother," she said, and added directly, "Why?"

"It's nineteenth-century Bavarian—a lovely piece. You see," Mrs. Lattimore said with disarming candor, "I'm a dealer in antiques. Oh, not a dealer, really—I dabble, and occasionally I import a few things. But I know good stuff when I see it, and this is really good. I wonder—" She paused, struck by a sudden thought. "Do you suppose the little boy's mother could be persuaded to sell it to me?"

"I doubt it," Nancy said. "And anyway, she's gone to bed."

"But I can offer her a good price. Say—fifty dollars?" Holding the egg in her long, slender hand, Mrs. Lattimore looked from Nancy to Mike and back again, questioningly.

"I'm sorry," Nancy said. "It's not for sale."

(Continued on page 58)

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FOR 10 IN APPLICATORS



Note special design of Meds applicators. Firm, smooth, easy to use, completely disposable.

(Continued from page 56)

"Or even—" Mrs. Lattimore laughed deprecatingly at her own extravagance. "Even if I went to a hundred?"

Mike whistled. "Better call Carol and ask her, Nancy," he said. "That's a lot of dough for a thing like that."

"Nope." Nancy shook her head firmly. "She doesn't want to sell it—and anyway, I wouldn't disturb her."

Mrs. Lattimore registered polite regret. "It doesn't really fit in this room," she said with some truth. "I warn you, I've set my heart on having it. . . ."

Mike downed the last of his drink. "Suppose you drop around tomorrow," he suggested briskly, "when Mrs. Drew can talk to you herself. Wouldn't that be the best solution?"

Nancy glared at him. He met the glare with bland good humor.

"We-ell," Mrs. Lattimore said doubtfully. "I hadn't planned on being in the neighborhood tomorrow. . . ." She hesitated, and seemed to make up her mind. "Very well. Perhaps that would be best. And now I must really be going."

MIKE accompanied her to the door; Nancy stayed where she was. By the time Mike returned she had already put out all the lights and was on her way upstairs.

"Going to bed already?" Mike asked.

"Yes." If the temperature of Nancy's voice could have been measured, it would have been found to be sub-zero.

"What's the matter?"

She didn't answer, and Mike, climbing the stairs after her, chuckled delightedly. "I believe the wench is jealous!" he said.

Nancy sniffed. "Jealous? Me? Of that road-company Hedy Lamarr? Hah!" She went into her room and closed the door behind her with a click. Grinning, Mike entered his own room.

Some time later, Mike woke up all at once, and lay there, listening. Quietly, he raised his arm and looked at the illuminated dial on his wrist; it was a few minutes before two o'clock.

The rain had stopped, and there was silence except for a slow, muted dripping from the eaves. That, and—and whatever it was that had wakened him. Now he heard it again: a movement, a bumping noise, in the room below him. That would be the living room.

He slipped out of bed, found his robe in the dark and put it on. Barefoot, he moved across the room and out into the hall. He could hear the sound more plainly now; without any doubt, someone was prowling around the livingroom. He crept down the stairs to a point from which he could see into the room. A tiny beam of light darted around in there, flicking from one spot to another and never lingering anywhere for more than a second.

Mike made the last part of his journey in one gigantic leap, landing squarely on the shadow which held the light. The light gave way to a blackness filled with scuffling sounds, then Mike's voice calling loudly, "Nancy! Carol! Come down here and turn on some lights!"

The figure under him squirmed desperately in the darkness. It wasn't very big, but it was wiry and active and had a disconcerting quality of slipperiness. Finally Mike located a head. Grasping it firmly in both hands, he lifted it and brought it down smartly on the floor, which luckily was not covered by a carpet at that point. The figure relaxed, a few seconds be-

fore Nancy ran in and turned on the lights. She was followed by Carol, clutching a negligee around her and with her mouth rounded ready for a scream.

The man with the white mustache blinked up at them dazedly from the floor.

"Call the police, somebody," Mike commanded, "and tell them to send someone around to pick this guy up." Keeping the man pinned down by the weight of his own body, he took the edge of the mustache between thumb and forefinger and pulled. "Ow!" the man said, and water came into his eyes.

"Not false after all," Mike said in mild surprise. "Oh, well, he didn't have any business here anyway. Breaking and entering," he reproved the man on the floor. "When will you boys learn that's bad?"

"All right, all right," the intruder said crossly. "You've got me. You can skip the smart cracks."

"Just as you like," Mike agreed. From his position astride the man, he glanced around the room. "Hey!" he said. "The egg's gone." He patted the man's body with his hands. "And you haven't got it on you, either. What did you do with it?"

"Never found it," the man said sulkily.

Nancy, returning from the telephone, said to Mike, "It's all right about the egg. I put it away last night, before I went upstairs. The cops'll be here in a minute."

"Good. Where'd you put the egg?"

"Never you mind," Nancy said darkly. She went back and stood beside Carol in the doorway, her lips drawn into a thin line. It was plain that the mere capture of a would-be burglar was not enough to make her forgive Mike.

The squad car arrived a few minutes later, and White-mustache was removed. "You'll finger-print him, of course?" Mike said to the policeman. "Good. I'll come down to the station in the morning. I'd like to know who he is—I'll bet anything you like he's got a record."

AS the front door closed, Carol emitted a tremendous gasp and sank limply down onto the stairs. "I wish I'd given him his wretched egg this afternoon!" she said. "I don't know when I've been so terrified. And—Mike!—he might have killed you!"

"If he'd had a gun," Mike assented. "But he didn't. Bloodshed isn't in our little friend's line. But you've got a much better customer for the egg—a lady willing to pay a hundred dollars for it."

"A hundred—Who?"

Briefly, while Nancy stood by in disapproving silence, Mike told her about Mrs. Lattimore. "And she's coming again tomorrow?" Carol asked.

"She said she would. And I've a hunch," Mike grinned, "that she'll keep her promise. She rather wants that egg—says it's a nineteenth-century Bavarian object of art."

Nancy's lip curled. "If there's any nineteenth-century Bavarian object of art mixed up in this business, it's Mrs. Lattimore herself. Don't you let her have that egg, Carol!"

"I—" Carol looked bewildered. "I don't even know where it is. You've hidden it."

"It's your egg. Dickie gave it to you. If you decide to sell it I can't stop you, and I'll tell you where it is."

But Carol wasn't listening. "Dickie!"

she said. "Goodness, I forgot all about him. Do you suppose he's slept through all this?"

Dickie, it developed when they went upstairs, had done exactly that. "I'm glad," Carol said relievedly. "So much excitement would be bad for him. It's bad for me too, as far as that goes," she added. "Nancy, I just don't want to see that woman tomorrow—this whole business scares me!"

Nancy patted her shoulder. "You'll feel different in the morning. Let's all try to get some more sleep."

"I'll spend the rest of the night on the couch downstairs," Mike remarked. "The window our friend jimmied open just might be a temptation to someone else."

MORNING came, however, without any further disturbances, and the familiar routine of preparing breakfast and getting Dickie off to school made everyone feel more normal. As soon as breakfast was over, Mike announced that he was going to drop in at the police station to check up on their night's visitor. "If Mrs. Lattimore should come while I'm gone," he told Nancy, "stall her until I get back, will you?"

"Sorry," Nancy said. "I know it will be a tragedy for you to miss her, but you'll simply have to take your chances. I can't promise to do any stalling."

"Okay." He regarded her pensively. "You know, you're cute when you turn up your nose like that."

Mike took Dickie along, to drop him at school; and once they were alone in the house, Carol and Nancy attacked the dishes and the unmade beds. Carol was still somewhat on edge, inclined to drop saucers and sweep the same area of floor twice, and once when the telephone rang she uttered a small scream. But it was only someone calling to remind her that she had promised to bake a cake to be auctioned off at the Parent-Teacher Association bazaar.

"I feel guilty," Nancy told her, "for having brought Mike up here. I might have known something upsetting would happen if I did. Trouble follows him around like a faithful dog."

"Oh, I'm glad he's here!" Carol assured her. "What I'd have done last night without him in the house I'm sure I don't know."

"You probably wouldn't have known anyone had broken into the house," Nancy said, "and you'd have had a good night's sleep."

Carol glanced around the kitchen apprehensively, to guard against possible eavesdroppers. "Where did you put that egg, Nancy?" she asked, and then quickly recoiled from her own daring. "No, don't tell me. I don't want to know. If that woman comes, you talk to her. You don't think I ought to let her have it, do you?"

"No, I do not!"

"Then I'd better not even know where it is," Carol decided. "I might weaken."

Mike came back, about ten o'clock, to find them both in the livingroom. Carol was mending some of Dickie's clothes, and Nancy was darning one of Richard's socks. "A peaceful domestic scene," Mike commented. "No one would guess, looking at you, that you had ever been objects of interest to Roggy O'Dowd, alias The Pinch, alias Horace Hewlett, alias goodness knows how many other things. Yet you were, not eight hours ago."

"Mike!" Nancy exclaimed, forgetting for the moment that she was angry at



Rhapsody in WHITE

"When I unwrapped it—it smelled so good—I thought I must try it right away." . . .

"I didn't realize any soap could be so effective on shirt collars and cuffs." . . .

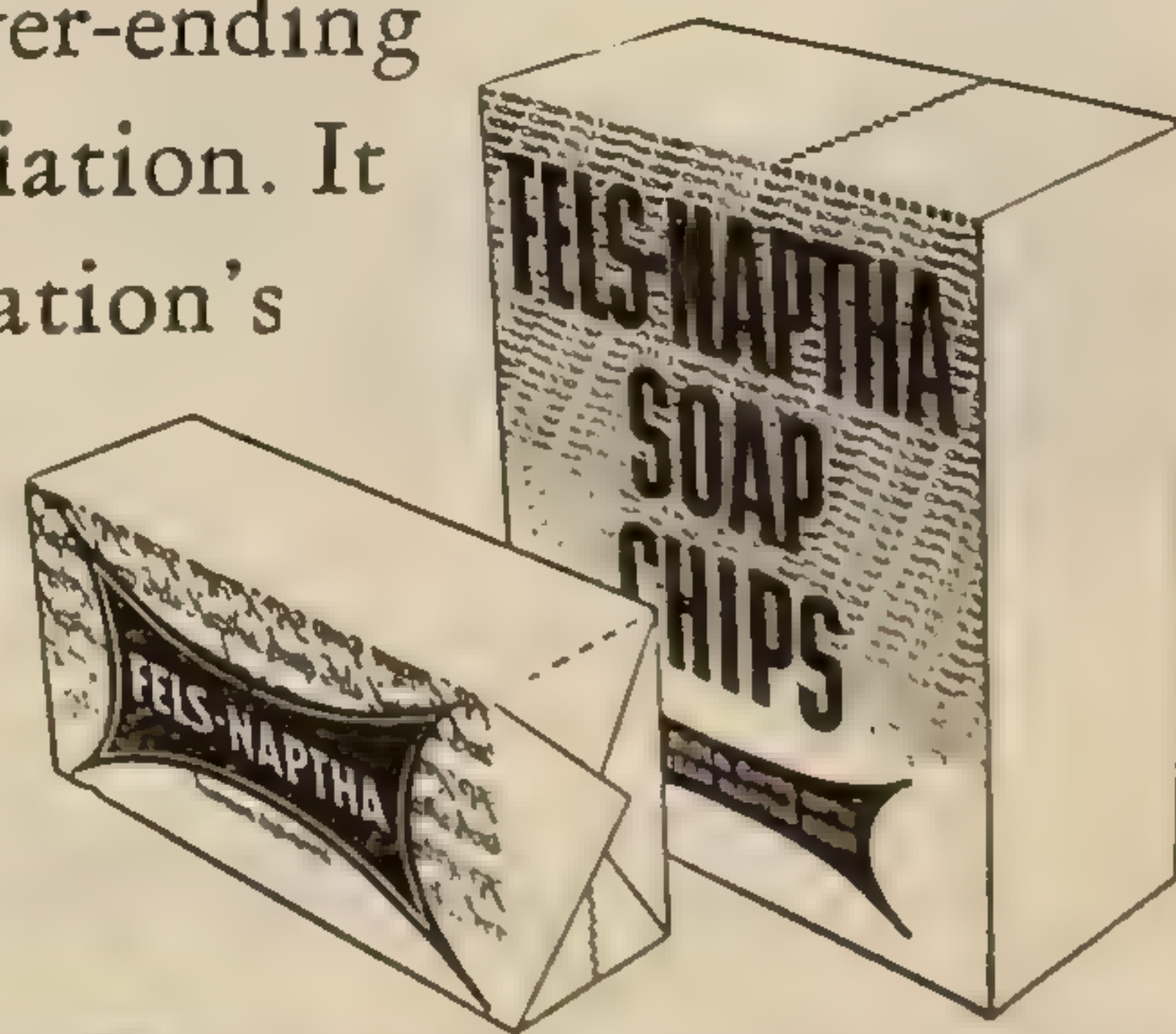
"There is simply no other soap for doing up baby things." . . .

"Everything came out shining white and with half the work." . . .

"My neighbors all ask what I use that makes my clothes so white." . . .

"I could not keep house without Fels-Naptha Soap and Chips." . . .

In these and in thousands of similar phrases, American women write the Story of Fels-Naptha Soap—a never-ending tale of praise and appreciation. It is, in simple truth, a nation's Rhapsody in White.



Fels-Naptha Soap

BANISHES "TATTLE-TALE GRAY"

Now-We're Together forever



Long parting is over. "Let's get married," you said, "so I'll be sure these sweet hands are mine." Oh, I did keep my hands nice for you, darling. I used Jergens Lotion . . . By far the favorite hand care. Hollywood Stars use Jergens Lotion, 7 to 1.

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"Some day—a house like this." And her hands—still deliciously smooth. The 2 ingredients many doctors use for skin-smoothing are part of this more effective Jergens Lotion. In the stores now—same bottle—still 10¢ to \$1.00 (plus tax). Never sticky; no oiliness.

For the Softest, Adorable Hands, use

JERGENS LOTION

Now more Effective than ever—thanks to Wartime Research



him. "He had all those names, the little man with the mustache?"

"Without a doubt," Mike assured her. "Also a police record as long as my arm."

"What about the egg?"

"Our friends the police know nothing of any egg, Nancy. If you'll remember, we didn't mention it to them last night, and Roggy has chosen to be reticent on the subject too. At least, I couldn't find any evidence that he discussed it at the station."

"But then—" Nancy looked blank. "We aren't any farther along in knowing what this is all about than we were last night."

"Not much farther," Mike agreed. "But we do know that Roggy isn't the only person who knows why the egg is valuable. There is always Mrs. Lattimore coming to see us now."

"Oh, I can't—" Carol said, and half rose from her chair, and subsided into it again. Mike was at the front door before the bell rang. "Come in, come in, Mrs. Lattimore," they heard him say cordially.

Mrs. Lattimore wore an outfit of brilliant color and cut. Her makeup job, Nancy noted, was as expert as ever, and her hair was as black as Nancy's opinion of her. She swept into the room, smiled insincerely at Nancy, and acknowledged her introduction to Carol with a spate of words:

"Mrs. Drew! It's so kind of you to see me, and I do hope you won't think I'm intruding, but the fact is I've set my heart on having that perfectly intriguing Easter egg I saw here last night. I—"

She broke off, staring at the spot on the end table where the egg had rested. "Where is it?" she demanded, in quite a different tone. "What have you done with it?"

"To tell the truth, Mrs. Lattimore," Mike said, "I don't know. We had a little excitement here after you'd gone. Someone broke into the house, and—"

"He stole it!" Mrs. Lattimore cried; in fact, she very nearly screeched. "Roggy O'Dowd stole it back again! Oh, you fools, you idiots!" Her eyes generated lightning. "Do you know what you've done?—you've let a cheap little crook get his hands on one of the—" She stopped, biting her lips.

"YES, Mrs. Lattimore?" Mike prompted. "Get his hands on what? Is it a diamond, or an emerald, or what? We'd love to know."

"I'll bet you would," Mrs. Lattimore said sullenly. "But I'm not going to tell you." Her bitterness spilled over once more. "If I hadn't tried to play it fancy last night, I'd have made you hand over that egg right then and there, and Roggy would've found it gone when he came looking for it! Instead, he grabbed it and there's no telling where he is by this time!"

"On the contrary," Mike said mildly. "Mr. O'Dowd is comfortably established in the Darien jail. I saw him there barely an hour ago."

Mrs. Lattimore whirled on him. "And the egg? Where is it?"

"I told you I didn't know," Mike pointed with his pipestem at Nancy, who was putting the last few stitches on Richard's sock. "Miss Collins here took the egg last night and—ah—put it away somewhere. In plain words, she hid it."

"Oh, she did, did she?" Mrs. Lattimore said in a low, dangerous voice. "Well, I'm tired of playing around with you characters. I want," she said directly to Nancy, "that egg."

Nancy raised the sock to her lips and delicately bit off a thread. "Do you?" she said. "Why?"

"Because it's mine, that's why! Roggy O'Dowd stole it from me. He pretended to be a peddler and sold it, thinking he could come back and pick it up again when the coast was clear. But it belonged to me all the time."

"Very interesting," Mike commented. "You mentioned last night that you sometimes imported objects of art, Mrs. Lattimore. Do I understand that you imported this egg—possibly without paying any duty on it?"

"You're pretty smart, aren't you?" Mrs. Lattimore snapped. Her hand darted into the bag she carried, and emerged holding a neat and shiny revolver, which she pointed at Mike. "Collins," she said, "or whatever your name is, get that egg and give it to me before I shoot your boy friend."

Carol screamed. "For goodness sake, Nancy," she said, "give her the egg."

WITH a sigh, Nancy stood up. "I suppose I'll have to," she said. She walked across the room, carrying the sock she had just darned, until she was within a foot or so of Mrs. Lattimore. Here she suddenly relaxed her hold on the sock so it dangled to its full length, weighted down by a large round object in its toe. "There's your egg!" she said, and brought the sock down on Mrs. Lattimore's hand, the one holding the revolver. The revolver promptly went off, Mike jumped in the direction of Mrs. Lattimore, and Carol screamed.

Half an hour later, it was all over. Mrs. Lattimore was on her way to join Mr. O'Dowd in jail, and the egg was in the custody of the police. Carol was stretched out on the couch, sniffing smelling-salts, and Nancy was sitting near Mike.

"It was pretty obviously a smuggling job of some sort," Mike was saying. "Something was concealed in the egg, and there wouldn't have been any point in hiding whatever it was, except to get it past customs inspectors. We could have turned the egg over to the police, of course, but if we had we wouldn't have caught Mrs. Lattimore, or whatever her real name is. So I decided the best thing was to string along with her until she made a move we could have her arrested for."

"But how about the other one—Roggy O'Dowd?" Nancy asked. "Was he her confederate?"

"No, I don't think so. We can't be sure, but my hunch is Lattimore was telling the truth. Crooks are awful gossips, you know, and the chances are that Roggy found out Mrs. Lattimore was bringing something pretty valuable into the country."

The telephone rang, and Mike got up to answer it. "That was the station," he said when he came back. "They chiseled the egg open. What do you think was inside it—an emerald about as big as the egg yolk would have been—if it had had a yolk, of course." He threw himself down in the chair nearest Nancy, and reached over to seize her hand. "Too bad," he said pensively, "that such a beautiful woman is going to end up in the Federal penitentiary."

Nancy snatched her hand away. "You thought she was beautiful?" she demanded. "Well, I must say I didn't!"

Then she caught Mike's eye and saw the twinkle in it.

"I knew all along," Mike said, "that the surest way to keep you from handing over the egg to Mrs. Lattimore was to make you jealous."



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Polly paid attention to Holmes & Edwards because it's *Sterling Inlaid* with two blocks of sterling silver at the backs of bowls and handles of the most used spoons and forks

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IT'S STERLING, INLAID

HOLMES & EDWARDS
STERLING INLAID°
SILVERPLATE

Life Can Be Beautiful

(Continued from page 47)

through his brief case, pulled out a legal-looking paper and handed it to me. "I wasn't going to tell you about this just yet," he said, "but here is the deed to that little house in the country you've been wanting so long. I had planned to give it to you for an anniversary present. The girl you saw me with is a real estate agent, and we were just on our way out to look at the property."

I know that my suspicions hurt Stephen a great deal, and I determined never to doubt him again. Jumping to conclusions is dangerous and harmful, and I think that all women will realize, with me, that if they have faith, they too will find that *Life Can Be Beautiful*.

Mrs. Stephen Jackson,
Nashville, Tenn.

Truly, there can be no joy where there is suspicion and mistrust. But often time, and patience, will rout the darkness, bringing back the trust that makes life truly beautiful.

Dear Chichi,

You may be surprised to hear from a man, but I think you might like to know that during the past few months, there's one you've helped a lot.

I joined your radio audience when I returned from overseas to a military hospital with a serious leg wound. My state of mind was even more serious, because I hated to face the future, even with a lovely wife and four-year-old son. They visited me regularly, and my wife did her best to assure me that she knew my leg would improve in time, and that I'd be able to get my old job back. The point that she stressed most though was that her faith in me and in our marriage was, if anything, stronger than ever, but I just couldn't see it. I thought I was finished, and that no one would want to employ

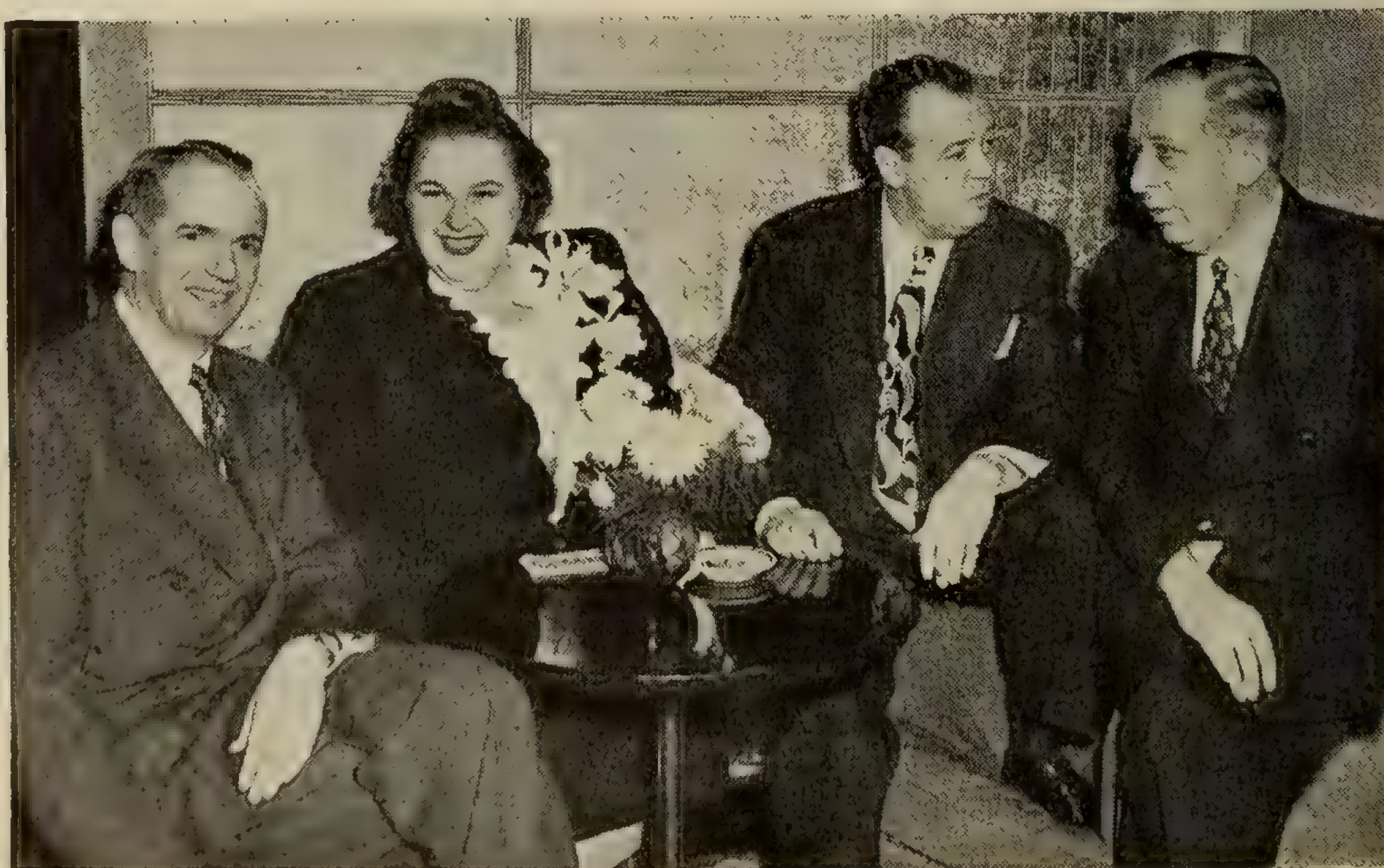
a sales manager with a bad limp, maybe worse, or that a young attractive woman would be happy with a husband who couldn't take her dancing. I was miserable and I know my wife was too.

One day though, the nurse brought a little portable radio over to me. I started fooling with it, moving the dial from station to station, until suddenly I heard something that sounded familiar. It turned out to be your program, Chichi, and what I heard was Barry Markham, saying exactly the same things about his future that I was thinking about mine. I was curious to know how *his* problem would work out, so for several days after that I asked the nurse to let me have the radio at the same time. To make a long story short, when Stephen gave Barry a dressing down for being a coward, and "needled" him into having faith in himself, Stephen could have been talking to me too.

I decided right then to have faith in myself and that I wouldn't be licked either. And I also realized that my wife's love was strong enough to bear an even greater test than the one I'd given it. For the first time I felt things would work out, and I knew that with a little courage, *Life Can Be Beautiful*.

Sgt. J. A. W.,
Seattle, Washington.

This is the letter that gave us perhaps the greatest joy of any we've received. For we know so well that the fight this young soldier fought is one of the most grueling—how he must have been tempted to let courage drop from him like an outworn cloak. But for him courage was not a garment, but an intrinsic part of his being; and he fought through until he had won his battle. Life, for him, will be indeed a precious and a beautiful thing.



Radio is always looking for a good excuse to have a party, and a star like Kate Smith is excuse enough in herself. This particular one was at New York's fabulous Waldorf-Astoria. Above, with Kate are, left to right, Emerson Foote, of advertising agency Foote, Cone and Belding; Ted Collins, Kate's manager and partner; and William C. Gittinger, CBS Vice President.



New Way TO GET MORE GOOD FROM VITAMINS

Take them in fortified food—the delicious Ovaltine way!

Of course, the whole subject of vitamins is new. We learn more about them every day. And today, millions are learning a new and better way to take their extra vitamins—a more modern, more natural way that can do more good. Discarding earlier methods of taking vitamins alone, they now take them in *fortified food*.

For latest evidence shows that vitamins do not work alone. They work most effectively in combination with other food elements—which are absolutely necessary for best results.

This is the reason so many people are changing to Ovaltine. A specially-fortified supplementary food-drink, it contains—besides vita-

mins—nearly every precious food element needed for good health, including those elements necessary for vitamin-effectiveness.

For example, Vitamin A and Vitamin C can't do their complete jobs in body-tissue building without high-quality protein. Vitamin B₁ and energy-food act together for vitality. Vitamin D, Calcium and Phosphorus also need each other. You get them all in a glass of Ovaltine made with milk!

So why not turn to Ovaltine? If you are eating normal meals, 2 glasses of Ovaltine daily should give you all the extra amounts of vitamins and minerals needed for robust health.

Read what you get in 2 GLASSES OF OVALTINE

more **VITAMIN C** than
4 ounces of Tomato Juice



more **PROTEIN**
than 3 Eggs



more **VITAMIN A** than
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more **VITAMIN G** than
 $\frac{3}{4}$ pound of Sirloin Steak



more **IRON** than
3 servings of Spinach



more **VITAMIN D** than
10 ounces of Butter



more **NIACIN** than
6 slices of Enriched Bread



more **VITAMIN B₁** than
3 servings of Oatmeal



more **FOOD-ENERGY** than
2 servings of Ice Cream



more **CALCIUM and PHOSPHORUS**
than $2\frac{1}{2}$ servings of American Cheese



The Time Is Past

(Continued from page 39)

"The end of anything is painful, Mary. But once it has ended—once you have faced that—it isn't so bad."

I began to cry softly, but Bruce didn't come to me. He seemed to know that he couldn't kiss away these tears—not until the cause was gone. And, perhaps, he thought the cause was too deeply rooted to find.

He got up and walked to the window. He stood solemnly staring into the moonlit night.

"There's the Wishing Hill out there," he said to me.

I wiped my tears away and tried to shake off my mood of melancholy, as I stood up and walked over beside him. The snow-capped mound in the night mocked us.

"There it is," I said thoughtfully, "Wishing Hill."

"Remember the night we went out to wish?" he asked.

The ache came back in my breast and pushed all other feeling from me.

"I remember," I said.

"Do you know what I wished?" he said. "When we went out there?"

The tears welled up in my eyes again and spilled down my cheeks.

"I guess I did more than wish. I prayed. Prayed that our marriage would be a success, Mary—that I would be a good enough husband for a girl like you."

"Bruce, what have we done?" I said. "What happened?"

As we stood looking into the night, we saw them, the boy and his young bride, as they climbed to the summit of the moonlit hill. Their lithe graceful bodies, silhouetted in the night, made them a natural target for our eyes.

"How young they seem," I said.

"How marvelous," Bruce whispered.

As we watched, they paused at the top of the hill, looking out over the wooded country side.

"I hope they get what they wish for," I said.

"I hope their prayers come true," Bruce said.

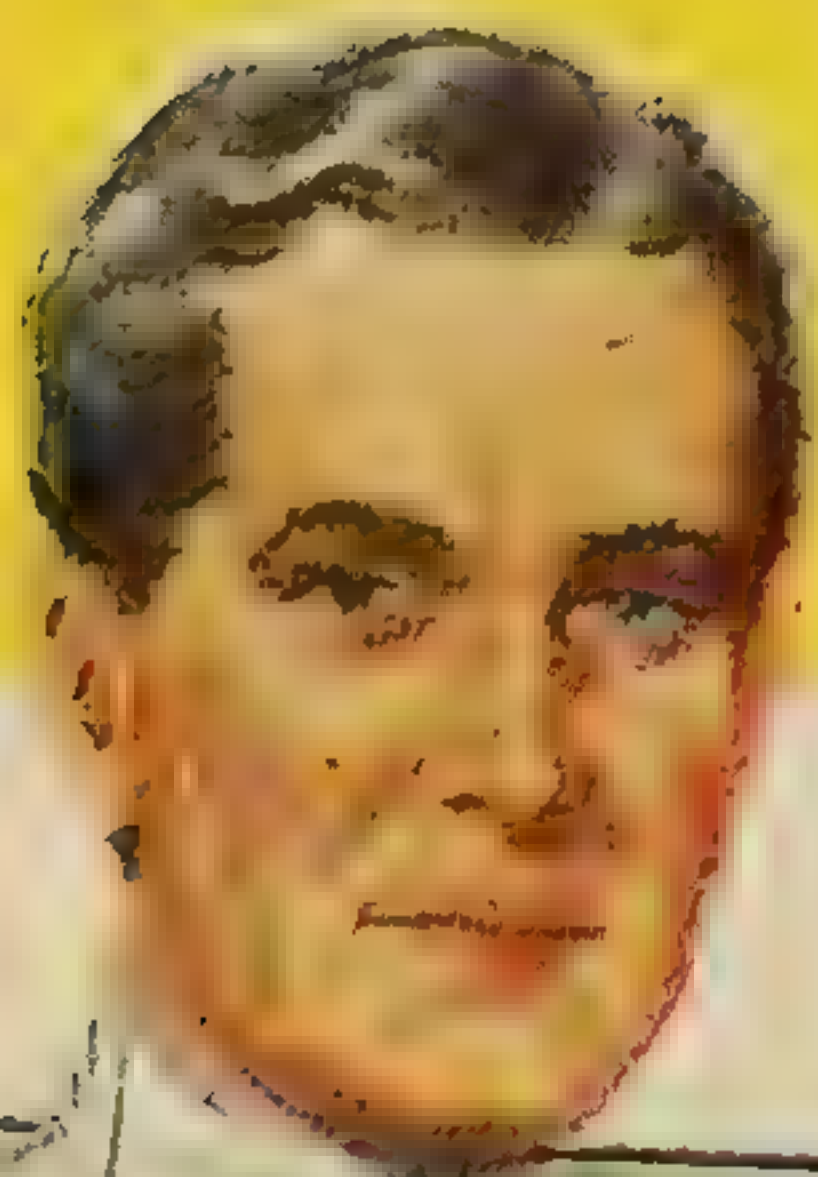
The figures on the hill merged together just as ours had done six years before. And the memory of that kiss and our wishes on the hill encircled us. I turned away and went back to my place by the fire.

And it was right then that we heard the voice in the kitchen, the pleasant voice of a gay, enchanting girl who was to enter our lives and leave her presence with us forever.

Bruce was sucking moodily at his pipe, and I was sitting looking into the fire, when the back door flung open and the voice called out, "Is anyone here?"

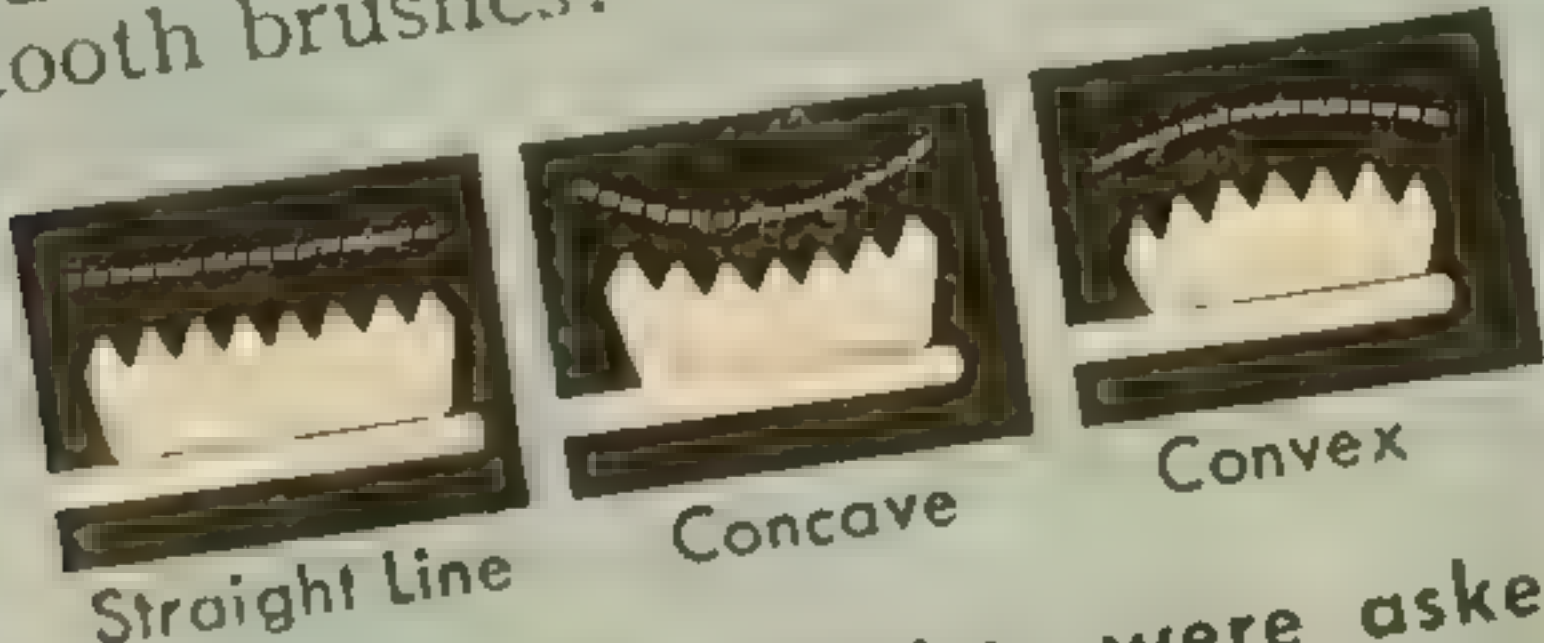
Straight Line Design

*cleans teeth best
say dentists 2 to 1*



How Dentists Voted in Nationwide Survey

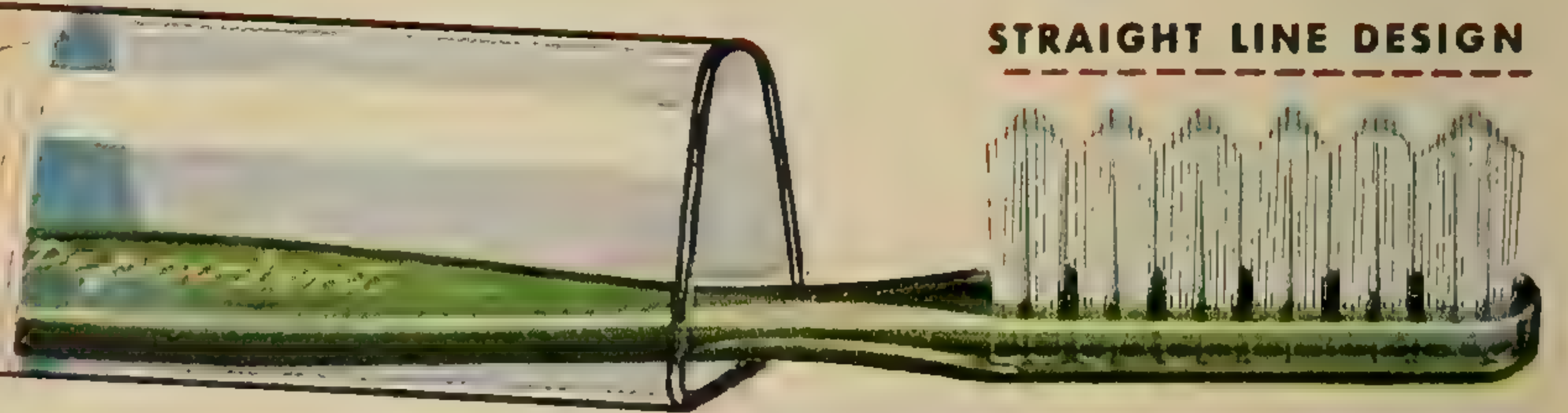
There are only 3 basic brushing
surface designs among all leading
tooth brushes!



When 30,000 dentists were asked
which of these designs cleaned
teeth best—by overwhelming odds,
by more than 2 to 1—the answers
were: "Straight Line Design!"

Why Pepsodent's Straight Line Design Cleans Teeth Best. Despite popular belief, most teeth in the average mouth lie in a series of relatively straight lines. Authoritative research shows Pepsodent's Straight Line Design fits more teeth better than convex or concave designs . . . Actually cleans up to 30% more tooth surface per stroke.

Pepsodent



STRAIGHT LINE DESIGN

*Every
Pepsodent Brush*

**has the Straight Line Design
most dentists recommend**

Bruce walked to the kitchen door and looked toward the back door. I could sense his interest in the girl even before I saw her. He straightened and looked across the room and smiled.

"Hello," he said.

"I did a dumb thing," the voice explained. "I rammed my car into a snowdrift and I'm stuck. And I've got to be in a radio program in Center City in an hour. Do you suppose somebody can help me?"

"I'll help if I can," Bruce said.

And then she came into the room. She wasn't terribly pretty or impressive in herself. She wasn't even especially young. But she had a shine—a blazing spirit which revealed itself in her eyes and in the movements of her body.

"I'm Ann Carlson," she explained to both of us.

Bruce introduced me to her.

"I'll dig up Hi, and go out and take a look at your car," Bruce told her.

"Thank you," Ann said simply, but she put real gratitude into those two words. And I saw Bruce return her glance and I knew with a wife's instinct that he liked her immediately.

When Bruce went out, Ann joined me in front of the fire. But we weren't melancholy or moody now. Ann's presence brightened the whole room. I sensed it immediately and was glad for her.

"What a marvelous place," she said enthusiastically. "I wish I were staying here."

"I wish you were, too," I said sincerely. With a girl like Ann with us, Bruce and I couldn't be sad. She was too real—too warm—too alive.

She looked around the room and stared at the books.

"What nice people live here," she said. "You can tell about people from the books they like, don't you think?"

It was when we started to talk about books that Ann and I discovered our preferences which were so much alike. And from books we went on to plays, to magazines, to music.

"It's amazing," I said. "Never before in my life have I met a person who agreed with me about everything."

And every minute, as we discovered

more and more points of contact, my liking for her went up.

"What do you do in a radio station?" I asked her.

"I don't work there all the time," she explained. "I'm a stenographer in an insurance company, and our office has worked up a chorus, and I play the piano a little so I accompany them. And at ten-thirty tonight we're going to broadcast a program from KWMT."

"You do a lot of things, I know," I told her admiringly.

"Not so many—and nothing very well," she answered. "But I do have lots of friends and we have fun."

"I know it," I repeated, smiling at her.

"I like people," Ann admitted.

"And they like you," I told her.

When Bruce came in, he was frowning and displeased.

"You rammed into a real bank out here," he said. "Hi and I've been trying to get you out, but we can't. We'll have to call a garage."

"I wonder how long it will take somebody to get here?" Ann asked, worriedly.

"I'll call and find out," Bruce excused himself.

"I like your husband," Ann said. "I think he's grand."

"He is grand," I told her, and once again the melancholy sadness filled my body.

"I can't get anyone out here until morning," Bruce told us when he came back.

Ann frowned. "That's a mess," she said. "I've got to make that broadcast."

"I'll take you into town," Bruce told her. "And then, I'll wait until after the broadcast and bring you back out."

It was like Ann not to refuse.

Instead she said, "Why, you nice person."

Just before they left, Ann turned to me and said, "You're going with us, of course."

I looked at Bruce but he said nothing. And I knew in that minute that he didn't want me to go—that he wanted to enjoy this warm, friendly girl without me and our mutual sadness along.

"No," I said, "I won't go. But I'll

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—AND McKESSON MAKES IT



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THIS NEW DRY WAY TAKES ONLY 10 MINUTES

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FOR SHINING LASHES . . . Impart dewy sheen to lashes, lids and eye-brows with rich oily-base cream Kurlene—50c, \$1.00.

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see you when you come back."

I looked after them as they left the room. The girl, happy and gay and exciting. Bruce—tall and straight and responsive.

Strangely, I couldn't resent her. She was too straightforward, too right. She was everything I admired in a woman.

Mrs. Jenkins came in on her way upstairs.

"My, that's a nice girl," she said.

"Isn't she marvelous?" I answered.

"It's no wonder you like her," Mrs. Jenkins told me. "You're almost exactly alike."

"Alike?"

"Hi and I both noticed it," she affirmed. "You even look alike."

"We do like the same books and people—we have the same ideas about things," I said thoughtfully. "But Ann's so vital—so alive—and I'm not that way at all."

"You were when you first came here," Mrs. Jenkins told me. "Something happened to you—maybe the baby you lost. Hi and I were talking about it tonight. Are you ill or—" she interrupted herself. "Oh, it's none of my business," she said, as she walked out of the room.

Her words impressed me strangely. I thought about them for a long time in front of the fire. Ann and I were alike, and I knew that Bruce found her interesting, even exciting. That fact gave me hope for our marriage. If he could be so interested in a girl just like me, perhaps he would see me again. We might be able to rediscover our love.

I went to bed that night, not crying because Bruce was with another woman, but happy and warm because he was with Ann, Ann who was so much like me. Surely, he would see that—would know that's why he liked to be with her.

I went to sleep, happier than I had been for days.

I didn't hear Bruce come in, and when I awakened the next morning he had dressed and gone down stairs. When I went down for breakfast, Mrs. Jenkins told me that Bruce and Ann had gone out.

"We dug out some skis for them, and they've gone over to the hill."

I walked to the window and looked out.

Bruce and Ann were on top of Wishing Hill, and Ann was just ready to begin the decline. She wasn't poised

like a graceful bird. She was just a normal girl on top of a hill, a little afraid and a trifle awkward, but determined to ski, anyway.

"They've been floundering around out there for hours," Mrs. Jenkins said. "Neither one of them can ski at all."

I watched Ann start down the hill, watched her fumble and fall in the snow. And I saw Bruce swoop down to pick her up. He untangled her, brushing away the snow, and she looked up at him, laughing at her own awkwardness. I couldn't see their faces, but I could imagine the way Bruce's eyes were shining as he looked at her. I had seen him look with pleasure at the woman who was important to him. I remembered how he used to look at me. And I knew in my heart that Ann excited him.

They came in laughing and wet just as I was finishing breakfast.

"Oh, Mary," Ann said enthusiastically, "we've had the grandest morning."

"I knew you were having fun," I said.

"I'm awfully sorry that you don't like outdoor-sports." She smiled at me honestly.

"Why—I—," I began, and then I stopped. I knew that Bruce had discouraged her from asking me. And, now, I wasn't glad for Ann any more. I was afraid.

At noon the garage man came out for Ann's car, but Ann didn't leave.

"Stay over tonight," Bruce insisted. "You need a rest—you know you do. And it's swell having you here."

"Yes, stay," I urged, and I meant it. Somehow, I wanted her with us even if Bruce was falling in love with her. Not only because she was fun, but because I didn't want to be alone with Bruce. I meant to postpone our next conversation as long as I could.

"Maybe I will stay," Ann said. "I love doing things on the spur of the moment—crazy things like this."

"After supper tonight we'll have a party," Mrs. Jenkins promised. "We'll coax Tom and Betty into the living-room and roll up the rugs and dance."

So Ann stayed over and we had our party at night.

Tom switched on the radio and pulsing, South American music filled the room. And he took his wife in his arms and swayed gently to the peculiar melody. It was a joy to watch them. They were not theatrical—but

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graceful in their rhythmic joy in each other.

"I wish I could dance like that," Bruce said.

"Bruce is a good dancer," I told Ann.

"I know he is. I can tell from the way he walks," Ann agreed. "And I can teach him to do that dance."

"Not in front of all these people you can't," Bruce corrected.

"Let's go into the diningroom," she said, leading him into the next room.

I sat still, watching Tom and Betty, but I wasn't seeing them really. I was thinking of my husband with Ann in the next room. Their low voices, their quiet chuckles, and the soft shuffling of their feet reached me over the music. And I was hurt inside. My second honeymoon, our search for love, was going all wrong. Right now Bruce was encircling another woman in his arms—another woman who was gay and exciting and vital.

AND, then, they came back into the room, and I couldn't resent Ann—not when she stood before me as pleased as a small child offering me a Christmas gift.

"Your husband will be the rage of all the winter parties," she said. "Just watch him."

She moved into Bruce's arms and they swayed together in the warm, lamplit room. And Bruce looked young again—young and alive. His body matched hers in rhythmic grace, and their joy in each other was as apparent as Tom's and Betty's. It was a beautiful dance, but it hurt me terribly to watch them. Because I knew as I looked at them that Bruce wouldn't be taking me to the winter parties this year—he would be taking Ann. And, suddenly, I couldn't stand to sit there and watch them, any more.

"Please excuse me," I said. "I think I'll go upstairs."

Ann objected, but Bruce just looked at me thoughtfully. He kindly didn't question me. And as I left he said, "I'm sorry you don't feel well, Mary."

Inside of our room, that same large airy room Bruce and I had shared on our first trip to the lodge when we had known such delirious happiness, I gave in to hurt. And I faced the fact squarely that I was losing Bruce. Never before had he been so attracted to another woman. Never before had we gone our separate ways so completely. Never before had I looked at the future alone. Even when Bruce and I had discussed the matter of a separation, I hadn't really faced a divorce. I had known that we were in dangerous waters, but I had believed that we could find our way out again.

Now the fear that Bruce was lost to me forever was all around me. Memories pushed into my mind—memories of another girl, young and exciting and fun—another Bruce, not critical, and terribly in love. And I tried to think where along the way we could have lost our love—where and when we ceased to love each other. And I couldn't remember. I could only suffer with a hurt that began in my heart and filled my entire body.

If I leave Bruce, I'll never be free, anyway, I told myself. This pain is worse than grief—worse than any other feeling in the world. I remembered childbirth and I knew that even that excruciating pain could not compare with this. Because in childbirth there was the promise, the expectancy. In this, time held no promise at all.

It was very late when Bruce came

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upstairs. I lay still scarcely breathing, pretending to be asleep. He didn't turn on the light but crossed the room slowly and stood at the window gazing out at Wishing Hill which loomed white in the moonlight night. And I knew his thoughts weren't with me and our marriage but with Ann. When he turned and came toward our bed, he was thinking of that warm, friendly girl he had danced with downstairs—and I could sense the direction of his thoughts.

Sometimes, severe pain reveals truth. I realized from my heartache that I loved Bruce more than I ever could love anyone in my life. And I knew that I never could be happy away from him. But I also knew that I would not try to hold him against his will. Happiness could not lie in that direction, either.

BRUCE was dressing when I awakened in the morning.

I lay on my side looking at him.

"It was swell," he said.

"I'm glad," I said softly. But I didn't mean that. Women say so many things they don't mean. What I meant was, "Oh, Bruce, darling, I want to have fun, too—with you."

"Ann's a lot of fun," Bruce said. "She gets a kick out of everything in the world."

I remembered Mrs. Jenkins' words, "You and Ann are just alike." And I knew, too, that fundamentally Ann and I were cut from the same pattern. We were just normal American girls—not sirens, not flirts, but girls who liked pleasure. But Ann and I were different in one important way. She searched for pleasure. But somewhere along the way, I had lost my ability to laugh. And, this morning, I believed that that ability was lost to me forever.

But as I lay there, I thought of a plan. That's the way things happen sometimes. A plan grows out of hurt. I made up my mind that I couldn't rid myself of that ache inside of me—that it would be there always. But I made up my mind to enjoy other things in spite of that nagging ache. I could live with it, but it did not have to rule my every action. And I decided to take a tip from Ann's personality—to borrow her formula for gaiety—to be interested in everyone and everything.

"Two days ago Ann didn't know Bruce existed—yet she was happy," I told myself. "She was happy because she poured herself out to everyone she met—on every thing."

I dressed carefully and then I hurried downstairs. On the way down, I met Mrs. Jenkins and for the first time I looked at her and saw her as a real person. "What smells so good?" I asked. "Pancakes, I'll bet."

"I hope they'll be good. You haven't been eating much this week," she answered looking at me with a worried pucker between her brows.

"They'll be good if you made them," I told her and was rewarded with a smile that lit her whole face.

Tom and Betty were in the dining-room.

"Hi," I said. "Do you know that you're the handsomest couple in the northwoods?"

"It's blarney but we love it," Tom said, laughing.

And I laughed at them and joined Bruce at one side of the table.

"Hello," I said.

"Good morning, Mary," Bruce said vaguely. And I knew that he wasn't seeing me at all.

"Has Ann come down yet?" I asked.

"Ann's upstairs getting her things," Bruce answered. "Ann's going to be married next week," he said.

I wanted to reach out to him—to comfort him—but I couldn't. I knew that Bruce had built some dreams around Ann.

Just then Ann came into the room, smiling as she always did.

"Good morning, Mary," she said gaily. And then she came over to me and shook my hand and looked deep down into my eyes.

"I'm awfully glad that I know you, Mary," she said.

"I'm glad, too," I said sincerely.

"Goodbye, Bruce," she said. "I've had a wonderful time with you."

"Goodbye, Ann," he said softly. That's all. But his eyes said more, words which any woman might cherish.

And then in a few minutes Ann was gone, and Bruce and I were alone together.

"I liked her better than any woman I've ever known," I said.

"Did you?" he asked in surprise.

"We had so much in common," I told him. "We liked the same books, the same music, the same people." I looked into his eyes, and then I added softly, "We both liked you."

He looked at me and smiled.

"You and I like the same things, too, Bruce," I reminded him. "The same books—the same people. Ann."

"Ann," he said softly, and I know that he wasn't seeing me now but was remembering that vivid girl. "We both liked Ann." Then, he erased her image and looked at me—looked *into* me for the first time in a long, long time.

"Mary," he said softly, "you're sweet. Sometimes, I've forgotten—how sweet."

And my heart pounded with gladness because I realized that through the misty memory of Ann he was seeing me again.

"No wonder you seemed to close the door on love," he apologized. "I've been an uninteresting person to have around."

"I think you're more interesting than any other man in the world," I said quickly. And I meant it.

"Darling," he whispered. And then he kissed me very gently. It wasn't a dutiful kiss—but it was sweet and filled with promise and meaning.

And once again tears welled up in my eyes. But this time they weren't regretful tears.

Bruce kissed my tears away.

"We aren't going to cry any more, are we?" he said.

"No, Bruce," I whispered, "we aren't going to cry any more." And my heart beat a glad little flutter of gratefulness to the delightful "other woman" in Bruce's life who had pointed our way to happiness.



ANSWERS TO RADI-I-Q:

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Sky Full of Stars

(Continued from page 45)

wheel, Dad," Lance said as he tossed our bags into the car at the curb. "I'll ride in the rumble with the luggage, where I can look at you . . . and Jeri."

This was obviously Lance's car. A goony-bird swung mournfully from the rear view mirror, the spot light was slanted crazily upward, the horn blasted the silence of the little depot as Peter inadvertently touched the button as he climbed in. When he let in the clutch there was a blast from the exhaust and the car leaped away down the road like a terrified yellow cat.

"Hey major . . . suh," Lance was calling over the back of the seat, "how about swapping a couple of these war-torn bags for mine? Brand new luggage is so darned obvious."

Peter laughed, words clicked between them. They had the same clipped way of speaking, the same gray eyes, except that Lance's were not tired, the same dark hair except that Peter's was sprinkled thick with gray.

We were swooping up a long hill, between rows of ragged eucalyptus trees, through a wide gate in a careless fence of piled fieldstone. The house had once been white; a bougainvillea vine half covered it now, and it seemed a part of the sprawling comfortable hills, with great wide window eyes looking down into the valley we had left.

A grinning Mexican and his wife—as fat and happy as himself—came waddling to meet us.

"This is Magda and Ham." Lance was the one to introduce them.

Ham, hat in hand, brown face beam-

ing, told me about having been here since Lance was a niño. Magda made little clucking sounds and the motions which had rocked him in her arms long ago. But their main concern was Peter. They both looked at him as if he were someone returned from death.

"It is very good, Señor," Ham said, his eyes misted over. "We are very happy now again."

We went into the house, and its warm sprawling interior was like the outside—wide windows framing pictures of the valley and the steep rising hills behind—shabby pillows and books scattered everywhere, couches with old hollowed places where heads had rested, a lank old bird dog who got up from a mat by the hearth in the livingroom and came to meet us like a dignified old gentleman.

"This is Jeri." Lance was talking to the dog. "Jeri, this is Comet. He and I were pups together."

Peter was standing there looking at Lance. He patted the dog absently, while he said, "I wish you had finished school, son."

"Forget it, Dad," Lance brushed the whole thing off impatiently. "I want to go places, see things, do stuff. Someday I'll be old, and then I'll be dead."

His eyes were following the old dog as he creaked back to his mat on the hearth. "See what I mean—old!" Lance laughed, but Peter wasn't laughing.

His eyes swung from Lance to me and back again, and suddenly his face looked gaunt and gray and tired.

Days slid by like a 'dream. There would be only thirty of them before Peter had to leave for Washington to receive a medal and citation for his work in malaria control overseas; only fourteen of them before Lance had to go.

Twenty-five days for Peter; nine for Lance . . . Twenty-three days for Peter; seven for Lance . . . Twenty-one days for Peter; five for Lance, then.

And it was then, for the first time, I think—when I said to myself that Lance had only five days left with us—that my heart pinched suddenly on the thought, and I realized fully how carefully I had been counting the days as we cleaned out the old pool and swam in it, as we rode through the hills on Penny and Tally and the new Ginger, bought for me.

Hastily I told myself that it was just that I didn't want their time together—Lance's and Peter's—to pass so quickly. Their precious time together—they'd been separated so long . . .

Down in the canyon, shooting at a target with Peter and Lance, that day when there were only five days left, I saw old bullet holes left in the stump by Lance's first twenty-two rifle, when he was only a youngster. Yesterday he was nothing but a child. Tomorrow? Suddenly I heard again his voice saying *I want to go places, see things, do stuff. Someday I'll be old—see what I mean?*

That night, I couldn't sleep. Finally I got up, slid into slippers and robe and let myself out of the house. The

moon was high; Sugar Loaf Mountain was tipped with snow, but here the earth was warm and vibrant under my feet. A soft wind breathed through the branches of the old, twisted oak tree at the back of the house, stirring the swing that had been Lance's when he was a child, only a few rushing years ago.

If I had been here then, we would have swung there together . . . Peter pushing us high . . .

There it was then. Out in the open. The vague, half-formed thing that had touched the periphery of my mind's awareness, that had brushed foggy fingers across my heart. If I had been here then, I would have been a little girl, as Lance was a little boy. And Peter, even then, would have been a man—a man old enough to be my father. My mind clipped the thought, half-finished, rejected it savagely. What did it matter?

But it did. With Lance here, it did. With my awareness of him growing with every passing minute, it did matter.

A great fear grew in me, there in the moonlight. A fear too dreadful to put a name to. It couldn't be! It just couldn't happen! It was only that Lance and I were both young. It was only that Lance and I had grown up in the same generation, spoke the same language. That was all it was. It couldn't be, it couldn't be . . . that I was falling in love with Lance.

I don't know how long I stood like that, as if I were suddenly caught in some crazy witch's spell. It was hard to breathe, and a growing sense of panic was spreading through me. Suddenly I turned and stumbled up the path and into the house. I fled up the

stairs, as if terror itself, personified, were at my heels. I didn't stop running until I bumped into the closed door of the room I shared with Peter, and stood there flattened against it in the dark, shaking as if I were having a chill. And then, at last, the shaking quieted, and I crept into the room and into bed, to lie stiffly on my side of it, as if so much as to touch Peter—dear, wonderful Peter!—were to defile him.

The next morning, Peter and I were alone together in the livingroom. He had been cleaning a gun and I was trying to look at the paper which Lance had brought in from town the night before.

Suddenly, Peter laid the gun down and came across the room to take my hands in both of his.

"Thank you, Jeri," he said, gently. "Thank you so very much."

"For what?" My heart felt squeezed tight as if his hands were holding it, instead of my cold fingers.

"For everything," he said simply, burying his face in my lifted palms. "For being you."

For everything? For betrayal? That was what my thoughts, last night, had been. A strange urgency made me throw my arms about him, cling to him tightly, as if at any moment he might go away, for good.

This was the same urgency, my heart told me suddenly, that had pushed me into his arms that night in the little gravel courtyard at the Separation Center. The sweetness, the great kindness of him! And I, so lonely, yearning for a home, for love—I had married a man old enough to be my father. And now—now, my tortured mind repeated dully, I was, perhaps, falling in love with his son!

I hated myself then. Not because I loved Lance and did not love his father. I *did* love Peter. And the feeling I had for Lance was too new, too untried a thing to be labeled love. Yes, I loved Peter—but was it the right way? Was it the way a woman ought to love the man she has chosen to marry? How could I tell, never having known before the love that a woman feels for a man?

Well, I would have to find out. I would have to decide. One thing stood out above the unhappy confusion of my thoughts—I must go on, make things as pleasant as possible for Peter and Lance, until they were gone. Then I must decide. By then, I must know. And, if it were Lance I loved, I must go, too. I could find a job in some strange place, where I would never see them again. I would make myself forget that I had ever heard a tired man saying, "Jeri, I love you. I need you . . . Thank you for being you." I would forget the laughter, and the sweetness of it, that I had shared with a boy.

We went riding that afternoon, and I had dropped behind as the others raced around a bend in the road. Sudden thick weariness dragged at my body and I slid off Ginger and let her graze while I dropped to a flat rock in the shade.

But my solitude didn't last long. I heard the beat of hoofs and saw Lance cutting toward me across a field which lay in the bend of the road. Tally took the fence in a long, beautiful arc and kicked up a cloud of dust as he pulled up short beside me.

"Anything wrong?" Lance asked anxiously, as he slid to the ground.

I shook my head. "Just tired."

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"No matter where they live or what they wear all people understand mutual respect and willingness to help each other. For the love of

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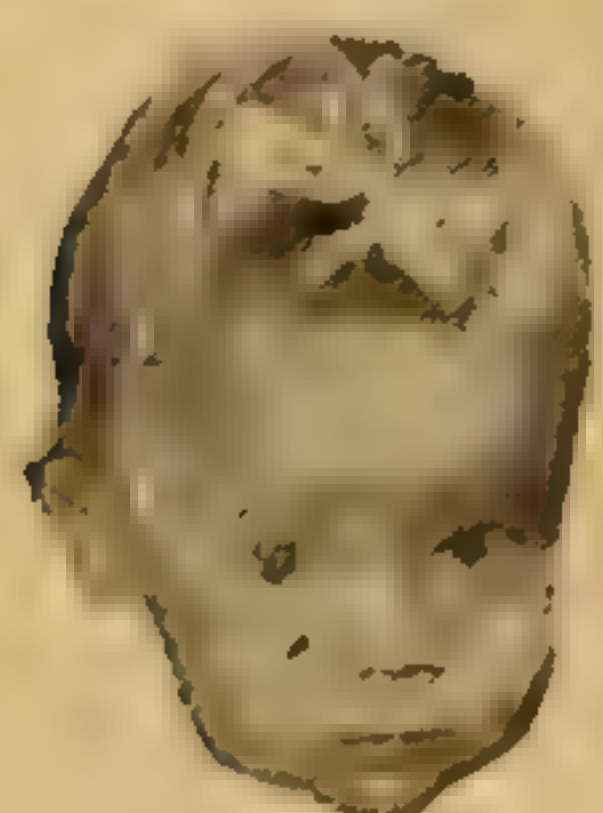


Claudette Colbert with George Brent
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He stood there looking down at me, long legs braced apart, Tally's reins hooked over his forearm, hands pushing into the pockets of his levis, lank shoulders leaning back against the sky. "Look, Jeri," he said, while his hands found and lighted the cigarette he'd been searching for, "I may not have another chance to see you alone before I shove off. And I want you to know . . ."

My heart jerked in my breast and I said quickly, "Then you're leaving sooner than you expected?"

"That's right. Tuesday morning. Special orders."

"That means overseas, of course. Then you won't be coming back here for a while."

"That's right." He blew a cloud of smoke toward the sky. "But it's O.K. now. I know things are right with Dad. That's what I came home for, really. I had to be sure."

"And you are sure?" I heard my own voice saying faintly.

LANCE snapped the cigarette to the dusty road and ground it under with his boot heel, "That's one of the two things I am dead sure about in this cock-eyed world."

"And what is the other one?" the moment the words were out of my mouth I knew that I shouldn't have asked that question.

Lance didn't answer. He didn't need to answer. The sudden anguish in his eyes rushed out to meet mine. I pulled a quick breath into my lungs and couldn't let it out. It stayed there, aching in my chest.

Lance was in love with me! This was the thing my mind had been refusing all these long terrible days, rushing up to it a thousand times, and stopping, as Tally refused a jump. Because I couldn't bear to have it happen. Not to Lance, when there was nothing we could do about it.

He was saying, "Forget it, Jeri. It has happened to a lot of better guys."

He meant . . . he thought it was only himself. He didn't know that I . . .

"The way I see it," he was saying in a taut voice, "the important thing is to make the whole deal come out right for Dad."

"Yes," I heard my own voice saying dully, "that's the important thing."

He turned abruptly and walked to the place where Ginger was grazing. I watched numbly while he picked up her dragging reins and brought her back to me . . . a tall lank kid in dusty levis and an old plaid shirt, moving swift and sure against the wide blue sky.

Lance loved me! Sudden tears stung my eyes, blurring the blue sky behind him, as I pulled myself wearily up on Ginger, and turned her head to the trail.

Peter sat his horse in the shade of an old gnarled tree, waiting for us. As we rode up he lifted a hand and smiled.

"See what I mean?" Lance was saying quietly beside me, "You've given him a new lease on life, something he can tie to and believe in. Just forget everything else that's happened, and take it from here, will you, Jeri? I'm not very good at putting stuff like this into words, but . . . well, just don't let him lose it again. He's a very great guy, and he's had a rough time."

We took Lance to the depot in the dusty yellow car with the goony-bird swinging disconsolately from the rear view mirror. Peter drove. Lance sat with a long arm thrown across my

shoulders and the back of the seat, his brown hand just touching Peter's shoulder.

The train had been called as we arrived. Lance had managed that when he phoned the depot at the last minute and said, "We've got plenty of time. Let's don't be in such a sweat. No use fooling around a depot waiting for a train."

He managed, too, to keep the conversation going until the last moment before he boarded the train. He was saying something about Peter's war-torn bags already having pegged him as a veteran in the eyes of the red-cap. Then suddenly he said, "Well, here goes nothing," the way he always grinned and said it before he dived from the high board into the old pool at Varney Acres.

Peter and I both put out our hands at the same time. Lance gripped Peter's with his right, and with his left pulled mine up flat against his chest, and held it there.

"Have fun, you two," he said, "And be happy, will you?"

With that he wheeled abruptly and swung up the train steps, disappearing within the dark vestibule without turning to look back. The moving train rolled past and left me standing there staring at a blur of freight sheds across the empty track.

"He's gone," I heard myself crying. "He's gone! And I didn't even tell him."

Peter loomed between me and a moving baggage truck that lumbered past. His eyes were suddenly searching my face, and his jaws had that gaunt sharpened look.

"He'll be back," he said evenly. "You can tell him then . . ."

I TURNED and walked blindly back to the car, stumbling down the platform steps, feeling Peter's quick arm catching me. I slid into the seat where Lance had sat with his long arm flung across my shoulders, his hand just touching Peter's.

The grind of the starter was a gay hideous jarring inside my body and the wheels that carried us back to Varney Acres seemed to be running heavily over my heart.

Into the sick confusion of it Peter's voice was saying, "I'm flying to Washington this afternoon, Jeri."

It was like a sudden slap, bringing me back from hysteria to sudden reality.

"But . . . I thought you weren't leaving until the first!"

"Change in plans," he told me, still with that tight look around his jaws. "I want to get this medal business over with as soon as possible. I always did hate polished brass and speeches. I think I may ask for re . . ."

He broke off. We were turning in the drive, winding up between the rows of ragged eucalyptus, through the open gate in the careless fence of gray field-stone. Lance had told me how he and his Dad had piled the stones . . .

"A fence to last a thousand years," he had laughed. "A stone for every Varney, past, present, and future . . ."

And now, in the car seat beside me, Peter was echoing his words. It had become a sort of crazy ritual with them to repeat it as they entered the gate, "A stone for every Varney . . . past, present, and future."

But now Peter didn't laugh. His face was grim, as it had been at the depot.

We went into the house. Peter went at once to our room to pack. I helped Magda with the lunch. When I told

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she's 31!

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MILK OF MAGNESIA CREAMS

her that Peter was leaving earlier than expected, she clacked her tongue sadly and said, "Oh, too bad!" Then her brown eyes danced and she said, "But he be coming back maybe mañana." She leaned close to me and said slyly, "Someday pretty soon now you having little one for Magda to rock, sí?"

I turned away from her, my heart beating, sick and slow, in my breast. A fence to last a thousand years. A stone for every Varney . . . past, present and future . . .

Peter was coming down the stairs, dumping his bags near the front door, coming quickly into the livingroom where Magda had set a small table by the hearth. The sun was warm and bright outside, but here, in the cool of the house, a little licking flame in the logs felt good.

Peter was coming toward me, gripping my hands in his own. He was saying, "Take care of things here, Jeri. Nothing must happen to this old place. It's . . . symbolic, shall we say, of all the Varney dreams. All I want is for things to be right, here, for Lance, and for his children. . . ."

Right for Lance! And only yesterday Lance had said, with almost the same inflection in his voice, *The way I see it, the important thing is for the whole deal to come out right for Dad.*

"He's a great kid, Jeri," Peter was saying. "I wouldn't want to gum things up for him . . . again."

I closed my eyes tight and heard Lance's voice saying, *He's a very great guy . . . and he's had a rough time.*

I turned to the table quickly, slid into my chair, fumbled with the coffee cups. The room seemed filled with both their voices, speaking the same thoughts, echoing against the walls of the old livingroom, coming back to me even in the crackling of the flames as I turned sick guilty eyes to the fire. If only they were not such wonderful people, both of them. If only they didn't mean so much to each other! If only it were not so impossible to hurt one without hurting the other . . .

Peter was saying, across the little table, "I made a bad mess of things, Jeri. Closed down my office, shipped Lance off to school, left him holding the bag when I left. But it's not going to happen again. When he comes back, things are going to be right again, for him. I'm going to see to that."

He was saying, "So don't worry about Lance. I've got everything under control, now. You picked up my life, Jeri,

**MAY RADIO MIRROR
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Friday, April 12th

Transportation difficulties are still a problem, and we find that it helps lighten the burden if RADIO MIRROR goes on the newsstands each month at a slightly later date. RADIO MIRROR for May will go on sale Friday, April 12th. Subscription copies are mailed on time, but they may reach you a little late, too. It's unavoidable—please be patient!

and dusted it off, and gave it back to me . . ."

At the airport he held me away from him, after he'd kissed me goodbye, gripping my shoulders, looking down into my face with a strange hunger in his gray eyes. Then he turned and strode away through the crowd. On the steps of the runway he paused and looked back and lifted his hand in a little salute to me. Just before he disappeared through the plane door I saw him put a long hand to his forehead and draw it suddenly down over his eyes.

The days passed and there was no word from Peter except what I read in the papers . . . his picture with a group of other officers. I read every word hungrily, clipped the picture . . . Peter shaking hands with the President. But why didn't he write to me?

I TOLD myself that he was busy, that I would find a letter in the mailbox tomorrow. Tomorrow and tomorrow. A postcard from Lance saying, "Well, here I am in Oahu. Nothing but grass skirts and hibiscus blossoms, and a forty-eight hour pass, fresh off the boat. Nice going, Varney. That's organization!"

Not one word from Peter. Nothing. Perhaps he had become ill immediately after the ceremony at the White House. Perhaps he was in a hospital somewhere. Perhaps there had been an accident. But logic brushed aside these foolish conjectures. If anything had happened to Peter I would have been notified. There was nothing wrong with the mail service, his letters could not have gone astray. He just . . . hadn't written to me, that was all!

But why? Why? After a while I couldn't sleep. I couldn't eat. I began to remember things Peter had said just before he left in such a hurry, nearly a week before his furlough ended. That day after Lance left on the train and I cried, "He's gone, and I didn't even tell him . . ." Peter had said, with that grim look, "Lance will be coming back. You can tell him then." It was right after that, wasn't it, that he decided so suddenly to fly to Washington instead of waiting . . . ?

I stopped in the middle of a sentence in the magazine I was trying to read, and heard Peter's deep voice saying, . . . *when Lance comes back, things are going to be right for him. . . . I'm going to see that they are.*

Did he mean . . . ?
I tramped the hills, remembering the sudden tension in his arm at the airport, his hands gripping my shoulders, the way he looked—as if he were never going to see me again. Did it mean that he had guessed . . . about Lance and me? Could it be that he was just walking out of our lives, thinking that this was the only way to make things right for Lance? For me?

Suddenly I was down in the canyon, walking, twisting my hands together, bumping into the old target stump, blinded by a hot flood of tears.

"Oh, Pete, darling! Peter! It's *you* I want!" I stood there by the old stump, listening to my own voice, astonished at what I was saying aloud, over and over in a crazy heartbroken cry.

It was true! All the long lonely days it had been Peter I longed for. I had laughed at the postcard from Lance and put it aside to search the dark farthest corners of the old mailbox again, thinking there might be a letter from Peter. The house had been a tomb without him, lonely rooms I walked through, longing for the sound of his voice, the



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touch of his hand. And I had told myself in bitter self-accusation that I had married him because I was hungry for a home!

I flattened my palms against the old target stump, pushing them tight, standing there in a shaft of late sunshine which slanted into the canyon, remembering the sound of his voice when he said, . . . *you picked up my life, Jeri, and dusted it off and gave it back to me . . .*

I turned and began to climb out of the canyon, stumbling over rocks and roots in my haste, saying savagely, over and over, "So you picked up his life, and dusted it off . . . and then you dropped it back in the dust again. You fool! You blind idiot!"

I didn't even go into the house. The phone was ringing, but I didn't even stop to answer it. Without even brushing the dust off my shoes, I caught up the extra car key from the hook in the garage where we always kept it. I was driving down the road toward the town, trying to think of words. What did one say in a telegram intended to pour your miserable aching heart right into the hand of the person you loved, who was three thousand miles away?

I PULLED up with a jerk outside the station, and stumbled into the telegraph office. My hands were shaking so I could hardly write on the impersonal blank on the desk: "Peter, I love you. I need you. Peter, please come home. . . ."

"Miz Varney?" a voice spoke at my elbow. I looked up through the haze of my thoughts and saw the old station master standing there squinting at me through his glasses.

"I just been tryin' to get your place. Couldn't raise no one on the phone. Had a telegram for you, but I guess you've heard it all by now. But don't you go losin' hope this early. They'll find him yet."

"Find him?" I said vaguely, my mind still upon the telegram I had been trying to compose for Peter.

"Yep, they may," the old man was saying. "I knowed of a plane once went down in them same hills, easy as a pigeon, and no one was killed but the pilot."

I was on my feet now, staring at him, "A plane? What are you trying to tell me?"

"You ain't heard?" he exclaimed. "It's been comin' in on the radio all afternoon . . . right here's the telegram from the Airways. I was just gonna find a boy to send it out to ye. Couldn't raise nobody on the phone. That plane the Doc was on, headin' fer home, went down somewhere near Strawberry Peak. They just got through callin' the airport for a bearing, on account of the storm was closin' in up there. That's the last they heard of 'em. But don't you worry now. They got search planes and ground patrols out scourin' the hills a'ready."

I was reading the impersonal black letters of the message from the Airways. I was crushing it into my clenched hand along with the message I had been trying to write to Peter, "I love you . . . I need you. Peter, please come home . . ." Oh, God! Bring him back safe. He's the only one I love. Tell him. God! Make him know . . . somehow.

All that night, and the two nights following, I tramped the livingroom floor, waiting by the radio until my toes curled under in my slippers. I answered the phone a thousand times,

I think, but it was always someone in the town, some friend or patient of Peter's, voices edged with anxiety and pain.

When I thought I could bear the waiting no longer, the news came through, over the radio first, then the telegram from the Airways. A rescue crew had broken through the drifts of the sudden storm, had found the missing plane, first spotted by a searcher in the air. Peter had somehow managed to build a shelter for the three survivors, using pieces of wreckage to shield them from the snow, his skill to keep them alive.

I was there waiting at the foot of Strawberry Peak when they brought them out. Perhaps Peter rode part way on a stretcher, but when I first saw him he was walking, stumbling toward me down the mountain path, his haggard eyes seeing no one else, his face as thin and white as a bleached bone in the firelight.

THE men threw more logs on the fire, surrounded Peter, then quietly faded into the shadows, leaving us alone.

"Oh, darling!" I was sobbing. "It's been so long. You didn't even write..."

"My letters never get farther than the nearest wastebasket," he said. "The Varneys seem to have an awful time putting things into words. Any news from Lance?"

"One postcard." I could laugh now, "Hawaii... grass skirts... forty-eight hour pass, fresh off the boat..."

"Running true to form," Peter shrugged, laughed and caught me close, pushing his face down into my hair. He was saying, "I got my release from the Army. I was a little uncertain about it when I left here. It took a little fancy talking, as I knew it would. They wanted me to stay in, but I told them I had to get back to work, that people in my old home town were clamoring for me to re-open my office... I hope!" he grinned wryly.

"You mean... that's the reason you barged off before your furlough ended?"

"That's right. I needed a little extra time in Washington..."

It was too good to be true. I said faintly, "Peter, you mean you didn't think... you never doubted... I mean, you didn't..."

He was tilting my chin up in a hand that hadn't been washed for three terrible days, a big, dirty, half-frozen, wonderful hand. He was crushing his mouth down over mine... And I had been foolish enough to think that maybe years could make a difference between two people who were so right for each other!

After a while Peter said, "What were you saying?"

"Nothing," I told him dreamily, "I... I've forgotten..."

I opened my eyes and saw the sky above the big wooly hump of his shoulder. The storm was over and a million million stars were blazing above the mountain peak, above the valley where Varney Acres would be waiting in the night for our return, where we would be going now, to live there forever, keeping it secure for Lance and his children on that far-off day when he would really fall in love and bring her home... keeping it for our children, too. Peter's and mine. "A fence to last a thousand years... a stone for every Varney, past, present, and future..."

Strange miracle—that in a world of hurrying people, vast and crowded as a sky full of stars, I had found Peter, the only special right one for me!

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Everyone Was Listening

(Continued from page 28)

writer, and began to copy the report. As her fingers went about their accustomed work and the typed words began to appear in their proper places, her mind gradually relaxed. She worked hard until noon, then closed up her desk and started up the hill.

By the time she reached the house, she had decided not to let the incident upset her. Mrs. Hunter met her at the door with a gracious smile, saying, "I do hope you won't think I'm an interfering old lady, dear. But I did so want to come this afternoon, and I was sure Mr. Bronger wouldn't mind, if I explained it to him."

Nancy smiled back at her and went upstairs to change her clothes. They spent a pleasant afternoon in Middletown, and when they got home that evening, Mrs. Hunter cooked an excellent dinner for the two of them. She was in good spirits—rather triumphantly good spirits, Nancy thought, but she followed the older woman's lead and refrained from any mention of that morning's telephone call. The next day she arrived at the office an hour ahead of time.

DURING the weeks that followed, Nancy worked hard. She put in a full day at her office and filled her evenings with outside work—the Red Cross, bond drives, first aid classes—anything to keep her busy. On weekends she went with Mrs. Hunter to the big kitchen and learned how to cook the delicious foods that were Mrs. Hunter's specialty. There was just one difficult afternoon during these weeks. That was when Mrs. Hunter casually mentioned that she thought of having the west wing of the house redone so that it would be fresh and new for Johnny and Nancy after Johnny came home.

"But, mother," Nancy protested, "we had planned to get a little place in town of our own—probably the same one we had before—until Johnny gets started at something he really wants to do. Then maybe we can move into a larger one. But we wouldn't dream of coming in here with you."

"Nonsense," said Mrs. Hunter. "This is a big house and there's plenty of room for all of us. And John needn't feel that he must start working immediately. I have enough money so that my only son won't have to take the first position that offers him a living wage."

Nancy sighed. "It isn't that, mother. But I know he'd feel better if he were on his own. He's not a little boy any more, you know, and he's anxious to make his own way in life. All his letters say that."

"I think I've known my son a few years longer than you have, my dear," Mrs. Hunter said a little testily, "and I'm sure he would have spoken about it to me if he had any intentions of living anywhere but here when he comes home."

"Well," Nancy kept on bravely, "we've often talked about it, and we both feel that young people should live by themselves—especially when they're just starting out. It isn't that we don't want to live with you, mother. It's just that we want to be fair to ourselves and our marriage."

Mrs. Hunter sniffed. "I think you've been reading too many books, young lady. Well, we'll see about this when John comes home."

"Yes," agreed Nancy, almost too quickly, "we'll wait and see what Johnny says."

Nancy didn't write to Johnny about his mother's ideas for their future. She knew well enough what *his* ideas were, and she didn't want him to worry about any differences of opinion between his wife and his mother. Her duty to him, she felt, was to keep his mind free and comfortable about the two women he had left behind him.

One of his letters in particular made her sure that she had best keep silent on the matter for the time being.

"... I can't describe some of the things I've been seeing and doing, dearest, and I won't be able to probably until I'm talking right to you again, until you're really there beside me. But in the meantime it makes me the nearest I can get to feeling happy, right now, just knowing that you, at least, are safe and well, and with someone who cares about you so that you don't have that awful alone feeling..."

It was this letter that Nancy wept over, and kept in her purse, and thought about at odd moments with an ache in her throat. If there were only something she could do for Johnny, something to ease his "awful alone feeling," but she could do nothing except to give him the assurance that everything at home was under control. He was having a hard enough time over there without having to hear tales of discord and unpleasantness at home.

But there was beginning to be discord, there was no doubt of it. Perhaps Nancy was working too hard. Perhaps Mrs. Hunter wasn't working hard enough. At any rate, no matter how Nancy tried, she couldn't seem to avoid those topics of conversation with her mother-in-law which inevitably led to differences of opinion or, at best, to guarded silence. They were different people, born of different generations, and brought up in different environments. Perhaps it wasn't so strange that life for the two of them wasn't all a pleasant idyll.

NOW of course I've never met Mrs. Hunter. I don't even think I could tell you what she looked like. But I've heard plenty about her from both Nancy and Alice, and I have a pretty good idea of what kind of woman she was. Maybe I'm being too imaginative or psychological, but this is how I've sized her up.

Mrs. Hunter was a lonely woman, whose sole reason for existence—that of looking after and caring for her family—was gone. Having Nancy come to live with her, she had thought, would help bring the silent house to life, would give her someone to talk to, would fill her empty hours.

But it wasn't working out that way. Nancy was away at the office all day, and most of her evenings were taken up with war work. Mrs. Hunter found herself wandering around the big house, day after day, all alone. Nancy's living there wasn't the companionship she had hoped it would be. And when Nancy *was* there, they always seemed to get into a conversational deadlock.

Mrs. Hunter was not an introspective woman. I doubt if she searched her mind for reasons why. She just knew that things weren't right somehow. Probably she could have found a great many things to do outside her home,

but she couldn't quite make the effort. The big house had been all of her life to her for too many years.

I am sure it never occurred to Mrs. Hunter that perhaps this was not the worthiest attitude in the world. Most of us are not by nature daring or courageous. Mrs. Hunter had never had to be. To her, it was natural that she felt more at ease in her own home than anywhere else in the world. But it *had* become a pretty lonely place.

THE time soon came when it seemed to her that Nancy was purposely staying away from the house. She spoke to her about it.

"But, mother," Nancy answered, "it's all work that has to be done."

"You don't have to be out *every* night, do you?" asked Mrs. Hunter. "It's not good for you to work so hard. And besides, I don't think it looks quite right."

Nancy frowned a little. "Doesn't look right to whom?"

"Why, to the neighbors—the people in this town who count. They know you're married to John, and they see you coming in at all hours of the night and gadding around all over with a lot of people. It doesn't look right."

"I can't imagine people thinking anything of the sort," said Nancy, trying to keep the hurt out of her voice. "They must know it's for the Red Cross and the Bond Drive. Everybody's helping these days."

"Not necessarily. And as for the people you work with, I don't even know who they are. That's how reputations are ruined."

Nancy's voice sounded choked to her own ears, but she spoke stubbornly. "If people are that mean, I don't think

I care what they say. But maybe you're right about not knowing the group I work with. I'd like to have you meet them. They're all young people, and you probably know a lot of their families." Then, with sudden eagerness, she went on. "Look, mother, how would it be if I were to ask some of them over for tea or something some time? You could meet them then, and I know you'd like them."

"How many are there?" asked Mrs. Hunter cautiously.

"Oh, about ten," replied Nancy. "I was thinking of the Bond Drive Committee. There are six girls and four boys on the Committee. Maybe they could come over next Sunday afternoon—late, after the four o'clock meeting. Would it be too much trouble, Mother? Maybe we could even have a kind of buffet supper. Some of that Chicken Tetrastini of yours would be wonderful, if you would..."

She was breathless now, and her eyes were shining. A party wasn't what Mrs. Hunter had in mind at all, but she couldn't resist the appeal in Nancy's face.

"All right," she said, "I guess we can manage it."

"Oh, that's marvelous, Mother," Nancy beamed. "I just know we'll have a wonderful time."

And in the days that followed, it began to look as though Nancy had been right. It had been so long since there had been any festivity in the big house that the two women bustled around all week, getting things ready. They had long conferences about furniture arrangements and menus, and Mrs. Hunter put up fresh curtains in the livingroom. It was a busy week for both of them.

But when Sunday came, it rained. That was the first thing. They had planned to open the big French windows that led to the side garden, and let the party drift in and out to the rose arbor. That was out of the question, now, and Nancy tried not to let that minor disappointment cloud her mind. The guests began to arrive about five o'clock, and Mrs. Hunter met them graciously at the door and showed them where to put their wraps.

Two of the girls were from families on the other side of town—the poorer section—and they gazed around them with awe. Nancy hastened to put them at ease.

"It's a nice old house, isn't it? Johnny says he used to slide down those front stairs in a dish-pan when his mother wasn't looking." She turned to smile at Mrs. Hunter, and there was a general laugh. They all went into the livingroom and settled into the comfortable chairs there. Mrs. Hunter served them an icy fruit punch in delicate cut-glass goblets, and the conversation drifted pleasantly about the room.

GRADUALLY, Nancy began to have an uncomfortable feeling that something was wrong. It wasn't anything special—she just sensed something in the air. She sat back quietly and concentrated on the people in the room. And then she realized what it was. Nobody was talking to Mrs. Hunter. In the careless way that young people sometimes have, they had greeted her politely and then forgotten all about her. They were talking animatedly among themselves, discussing their own affairs, and Mrs. Hunter had been sitting there for almost half an hour, completely

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silent. The bright smile that had illuminated her face at the beginning was now set, and had become a kind of grimace.

Hurriedly Nancy tried to make amends. She broke into conversations, brightly and pointedly including Mrs. Hunter. She would look to the older woman for confirmation of her remarks; she quoted her opinions and ideas. But it was too late and not done well enough. The guests stared at Nancy in surprise, and Mrs. Hunter looked unhappy.

From then on, things went from bad to worse. One of the boys set a brimming glass of punch on the beautifully polished mahogany piano. One of the girls burned a hole in the arm of her chair. Nancy saw the anguished look in Mrs. Hunter's eyes. The room became clouded with cigarette smoke. Suddenly, to Nancy, everything that would have seemed natural and normal for young people at a party seemed unnatural and vulgar. She kept seeing them through Mrs. Hunter's eyes, and they looked careless and graceless. They sounded noisy and rude. Nancy decided she didn't like any of them, even though they had worked together for weeks, companionably and efficiently.

Oh, she thought unhappily, I wish Bill Snyder would get here—maybe things would be different then. Bill Snyder was the acknowledged leader of their group. He was a charming, gay, attractive young man whose presence always made people feel happier and more amiable. He had told Nancy he had planned to attend a wedding that afternoon, but would try to get over later.

When Bill did arrive—in the middle of the buffet supper—Nancy wished she had never heard of him. It must have been a very gay and very alcoholic wedding, because Bill was undeniably under the influence of alcohol. He came in with a befuddled look, hiccupped in Mrs. Hunter's face as he was introduced to her, and lurched into the livingroom. Nancy saw Mrs. Hunter's expression change from astonishment to disgust, and wasn't surprised when she excused herself a few minutes later and went upstairs to her own room.

The party went on—more animatedly now that Mrs. Hunter had gone—but Nancy sat through it with a feeling of wooden despair. She felt she could never face her mother-in-law again. At long last it came time for every-

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one to go home, and Nancy saw them to the door with relief.

She went upstairs slowly. Mrs. Hunter's bedroom door was firmly closed. It had an air of finality about it, Nancy thought wearily. She turned off the lights and went to her own room. Undressing and getting into bed, she lay awake for a long time, with all the details of that awful party running crazily through her mind. Finally, she got out of bed, switched on the light, slipped into a dressing gown and sat down at her writing desk. Getting out pen and paper, she went to work. It took her almost an hour to write the letter. She completed it two or three times, tore up the result, and started again. The last time, she read it over when she had finished.

"Dear Mother," it read, "First, I want to apologize for this evening. It was awful, and I know how you must have felt. I am truly sorry. And now I feel that we will both be happier if I don't stay here any longer. I plan to go back to the apartment downtown. Please don't write to Johnny about it, though. I don't want to worry him. Everything will be all right when he gets back, but until then, I think I must be by myself for a while. Thank you for everything,—and I'm sorry. Love, Nancy."

SHE folded the letter up, addressed an envelope to Mrs. Hunter and carefully put the letter inside. Stealing softly downstairs, she left it on the mantelpiece. Coming back upstairs again, she packed all her clothes swiftly, set the alarm for half-past six and climbed into bed. She went to sleep almost immediately.

When the alarm rang the next morning, Nancy dressed quickly and left the house, long before Mrs. Hunter was awake. She carried her suitcase down the hill and went to the building where her old apartment was. Mary Carter, the girl to whom she had sub-let it, was in the kitchen getting breakfast, and over a cup of coffee Nancy explained the situation to her and asked if she could come back and share the apartment again. Mary was only too happy to have her come back. The rent was a little high for her all alone, and she welcomed a room-mate. She helped Nancy unpack her things and a little later they both left the apartment to go to work.

For the next few weeks, Nancy's life was a hard and busy one. She threw all her energies into her job and her outside volunteer work, in an effort not to think about Mrs. Hunter. She hadn't heard a word from her mother-in-law, and had seen her only once—at the Post Office. They had looked at each other, nodded, and by common consent had walked away hurriedly in different directions.

Nancy told me later that she had never before or since been in such a painful and at the same time ridiculous situation. But she didn't know what to do about it. She just went back to the office each day and worked harder than ever, wishing that something would happen.

Then one day, like an answer to a prayer, came a letter from her best and oldest friend, Alice Thomas. Alice had gone to Hollywood some years ago and now had a job with one of the big radio networks. She wrote that she had just had a raise and felt like celebrating, and how would Nancy like to come visit her for a few days?

Nancy put the letter down and thought hard. She hadn't had a vaca-

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tion for months, and the overtime she had been putting in at the office amounted to well over a week. Work was slow at the office this month, and she knew she could leave without any trouble. It would mean spending some of that hard-earned money in the bank, but suddenly Nancy knew that she wanted to get away from Stortford more than anything in the world. Quickly she made her decision and wrote Alice a note of glad acceptance.

That weekend, she was on the train for Hollywood, but not without certain misgivings. Just as she was leaving the apartment to catch the train, she had found a letter from Johnny in the mailbox. In the guarded way that soldiers have, he told her he might be getting home on a thirty day furlough before too long—sometime within the next three months, he thought. Nancy's mind whirled as she read the letter. Johnny coming home! That was unutterable happiness, even though it would be for only thirty days. Then she remembered his mother, and the happiness turned to dismay. What would Johnny think about that situation? All the way to Hollywood, the two thoughts chased each other in her mind... Johnny's coming home—and then—what about his mother?

Alice met her at the station and they took a taxi to Alice's little bungalow.

"IT'S not much," she told Nancy, "but it's cheap and I can fix it up any way I like, and there's a fireplace."

It wasn't much, Nancy could see that. Everything was tiny—tiny livingroom, miniature bedrooms; the kitchen was just a closet with a stove and sink and shelves for dishes, and the bathroom was old fashioned. But Alice had painted and papered and polished the place until it shone. And there was a cheerful fire in the fireplace, with a cat curled up in front of it. It looked like home, somehow, and she settled into a comfortable chair near the fire as Alice went out to fix some coffee.

"Well, tell me all the news," Alice demanded briskly, as she came out of the kitchen with the tray in her hand. "You don't look too perky, honey. Got troubles?"

That was all Nancy needed. She had kept everything inside her too long. Here at last was a sympathetic ear—and a warm heart, too, she knew. Without further preliminaries, she told Alice the whole story, not sparing herself in any detail.

"And now," she ended miserably, "I don't know what to do. Johnny's coming home and he'll find out all about it, and it'll hurt his feelings. After all, she's his mother, and he loves her. And, goodness, if two women can't get along together, what's a man supposed to do about it!"

Alice looked at her with a little smile. "The old old story, isn't it?" she commented. "But I think you're taking it much too seriously. Drink your coffee, darling, before it gets cold. And don't look so miserable. Things will straighten out—they always do. You've just been brooding about it so much, it's beginning to look like a mountain to you."

"Yes," said Nancy, "I know it. But I still don't know how to get over it—whether it's a mountain or a molehill."

"Very simply," Alice told her. "All you have to do is make friends with Mrs. Hunter again. She can't be entirely unreasonable, and it must be bothering her as much as it is you. And as far as living arrangement

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afterward are concerned, I think your Johnny is going to have to make the peace. Let him handle his mother. You can give him moral support—that should be enough.”

“It sounds easy, the way you put it,” Nancy smiled wryly. “I wish I could feel it was that easy.”

“Well, let’s forget about it while you’re here. Give your poor mind a rest. I’ve got some things planned for us to do. You can take in the sights and the shops while I’m working, and in the evenings we’ll visit various friends and see some shows, and maybe you’d even like to go to a radio broadcast. I can usually get tickets.”

“Oh, that would be wonderful,” glowed Nancy. “I’d love to see a radio broadcast—I’ve never been to one. When can we go?”

Alice chuckled. “Almost any time. Tomorrow, if you like. As a matter of fact, if you’d like to see the G. E. Houseparty show tomorrow, I can go with you. It’s on about the time I take my lunch hour. I’ll get some tickets today.”

And that’s how I first met Nancy. She was sitting with Alice about half-way back in the studio, right on the aisle, and when we came out before the show started, to select our contestants, I saw them right away. Alice always wears those high white hats, and she stands out in any crowd—even in Hollywood. I smiled and waved at her, and she gave me a quick wave and gestured smilingly at Nancy, who was gazing around her with awe and excitement. I guess a radio studio is an exciting place when you see it for the first time. The engineers behind the glass windows of the control room are busy adjusting their thousands of wires and switches, the sponsor’s box fills up with expensive looking people, there is a general bustle around the microphone. And over it all looms the clock—the avenging angel of the radio business—with its red second hand sweeping its inexorable path around and around. Nancy was taking it all in. I could see that she was asking Alice dozens of whispered questions—wanting to know what this was for and what that was for, asking

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2. Fill in completely. Print name and address clearly.
3. Enclose with your picture (a snap shot will do) and a Models' Special make-up or lipstick box-top (or facsimile) and mail to Models' Special Cosmetics, 165 W. Wacker Drive, Chicago 1, Ill.
4. Judges are Harry Conover, famous New York model maker; Bradshaw Crandall, noted illustrator; V. Huntington Howland, Editor of Cover Girl Magazine; and Mary Bailey, Beauty Editor of Fawcett Publications. Decision of judges final. Entries will be judged and prizes awarded for photographic qualities in the entrant which in the opinion of the expert judges offer best possibilities for success as a model. Duplicate prizes in case of ties. No photographs returned.
5. All persons in United States, its territories and possessions, may enter—except employees of Models' Special Cosmetics, its Advertising Agency and their respective families. Contest subject to all Federal and State regulations.
6. Contest closes May 31, 1946. Entries must be postmarked before midnight of that date.
7. Winners will be notified by registered mail. A complete list of winners will be published.

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if that lady in the gold turban was a screen star, and who was that important looking man with the stop watch in his hand.

We wanted a number of young wives of servicemen still overseas for the show that day, and when I announced that fact, I noticed Alice nudging Nancy. I could see Nancy shaking her head in confusion and saying no. She was so pretty and looked so charming and shining-eyed, that I wandered over that way and went through the usual process of asking her name and address and whether or not she had a husband overseas. She said she had, so I invited her to appear on the program that day. She didn't want to at first, but Alice kept urging her, so she finally came up on the stage.

Nancy was easily the hit of the show that day, and for rather an odd reason. We had been asking the young wives what their husbands' favorite dishes were, and when it came Nancy's turn, she reeled off a fabulous dish—one that made my mouth water, and I heard a kind of sigh come up from the audience as they listened to her describe it.

"WHERE in the world did you ever learn to make that?" I asked.

"My mother-in-law taught me," she said shyly, "she's a wonderful cook."

"She must be," I said from the other side of the microphone. "What other dishes has she taught you to make?"

Nancy had lost all her self consciousness now, and she reeled off quite a list of succulent foods—some of them new and exotic and others simple and old fashioned. I wanted to keep her talking, because this was good stuff for our program and its audience, so I went on asking her questions. She kept quoting her mother-in-law as the source of all her knowledge and information. The studio audience got a big kick out of it.

Finally I said, "Well, you're certainly one young wife who disproves all those mother-in-law stories. You two seem to get along famously. I'd say your husband is a lucky young man to have two ladies like you around the house."

I noticed a shadow cross her face, and she gulped a little. Then she raised her head proudly and spoke right into the microphone. "I think my mother-in-law is a lovely woman," she said, "and I'm the one who is lucky to have married a man with a mother like her."

That got a big hand from the audience, and Nancy went over to sit down with the other contestants. The show went along and finally finished, and after it was over, I walked with Nancy over to where Alice was sitting. Alice threw her arms around Nancy with what seemed to me at the time rather over-done enthusiasm.

"That did it, honey, that did it," she bubbled in that excited way of hers when she's happy about something, "I bet everybody in Stortford was listening in today, and if they weren't, somebody will soon tell them about it."

Nancy paled and sat down quickly. "Oh my goodness, Alice, I didn't think of that. Oh, what have I done?"

Alice stared at her. "You didn't think of that? I thought you did it on purpose. You mean to say you really said all those things about Mrs. Hunter because you meant them?"

"Why, of course," said Nancy.

"Baby," Alice told her, "you've got nothing to worry about from now on. The whole town is going to love you for this, and Mrs. Hunter will love

you twice as much. You wait and see!"

I broke in then, and asked them what it was all about. I even told them I'd take them to lunch if they'd tell me. But at first Alice insisted on having Nancy meet some of the radio people around the studio. I went along with them while Nancy shyly but with mounting enthusiasm and pinker cheeks shook hands with a lot of people and acknowledged their congratulations for her performance on the show. She turned the tables on our announcer, though, by telling him that she thought he had one of the nicest voices on the air. He's been bragging about it to me ever since!

FINALLY I got them out of the studio and over to the Brown Derby where I heard the whole story. Nancy was feeling so happy and optimistic by that time that she didn't mind my hearing about her troubles. They seemed like strictly ex-troubles now. And the whole thing made me feel pretty good, too. I felt as though the G.E. House-party and I were Santa Claus in disguise. It's nice to know that you've done somebody some good, even if you didn't know you were doing it at the time.

And then suddenly Nancy's eyes got serious and she said, "But what if it doesn't work out that way? What if Mrs. Hunter gets mad because I talked about her so much? Maybe she'll think I was being sarcastic or something."

Alice laughed. "Don't you worry darling. Everything's going to be all right. And all you have to do is be your own sweet self. You'll get along O.K."

Nancy went home at the end of the week, and I heard the rest of the

story from Alice. She knew I felt a kind of proprietary interest in Nancy's affairs from then on, so every time she got a letter from her, she'd call me up and tell me what was happening.

The day after Nancy got home, Mrs. Hunter phoned her and asked her to come to dinner that night. Nancy climbed the hill with a wildly beating heart, but she needn't have worried about her reception. Mrs. Hunter opened her front door and her arms, too. Both of them had a good cry right then and there. Mrs. Hunter had heard the show, all right, and so had one of the reporters for the Stortford Press. A write-up about Nancy's appearance on the program had appeared in the paper the day after the broadcast, complete with both Nancy's and Mrs. Hunter's pictures. Everybody in town knew about it.

All of Mrs. Hunter's old friends, and some people she'd never known, telephoned her to congratulate her on her daughter-in-law's broadcast. She had been bathed all week in reflected glory. But the strangest thing, she told Nancy as they ate their dinner, was that the sales manager at Jarrold's, the town's biggest department store, had called her up and asked her if she'd be willing to accept a position with them as home economics expert. She laughed a little self-consciously as she told Nancy about it. The offer was flattering, she said, but of course she couldn't accept it.

"But why not, mother?" cried Nancy. "I should think it might be fun. And there certainly wouldn't be anything wrong about being associated with a company like Jarrold's. Why don't you try it for a while? If you don't like it, you can always leave."

"Do you really think it would be all right?" asked Mrs. Hunter, a little wistfully.

"Of course, I do," Nancy answered firmly. "I think you owe it to yourself to try something new and interesting. Besides, think of all the people you could help. I bet there isn't anyone in this town who knows as much about food as you do."

So Mrs. Hunter went down to see the sales manager at Jarrold's the next day, and soon she was hard at work, and enjoying every minute of it. Her employers treated her with great respect, and so many people came to ask her advice about various problems that it was no trouble for her to adjust to her new surroundings. It wasn't long before she was so involved in her new life that she began to neglect her old life—the house on the hill and all the beautiful things in it.

One day she had lunch with Nancy to ask her advice. "Do you think it would be too awful of me," she began, "if I were to sell the big house and take a small apartment downtown here?"

NANCY gasped and her eyes opened wide. "Say that again, Mother?"

Mrs. Hunter chuckled. "I know it must sound pretty unusual. But I'm so busy these days that I just don't have time to keep the house up. And I find that I like my work too well to spend less time on it. So I thought it would be sensible just to move right downtown and get a little apartment by myself. But I was worried about Johnny. You know, I always planned to make a home for you two in my house on the hill. Do you think he would be very disappointed about it?"



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Nancy drew a deep breath. "I think he'd understand," she said carefully. "We could tell him just how things worked out, and I'm sure he'd be glad to see you so happy."

So that's what finally happened. They had a little trouble finding the proper apartment for Mrs. Hunter but finally, on the strength of her willingness to sell her big house, she was able to reach an agreement with the owner of one of the apartment houses downtown. She saved out only enough furniture to furnish the new apartment, and she and Nancy had a fine time fixing the place up.

Both women were a little sorry to see the big house go—Mrs. Hunter, because she had put so much of her heart and soul into it, and Nancy, because it seemed to be so closely tied up with Johnny, the little-boy Johnny and the grown-up one who had taken her there to dinner to meet his mother for the first time.

But at the same time, Nancy was very happy about giving up the big house. It was like a part of the past that didn't fit into the fresh, new plans that everyone was making.

Mrs. Hunter's brisk new plans were going to take her right out of the "Mother-in-law" class, and make of her, instead of Johnny's mother, a wonderful, stimulating new friend for Johnny and Nancy.

The last I heard about Nancy was when Alice called me the other day. She had just had another letter, she said. Nancy had written that Johnny was finally coming home—for good, this time. And she had been spending all evening making out an extra-special menu for his home-coming dinner.

IN the letter she had said, "And guess who's going to be guest of honor? Not hostess, mind you, but guest of honor?—Mrs. Hunter, of course. She won't be able to stay with us all evening, though, because they're taking the inventory down at Jarrold's this week, and she wants to be there when they go over the kitchen equipment. Isn't life just wonderful, Alice?"



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Particularly brilliant doings on the CBS Thursday night show that stars Andre Kostelanetz, when his glamorous coloratura wife, Lily Pons, makes a guest-star appearance.

April Fool Date With Judy

(Continued from page 25)

a resulting two-day holiday, there stretched out before Judy only a few little chores before she could spend the day getting ready for her date.

And even with her hands in soapy dish water she could still dream of the glories to come. Under her vivid imagination the soap bubbles were transformed into the colored lights that danced from the chandeliers of the Taryton dance room. And then, again, they could be the visions of dazzling sequins and jewels that swam before Judy's eyes when she imagined the diningroom thronged with a smart, worldly crowd—a diningroom and dance floor, incidentally, that bore little resemblance to the actual reality that Judy saw when her mother took her to the Taryton for lunch on shopping trips.

It took a lot of imagination, too, to transform the whine of the vacuum cleaner into the music of the Jumpin' Jives, but she was equal to it and she waltzed all over the livingroom until Mother put a stop to it with a reminder that furniture was hard to replace these days.

"O.KAY. Okay," Judy sighed. Parents were a trial sometimes.

Upstairs, as she made her bed, she was alone to dream all she wished. Over and over again she could draw pictures in her mind of the glories of the evening ahead of her. And once in a while she could even take a peek at the simply super blue lace dress that hung so regally swirling in her closet.

Oh, wouldn't people turn around and stare when she sailed into the lobby of the Taryton in that dress! Which do you suppose would be best?—the demure expression, eyes cast down, little hand fragilely clinging to Bud's strong arm, so that people would murmur "It's the little Foster girl! Isn't she a picture?" and men would become gallant in her presence and remember their own youth and maybe some Broadway producer, looking for freshness and naivete, would see her and sign her to a contract—

Or should she be dramatically sophisticated?—like the beautiful, mysterious spy she had seen in the movie at the Strand last week? An immobile mask hiding the suffering and the disillusion inside her—Grand Dukes and sinister foreign agents whispering to her and following her with their eyes—no, that wouldn't do, darn it! Jeepers—you couldn't be dramatically sophisticated without a long cigarette holder and that would be kinda silly when people knew she didn't smoke—

Should she be vivacious? Should she be blasé and take all the attention for granted, as though she dined at the Taryton every night of her life—

It was hard to tell just when the first doubt began to creep into Judy's consciousness. Not a doubt, exactly, but a little tinge of wonder.

Bud Rogers—goodness gracious!—what was she going to talk to him about? Bud wasn't Oogie. He wasn't like any of the other boys she knew so well, who sipped cokes with her or teased her about Van Johnson; who treated her like one of the gang when she wore her bobby socks and blue jeans and a man's shirttail sticking out—and who were rather timidly respectful of her when she and the other girls put on

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their long skirts for special dances. No, Bud was a funny kind of boy. He was new in town but that wasn't the only reason she had had so little to do with him.

He had shown a marked preference for older girls and he usually addressed Judy as "brat" when they ran into each other at school. He scorned baseball. After school you were much more apt to catch a glimpse of him riding by in his father's car, and there were even rumors he had been seen at one of the roadhouses on the highway—and those places were strictly taboo for Judy and her friends.

Of course, he was very good-looking in a sort of arrogant way. And most of her wonderings about him she could dismiss in her mind because he was new in town and probably hadn't settled down to one group of friends as yet. His asking Judy out for a formal evening might be his way of saying he wanted to become one with the real high school gang who were his age.

NO, THERE was another and worse anxiety lurking in the background of Judy's thoughts. It was the memory of several weeks ago in mid-semester exams when she had found herself sitting next to him in Latin class.

It was hard to believe but Bud Rogers had actually whispered to her to let him see her examination answers! Judy remembered well how she had looked at him, shocked, shaking her head, and the petulant anger in his face as he understood her refusal.

Oh, Jeepers! He had been so mad after class!

"You wait, Judy Foster!" he had said, following her down the hall. "You think you're so much—you wait and see!"

But nothing had happened and time had gone by and then—suddenly—out of the blue he had asked her for this date. It must be that Bud had been sorry for trying to cheat and was taking this way of asking her pardon.

That logic made her feel a little better and her spirits rose again, especially after lunch when it became time to put the pale pink polish on her finger nails and to begin the long afternoon's pleasurable tasks of getting ready.

It's always a mystery to younger brothers how their sisters can consume so much time just brushing their hair and putting that black goo on their eyes and doing all the other thousand and one little primpings—and Randolph was no exception.

"Hey! Do you have an option on that bathroom?" He hammered on the locked door.

No answer but the gentle swish of bubble bath foam.

"There was a telephone call for you," he wheedled.

"Oh—you and your April Fool jokes. Pooh," his sister answered, muffled through the door.

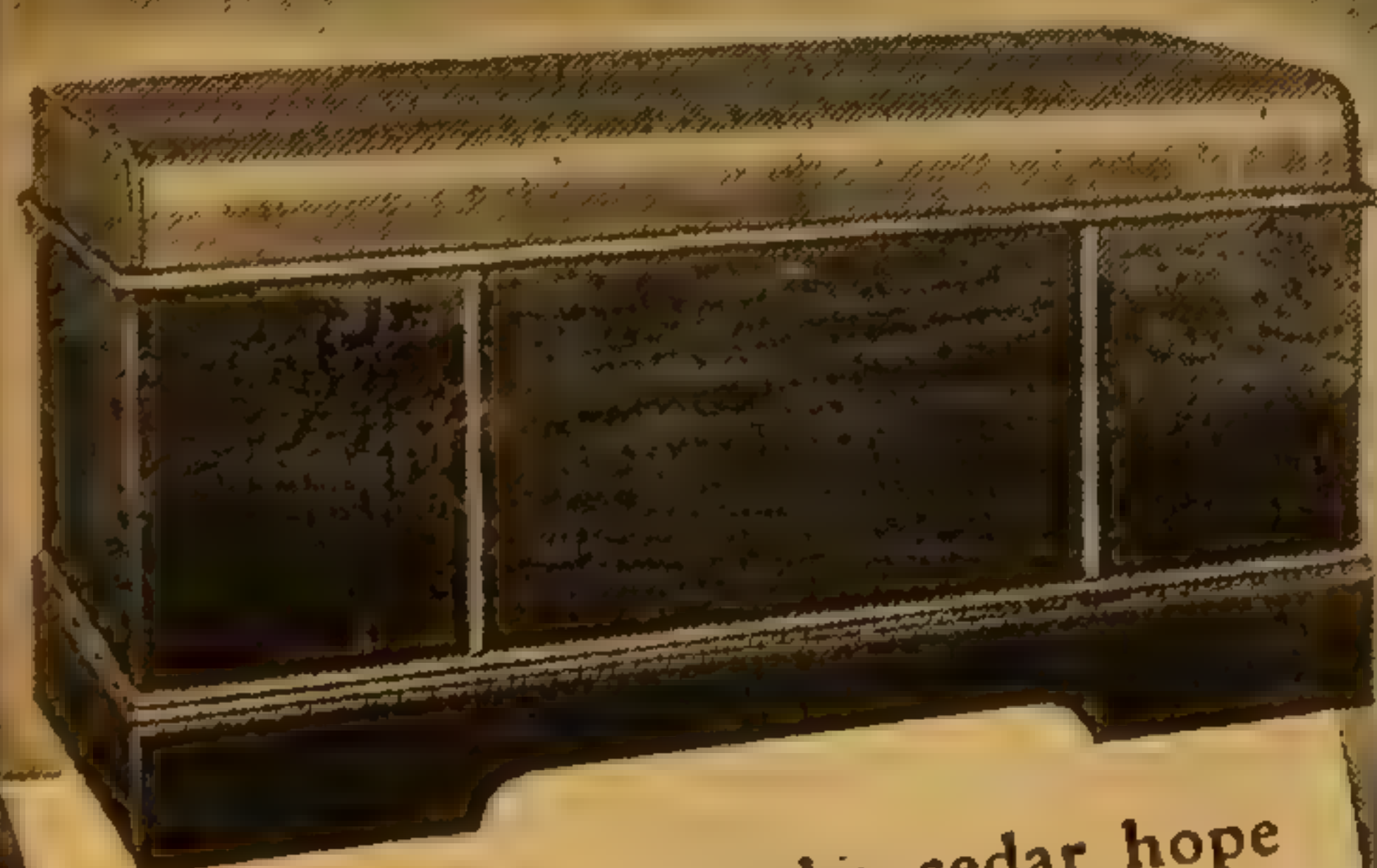
"It was that brilliant conversationalist, Tootsie Whiteman. She wanted to know what you were doing tonight."

It almost seemed as if Judy were holding her breath on the other side of the door. "What did you tell her, Randolph?"

Wearily, "I told her you were dining out with a playboy and not to call you before twelve tomorrow because there was no telling what time you would be coming home. I told her this new admirer of yours would probably hire a droshkey and a band of gypsies and serenade you under your window at dawn. By the way, what is a droshkey?"

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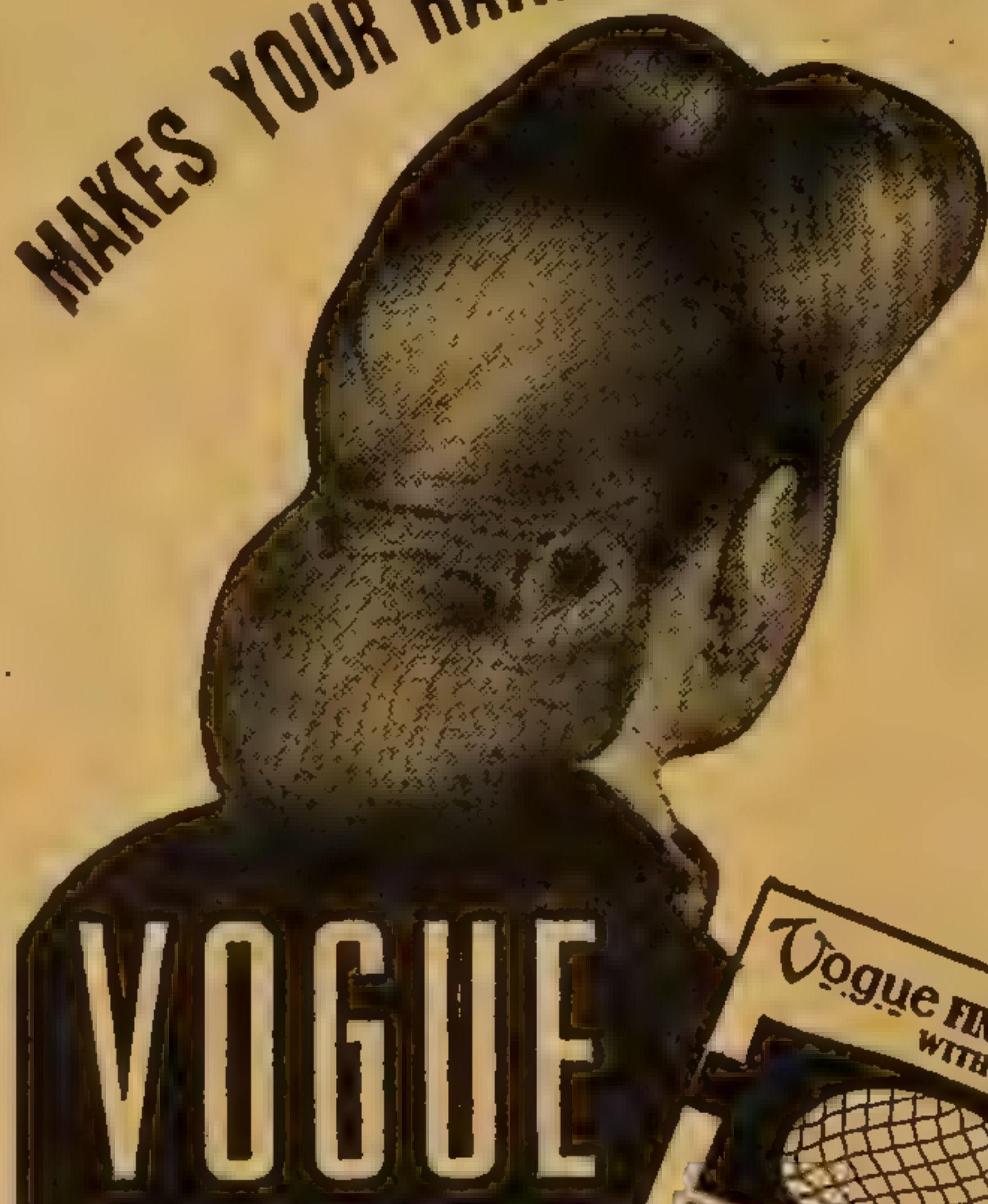


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of water. "You're the best brother! I'll be right out. You can have the bathroom any time you want—oh, I can just see Tootsie's face!"

"Okay. Oogie just came in from baseball practice. He's waiting downstairs for you."

For some reason this last news didn't make Judy happy. True, she wanted Oogie to see her in the new evening gown and she brushed her hair till it shone, lying around her shoulders like a cloud. But even the knowledge that she had never looked prettier couldn't dispel this nagging disquietude around her heart.

"Why—" she thought, holding the spreading folds of the gown in one hand as she went downstairs—"why, I feel almost—almost unfaithful to Oogie!" Where had the satisfaction gone from the scene that morning when she had renounced him for an older, more handsome man? Why did she feel so—so funny—about parading before Oogie in her lovely dress, preparing to go out with Bud Rogers? After all, she had had other dates before. So had Oogie. It wasn't as if they were engaged or anything.

But an evening like this did mark a new departure for Judy and she knew it, even if Oogie didn't. It was an adventure into an older world, into the unknown and the alluring and the frightening.

"Gee—oh, gee—" Oogie stood at the bottom of the staircase and his eyes were big and round—"I just want to stand here and look at you—hee yuuu, do you look snazzy!"

Such are the contradictory ways of woman, that all Judy wanted to do was to burst into tears at that moment. Faithful, devoted, uncritical Oogie! But that wasn't to say that his praise wasn't music to her ears, too.

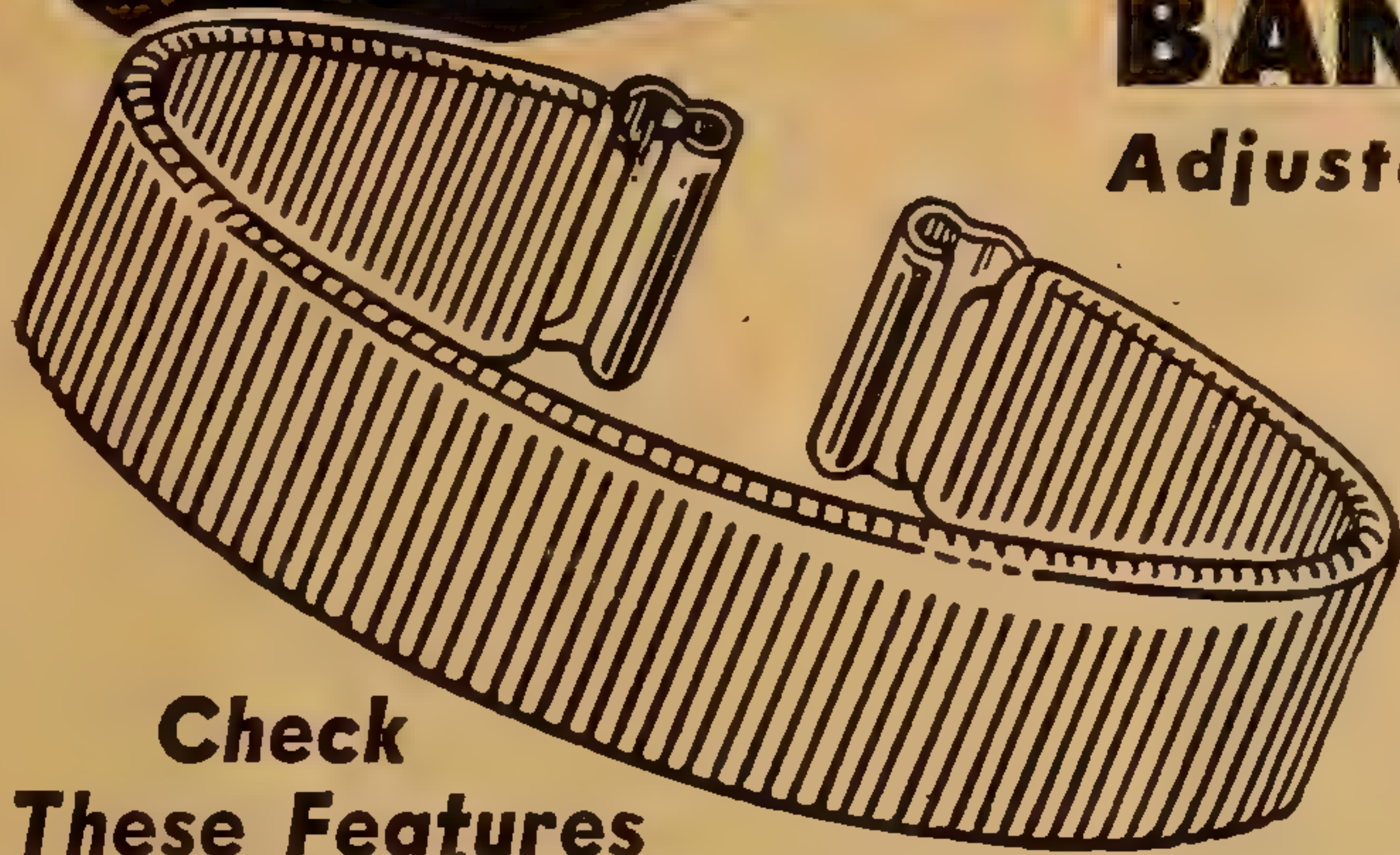
"You do look nice, Judy," her mother said, from the livingroom. "Come in where we can all see you."

"Dora!" Father sat bolt upright from the easy chair where he had just settled with the evening paper. "Are you going to let that child go out in public nearly naked?"



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"All of the girls are wearing those evening gowns, Melvin." Dora assured him. "You don't want your family to be behind the times, do you?"

"But what holds it up, Dora?"

"A little wire and a lot of determination," Randolph advised him.

"Mother—speak to your son!" Judy demanded, outraged.

"Hello, son."

"Hello, Mother—determination, imagination and inhalation," Randolph went on, unperturbed.

"That's enough, son," his father silenced him. "I guess it's all right if you say so, Dora, but I still can't see how—oh, well, it's time for us to be getting dressed ourselves for the banquet. We'll show these youngsters a thing or two. Mr. and Mrs. Foster, the best-dressed couple in town—but, please, Dora—not an evening gown like that one! I couldn't stand two."

AFTER they had left Judy settled herself to wait, grateful for Oogie's running, absorbed account of the baseball practice. For some reason her excitement over the evening ahead was becoming pure nervous tension. The phone would ring any minute now—or the doorbell—and Bud Rogers—The palms of her hands were wet and she had a funny, crazy desire to run upstairs and pull off the beautiful dress. In an old sweater and skirt, she could go with Oogie to the corner drug store and dance to the juke box—

Anxiously she watched the clock as its hands crept slowly towards six o'clock.

"... and then I snagged one out at first base and that ended the ole ball game." Oogie had run down at last and there was an awkward silence in the room while they both studied the rug under their feet as though they were trying to read it. "Gee, Judy—do you like that Bud Rogers? He's just a pain in the neck to me, with his high-and-mightiness. I'm sorry. I shouldn't say anything if he's your ideal, but—"

"It's not that he's my ideal, exactly, Oogie. But there comes a time in a girl's life when she must go out and meet life and—meet life. She must emerge from the chrysalis of her home—" But Judy couldn't go on.

It was silly, but right then she wanted nothing so much as to stay right in the shelter of that home, that chrysalis. Her picture of Bud Rogers had shifted again. Oogie didn't like him—her own father couldn't stand the older Mr. Rogers.

She stole a look at the clock again. Jeepers—it was getting late. It was five after six and Mother was already coming down the stairs dressed for the Club banquet. They would be leaving any moment now—leaving her there still waiting—and where was Bud?

"Well, I guess I'd better be running along," Oogie edged reluctantly as far as the hall.

"Oh—Oogie!" It was almost a wail from Judy. "Wouldn't you like a coke or a peanut-butter sandwich or something before you go?" It wasn't so lonely—waiting—with him there.

"Sure thing!" Oogie made like a shot for the kitchen.

Six-ten. Six-fifteen. This time Mother caught her looking at the clock, and Judy felt, with a kind of shock, that her parent was alertly worried, too. There wasn't anything to worry about!—was there? What was the matter with that clock—before it had been crawling—now the hands were positively racing! Surely six-fifteen wasn't too early for a dinner-dancing date. Or maybe Bud



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believed in being fashionably late. *Where was Bud?*

Judy felt as though the smile on her face were frozen stiff. She was as self-consciously aware of the silent sympathy from Mother, the detached curiosity of Randolph, and the embarrassment of Oogie—prowling around the room, leaving a trail of sandwich crumbs behind him—as she was conscious of the tiniest movement of those clock hands. *Where was Bud? It was six-thirty!*

Time rushed on. It looked to Judy as though the hands on the clock had gone mad, and were whirling around and around, past the night, past the next day, right into the middle of next week—where she began to wish she were!

And then the phone rang. "Hello?" she was breathless from her dash. "Oh!" sigh of relief, "it's you, Bud Rogers. No, of course, I haven't been waiting long—yes, I'm all ready—I'm all dressed to go—what? WHAT?"

He was laughing. What in the world was so funny? And, suddenly the memory of his face when she had refused to let him cheat in the Latin exam flung itself across her vision—

"April Fool! April Fool!" He was yelling it, and he was laughing—and Judy just stood there, stunned. It couldn't be true. It was a bad dream and it wasn't happening . . . couldn't have happened.

But it had. Her hands shook as she replaced the receiver.

Bud Rogers had never meant to take her out dining and dancing. It was all an April Fool joke to pay her back for that Latin exam—

"Oh!" she wailed, crumpling onto the sofa, her head on her mother's shoulder, "I'll be the laughing-stock of the whole town! That mean, mean Bud Rogers! I wish I were dead! I wish the earth would swallow me up this minute! I wish I could be a hermit like Crazy Pete in the old quarry. I never want to see a man again—I'm going to join the Foreign Legion!"

"That's a good place—especially if you never want to see a man again," Randolph advised. But Oogie gave him a quick look and her brother subsided.

"Never you mind, Judy." Oogie patted her shoulder awkwardly, handicapped slightly by the sandwich he still held. "I'll get hold of ole smarty Bud Rogers and he won't be saying a word to any-

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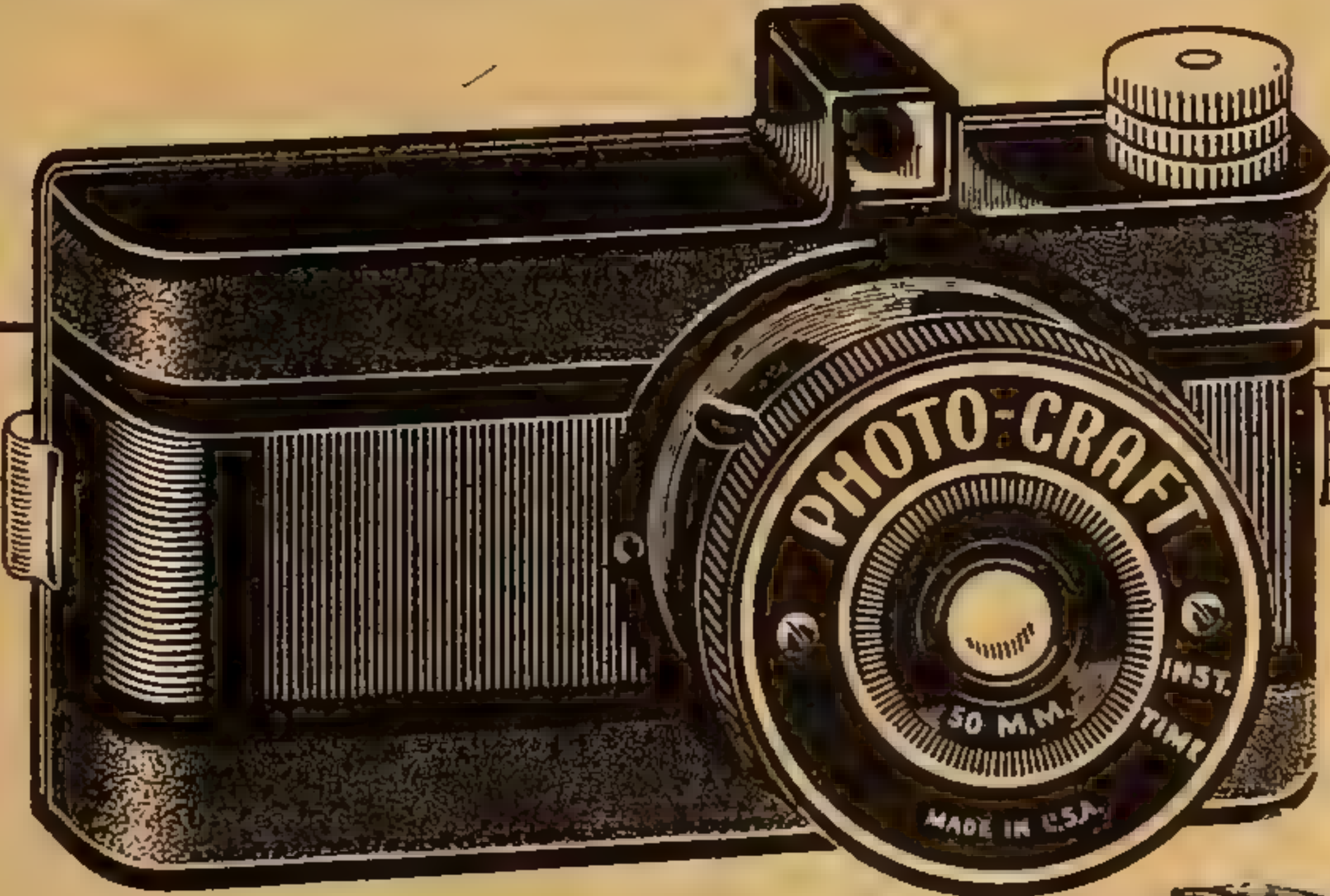
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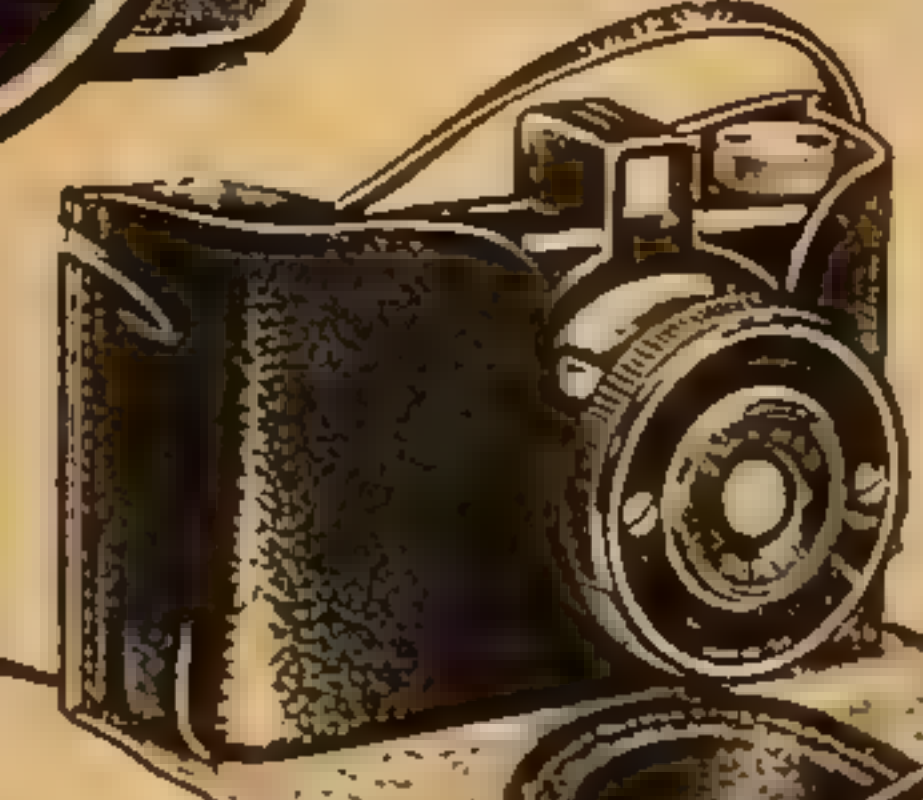
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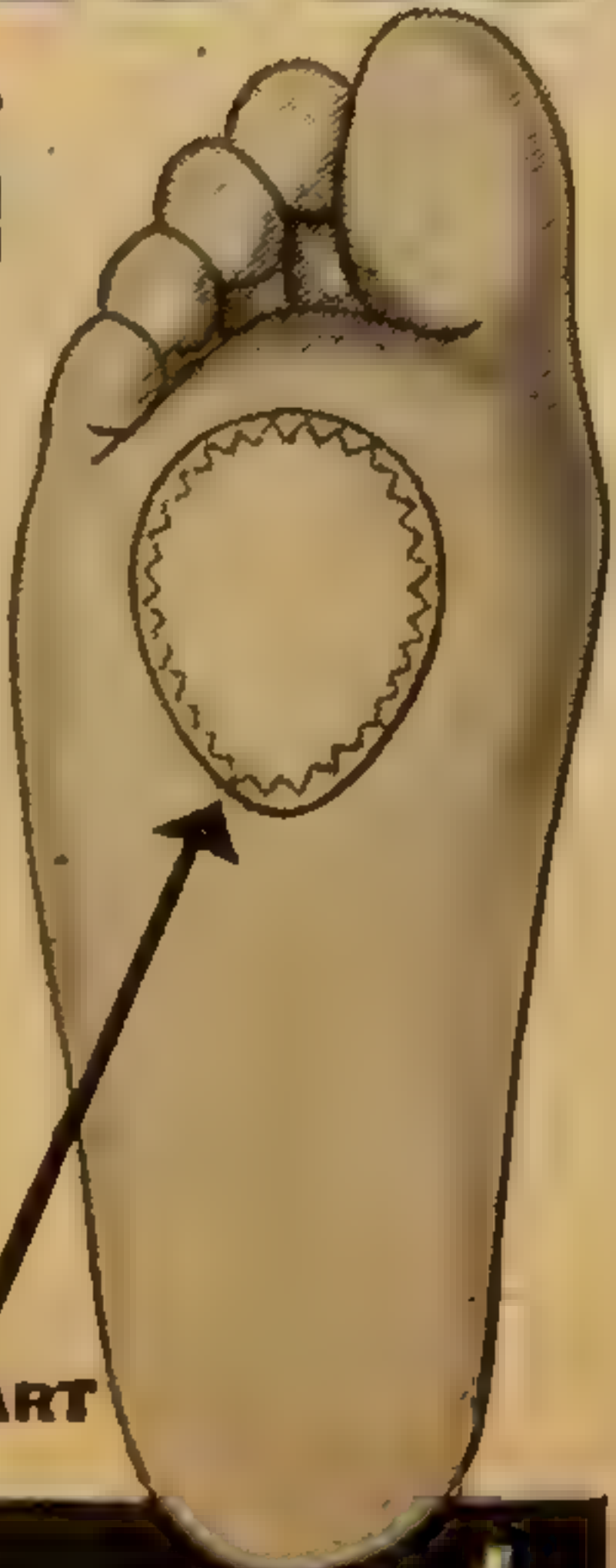
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one, when I get through with him." Even from the depths of her misery, through the tears that sparkled in her eyes, it seemed to Judy that Oogie had grown at least a foot in stature in the last few minutes. How could she have ever thought him a child! Why, he was twice the man Bud Rogers was. He was so nice, and understanding, and sweet and—

Oh, to think that she, Judy Foster, had been stood up!

Behind her the phone rang again.

"If it's for me—I've gone to China!" she declared, passionately. "I'll never answer a phone again as long as I live—"

But it was for Father.

And there was a very peculiar expression on his face when he came striding into the livingroom afterwards.

"Of all the crazy mix-ups! Dora, do you realize I have *another* table reserved at the Taryton Hotel in the Blue Room—of all places—practically underneath the bandstand? That crazy manager tells me my secretary insisted I would want to be able to hear Jan Judson and his Jumpin' Jives!"

"BUT, Melvin, we have our places reserved in the banquet room!"

"I know—that's what's driving me crazy. How could I—how could Miss Stevenson have reserved another table? The only reason I'm being informed about it at this late hour is because the manager doesn't feel he can move the table so close to the band and so far away from the others. He wants to know if I mind being just on the edge of the dance floor. If I mind!"

"Why, Melvin! It's ridiculous. Why did you get a table on the dance floor when we were going to the Club—"

Father roared. "I didn't get a table, woman! That is—the worst thing about it is the manager insists it was *that* table he called me about earlier this morning and I definitely told him to save it. I did. I know I did. But I thought he meant the banquet—I can't understand it. Miss Stevenson must be out of her mind. I'm stuck with this reservation now—I don't—Judy! Are you mixed up in this somehow!"

"She was only trying to smooth the path for herself and Bud as she stepped onto the threshold—" Randolph explained.

"Quiet, young man!" Father quelled him. "Judy, do you mean you reserved this table for yourself and that boy in my name?"

"I was just—"

"You were just being as scatter-brained as usual, you mean. Well, young lady—you're not so old and sophisticated that I can't turn you over my knee and—what? —what? —Dora, quit pulling at my sleeve!—I'm going to settle this once and for all—what?" —Father was a terribly harassed man as he turned from Mother's warning motions to Judy's white, weebegone face. "What's going on around here?"

"I deserve punishment, Father. I'm such a dope and Bud Rogers never did mean to take me on a date tonight. I was trying to help him and reserve the table for us—and it's all just an April Fool's joke!"

"You mean that young whipper-snapper was only playing an April Fool joke on you? If that doesn't sound just like Henry Rogers' son! His father probably put him up to it—when I see that old hypocrite tonight I'll tell him what I think of his family, trying to make a fool out of me and my daughter—!" All of Father's wrath had been

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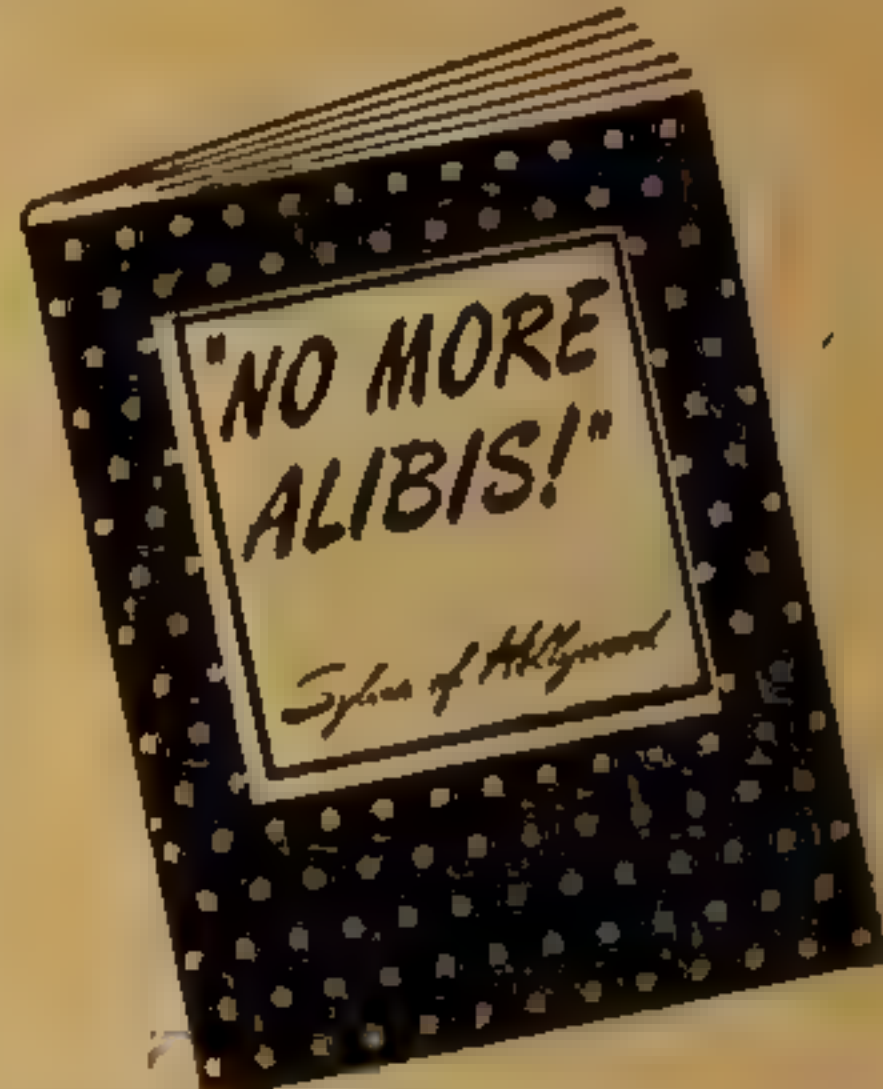
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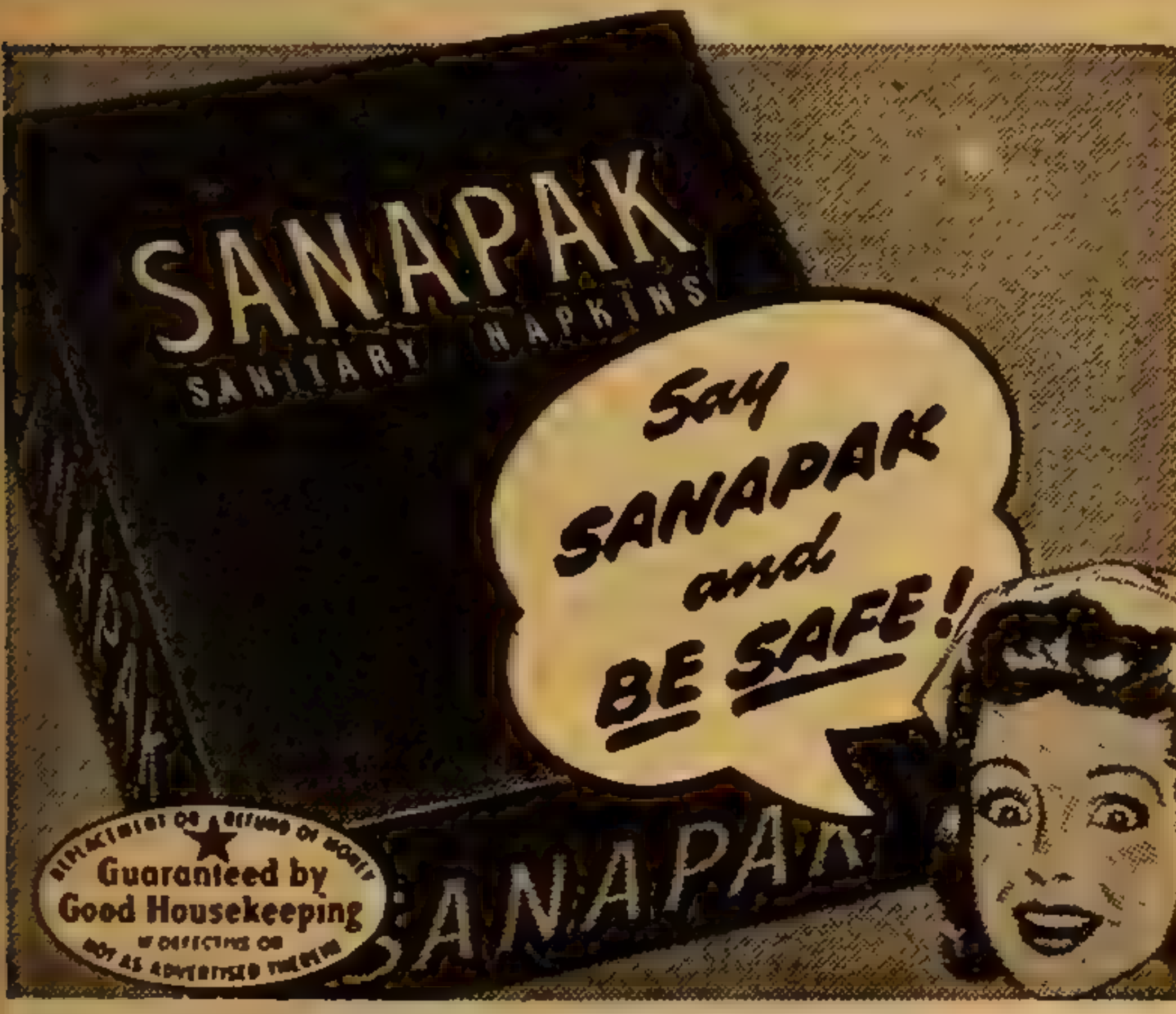




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diverted now to the unlucky Rogers, father and son.

"No one's going to play a trick like that on a Foster!"

The sight of Judy's face had shaken him. Hurt his Judy, the apple of his eye? Not if Father knew it! And just suppose the elder Rogers knew all about the April Fool trick and passed the word around to the Club members this evening! Were he and Dora to sit there and writhe under the Rogers' fatuous smirk?

"No, by George." Father was pacing up and down the room by this time. The whole family watched him, fascinated. Even Judy knew a wisp of buoyant hope. When Father got that determined look on his face—well, anything could happen!

"We'll show them!" He stopped and faced his family. "We'll show them. We'll go to the Blue Room in the Taryton Hotel ourselves—all of us—no, not you, Randolph. Oogie can escort Judy. We'll sail right by that banquet room with our noses in the air and old Henry Rogers can run home and tell his precious son that Judy did go dining and dancing tonight and no April Fool joke about it, either!"

"Oh, Father!"

"Oh, Melvin!"

"Gee, Mr. Foster!"

"Yes, that's just what we'll do. And don't think I'm not glad of the chance to show that Club what a bore I think old Rogers is as a speaker. I won't have to listen to his stale jokes and his slapping himself on the back—and, say, Dora—think we could learn to do this jitterbugging tonight?"

Oh, Jeepers! Didn't a girl have the nicest family there ever was? Judy's happiness was a sudden reprieve—a glorious, bounding, uncontrolled ecstasy. Wasn't life wonderful? She was really going dining and dancing, and in the Blue Room of the Taryton!

"You don't mind being seen with a couple of old fogies like your Mother and myself?" her father teased.

"Mind? Oh—I'd rather be chaperoned by you than go alone with a dope like Bud Rogers any time! You two are strictly my favorite people!"

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Everything Is Shared

(Continued from page 30)

first break. And success meant another fulfillment for me—we decided that now it was time for us to have our baby. We hoped and hoped for a son, and our luck held good. We named him Noel after Mel's grandfather, and he has been one of the greatest delights of our life together.

By 1943, my hard-working husband was doing a grand total of fourteen radio shows a week, and that meant hardly breath-catching time in between. Mel used to say that he met himself coming in and out of rehearsals.

As we always do when there's a problem, we talked it over; Mel was working too hard. We had too little time together. So we decided that Mel had better pare it down to five shows a week, and we'd have a little more time for living.

THE talking things over covers everything in our life together—our personal lives and business, too. We have no agent or business manager, and when a new proposition comes up, or when a change of some sort is suggested to Mel, it's the talk-it-over method that makes the decision. Mel never signs a contract unless I read it first, and he delights in telling our friends that I have an excellent business head. I don't know about that, but so far everything has worked out all right. I'll just keep my fingers crossed and go on helping as much as I can, because I love our share-and-share-alike way of life.

We've seen a lot of changes in our fourteen years together, Mel and I. There's the matter of money, for instance. People often ask, "Is there any money in work like Mel's—not being the star of your own show, I mean, but doing comedy parts on a lot of shows?" My answer is that there is, at least for Mel. It's a long, long way from that fifteen-dollars-a-week period in Portland. And so is our very pleasant, eight-room house in Playa del Rey, a suburb of Los Angeles, different from that first room in which we lived in Portland.

Our house is about one hundred feet above the ocean, so we get in lots of fishing and swimming. I started to fish because Mel loves it, although I privately had my doubts. He was so pleased with my cooperative spirit in the matter that he set about teaching me how to cast, and all of a sudden I found that I was a fishing enthusiast, too. Now we enjoy it more, and do more of it, than almost any other type of fun. Last fall we spent a month at Big Bear Lake in southern California, and most of our meals there consisted of the fish we'd caught ourselves. We liked it up there so much, in fact, that we bought ourselves a lake-front lot where we intend to build a mountain home this summer.

Mel's and my tastes are pretty similar. We like to swim; we like to fish; and most of all we like our quiet, simple home life. There's nothing in the sitting-and-drinking life of the night club that appeals to us, so we simply don't go to them. But we do love both the theater and the movies—and we're still young enough and in love enough so that it's a thrill to go dancing. We love to watch the jitterbug experts—although we feel it's out of our line and made a solemn pact never to try that particular form of exercise.

Our son, Nonie, wants to be "just like Daddy" when he grows up, but I have

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a private hunch that he'll be a doctor. When Nonie was three, Mel used to read him to sleep. But he didn't read fairy tales—he read, for some strange reason known only to himself, first aid books. Nonie is seven now, and very adept at amateur doctoring. When I have a headache he solemnly brings me a cold towel for it, then slips in with aspirin and a glass of water. When the recovery is complete, he is as satisfied as if he'd performed his own little private miracle.

We have a Scotch housekeeper, too—Mrs. Elizabeth Ross—who is like a third grandmother to Nonie. She's an excellent cook, but Mel and I both like to have our finger in that pie, too. Mel adores Mrs. Ross' roast beef and Yorkshire pudding, but hastily adds a "simply terrific" description of my fried chicken. He's embarrassingly dreamy too, about my macaroni and cheese, a dish I sometimes make of rice and mushrooms, and about my corn pudding.

But leave it to Mel—he always winds up with, "I'm not a bad cook, myself." And that's true. One of his specialties is baked ham. He uses lots of brown sugar, bastes it with ginger ale, and calls it, for some strange reason, "ham spliced and spiced."

Mel says, "I'm a one-woman man," but I say, in answer, "I'm a twelve-man woman." And I really do feel, sometimes, as if I had a round dozen of husbands because of all those air characters of Mel's. I have a male harem, and never a dull moment, and I love every second of my own brand of polyandry.

That's about all there is about us, except to say again and again that we're happy, and we're still in love. Those things could never be repeated too often. Our project for the future? To keep on living this life we love so much just as it is. Oh, yes—and we do have every intention of going to Niagara Falls some day for a bang-up second honeymoon!

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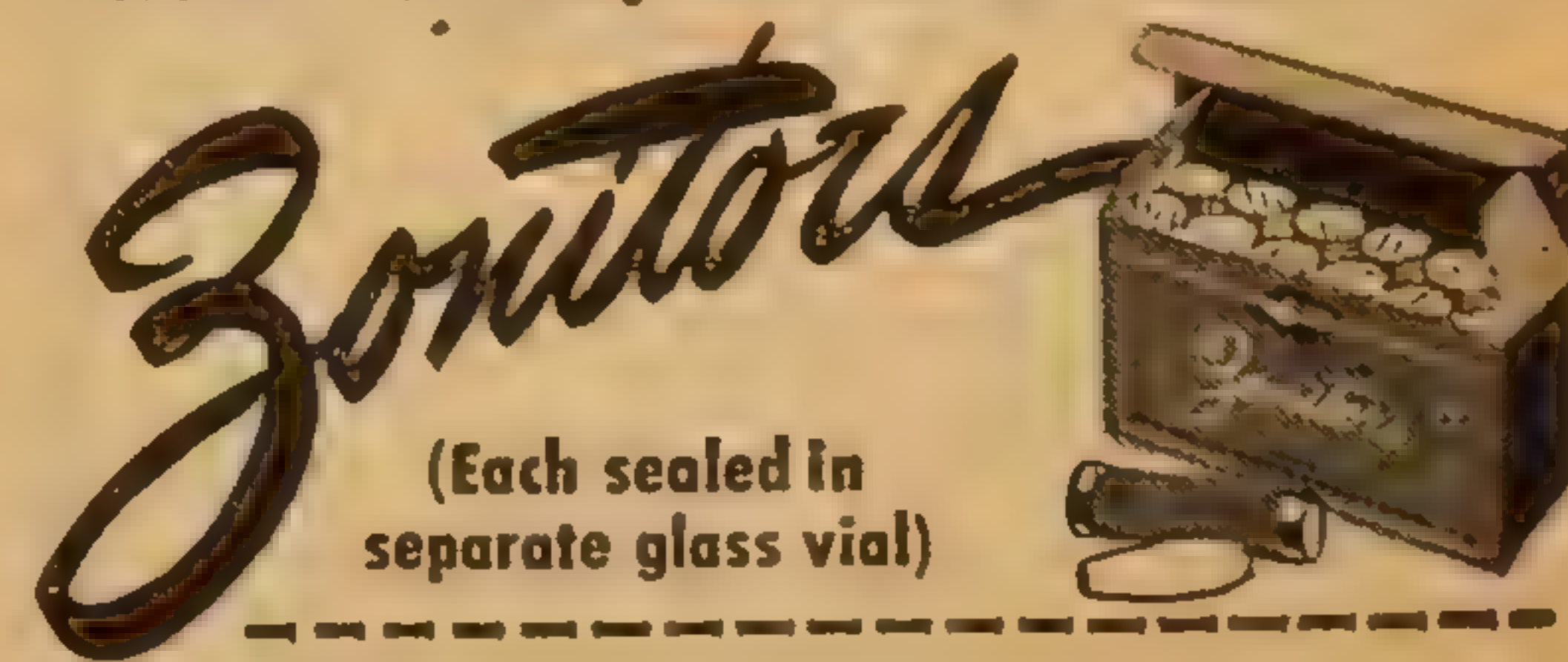
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What's New From Coast to Coast

(Continued from page 16)

ing from the air waves for a couple of years. He's been in the Army, serving in the Office of Strategic Services. He says his two years in the services taught him how it feels to be a spy as well as an enlisted man and the fact that before his discharge he was promoted to PFC proves that "You can advance in the Army."

Ex-private Tinney is blunt when it comes to describing his career, which covers such different fields as radio and movie actor, newspaper columnist and lecturer. He says he spent five years in high school in Tulsa—"but they wouldn't give me a diploma for endurance, so I quit," and one year at the University of Oklahoma.

He first came to New York in 1927 to take a fling at the big time—in whatever turned up. He wound up by addressing envelopes for two nights to earn \$10 for his room and board. He gave up and got himself a job editing a newspaper in Oolaga, Oklahoma, a paper devoted mostly to the interests of hog raisers. He left that job in 1932 to try New York again, this time with better luck because he sold several articles to *Life Magazine*—the old one, remember it?—which paid \$900.

Having proved that he could do it, Cal returned to Oklahoma again and got his start in radio in the same haphazard manner which characterizes everything he does. As he explains it, the cowboy band didn't get to the studio in time for the program sponsored by the local Chamber of Commerce so Cal went on—just talkin'—and decided that was an easy living.

His real radio career was launched in 1934, however, when Cal tackled New York again and landed a job as an extra on the Tim and Irene show. At about this same time, he started writing a column for the McNaught Syndicate and he began giving lectures, the first one at West Point. A Tinney



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Once he was started, Cal sailed along easily. He was established as a comedian and m.c. in a program called Cal 'n' Ada, and went on from there to Vanity Fair, If I Had the Chance and Stop Me If You've Heard This One, this last a program idea he thought up all by himself. By 1941 he was firmly entrenched in one of the most popular news programs, one strictly limited to his own ideas and interpretations; called Sizing Up the News—and then came the Army.

Cal was sent overseas and last April became ill in India. He was flown back to the United States, promoted, as we said before, to a PFC and demobilized. It's good to have him back on the air again and we, personally, are not inclined to agree with his own estimate of his show—that his talk will not do anybody a "lick of good". He claims to be the only talker on the air who admits that it's a waste of time to listen to him.

* * *

GOSSIP AND STUFF FROM ALL OVER... Talking about Paul Laval, we hear that Walt Disney is interested in Laval's composition, "Bullfrog and the Robin"... Dinah Shore's got her husband, George Montgomery back from the wars... Now that all the figures are in, it turns out that Ralph Edwards was responsible for the sale of more E Bonds than any other single man in the entertainment industry—over 500 million dollars worth... David Harum, NBC serial, has begun its 11th year on the air... Stuart Churchill—remember his Ave Maria?—is back with Fred Waring after a long stint in the Army... Jack Owens, Breakfast Club cruising crooner, is working on several shorts for Universal... Sammy Kaye and his outfit are due to go to London sometime this coming fall... Robert Montgomery has been offered a high executive post at CBS. No news as to yes or no, to date... Raymond Gram Swing has a new book coming out this spring. Title, "In the Name of Sanity"... Alan Young is now in Hollywood, working before the cameras at Twentieth Century-Fox... That's all, now. Happy listening.



Fanny Brice adds finishing touches to her costume—and her audience—on CBS's Sunday night Baby Snooks Show.

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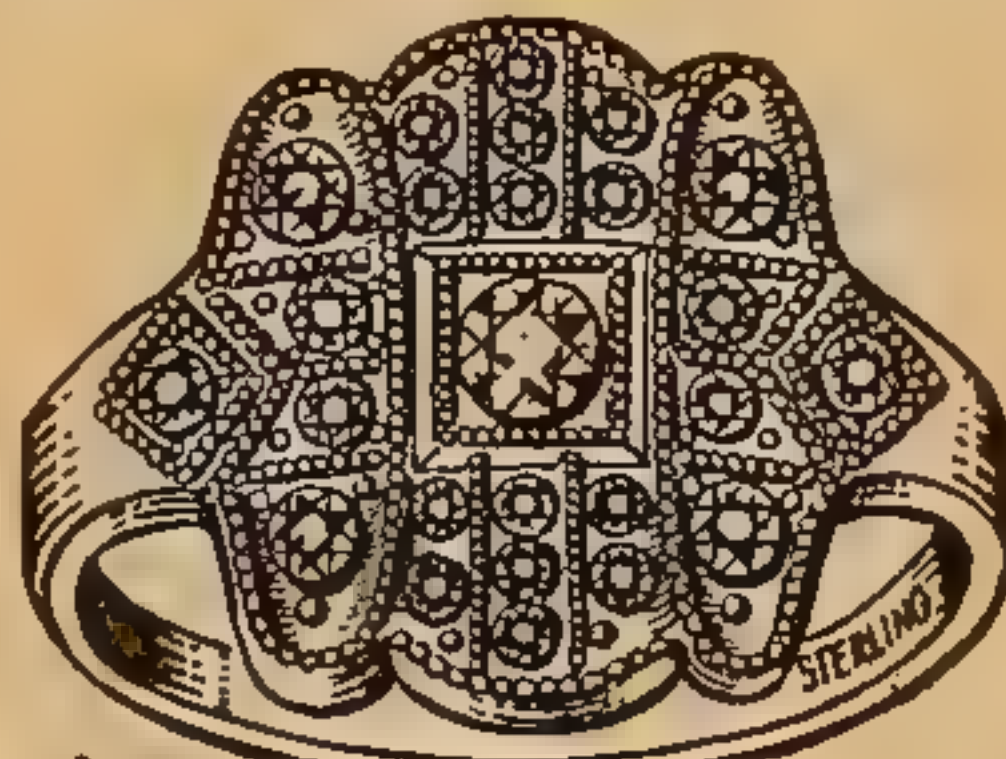
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GOTHIC JARPROOF WATCH CORP. NEW YORK

Sweet and Simple

(Continued from page 50)

Place pudding powder in saucepan. Add milk gradually, stirring constantly. Cook and stir over medium heat until mixture comes to a boil and is thickened.

Chocolate Cream Puffs

Use same ingredients and method as for éclair mixture. Shape on ungreased baking sheet, using pastry bag or two teaspoons to make rounds for puffs. Bake in hot oven (450° F.) 20 minutes; then reduce heat to moderate (350° F.) and bake 25 minutes longer. With sharp knife make slit in one side; insert chocolate filling. Makes 12 puffs.

Butterscotch Pudding Cookies

- 1 1/4 cups sifted flour
- 1 teaspoon double-acting baking powder
- Dash of salt
- 1/2 cup shortening
- 1 package prepared butterscotch pudding
- 1 egg, unbeaten
- 1/2 teaspoon vanilla extract

Sift flour once. Measure, add baking powder and salt and sift again. Cream shortening. Add pudding powder gradually, mixing thoroughly. Add egg and beat until mixture is light and fluffy. Add vanilla. Add flour and mix well. Place dough on waxed paper and shape in roll about 1 inch in diameter. Wrap in waxed paper and chill over night or until firm enough to slice. Cut in 1/8 inch slices. Bake on greased baking sheet in hot oven (40° F.) 8 to 10 minutes. Makes about 4 dozen cookies.

Chocolate Charlotte

- 1 package prepared chocolate pudding
- 1/4 to 1/2 tsp. almond extract
- 1 or 2 egg whites, stiffly beaten
- 6 lady fingers or 24 strips of plain or sponge cake

Prepare pudding as directed on package. Chill, stirring frequently. Add almond extract. Fold in beaten egg whites. Split lady fingers and cut in half. For each serving place 4 pieces of lady finger or cake in sherbet glass and fill with pudding. Makes 6 servings.

Banana Pudding

- 1 package butterscotch or vanilla pudding
- 1 egg white
- 1 large or 2 small ripe bananas, diced

Prepare pudding as directed on package. Beat egg white until just stiff enough to hold up in moist peaks. Fold hot pudding mixture gradually into egg white. Fold in banana. Cool, stirring occasionally. Turn into sherbet glasses. Chill. Garnish with banana slices and maraschino cherries if desired. Serve plain or with cream. Makes 5 or 6 servings. To use for cake filling, reduce the quantity of milk to 1 1/2 cups.

Layered Vanilla Pudding

- 1 package prepared vanilla pudding
 - Strawberry or Raspberry preserves
- Prepare vanilla pudding as directed on package. Chill. Turn into parfait glasses, filling them about 1/2 full. Hold glass at angle, cover with about 1 tablespoon preserves, then fill glass with remaining pudding. Garnish with preserves, if desired. Serves 4 to 6.

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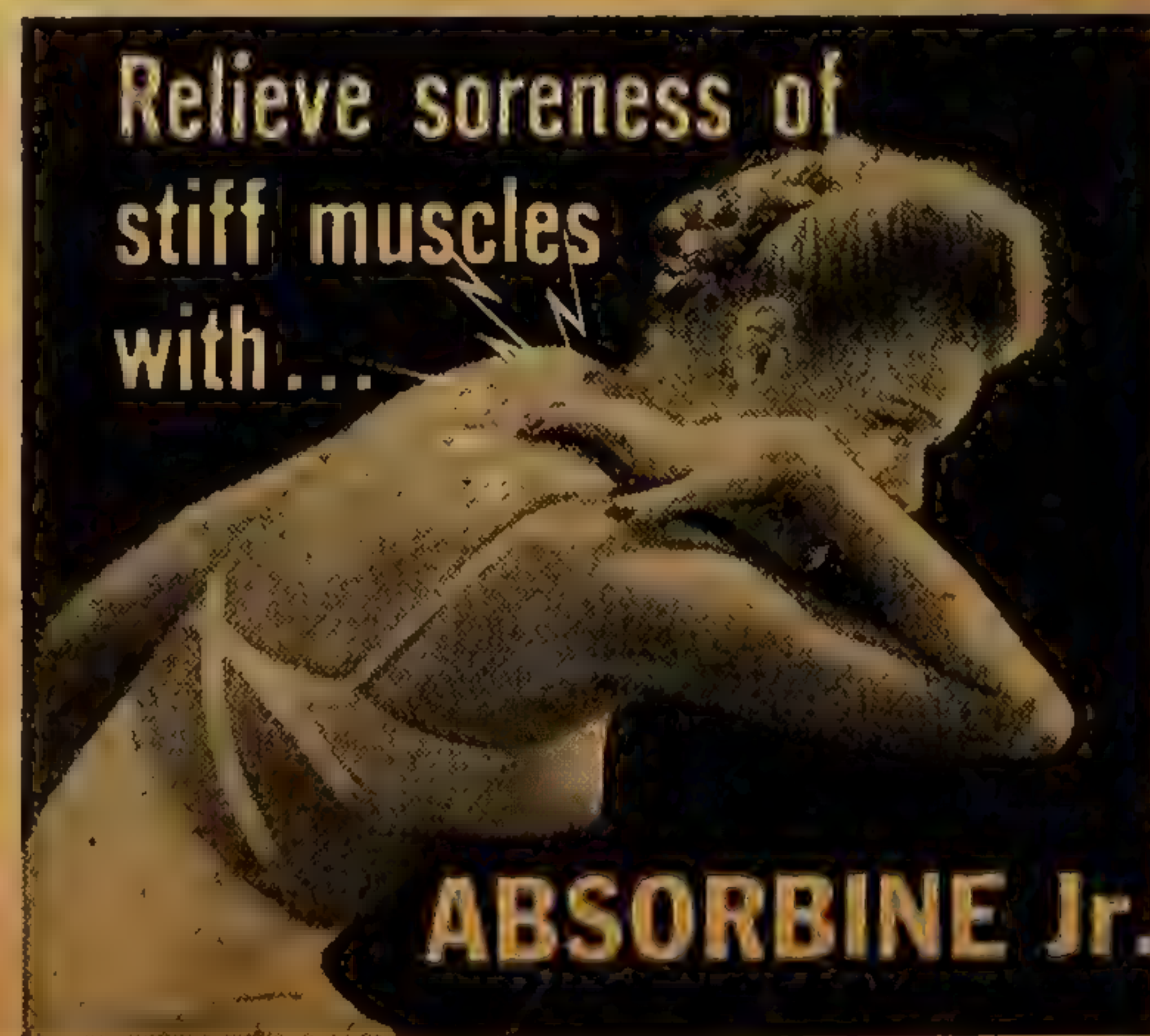


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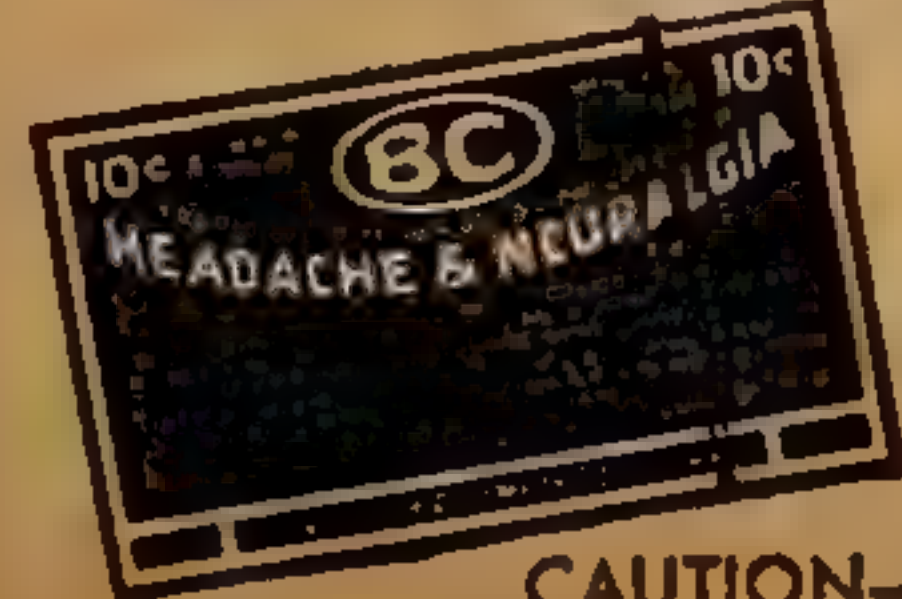
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CAUTION—USE ONLY AS DIRECTED

To Save a Life

(Continued from page 41)

call a 'benign' tumor. It is only when the wild cell growth interferes with or obstructs the function of other organs that it becomes dangerous. This growth is known as a 'malignant' tumor or what everyone calls—cancer."

Dr. Little continued to sketch the nature of cancer for us. Cancer is dangerous because it never stops growing. As it grows, it robs nearby healthy cells of their food and blood supply, eventually destroying them.

With the aid of a large drawing hung from a blackboard, the doctor proceeded to clarify another danger of cancerous growth. "In some cases," he said, "a local growth may have some of its cells break off and be carried by the lymph and blood streams to other parts of the body. At the spot where these cells will attach themselves another cancer will begin to grow."

"Then are we to understand that cancer is not a local disease?" asked a member of the audience.

"HERE is an important point to remember," the doctor concluded. "Cancer, like a wild weed, begins to grow in one spot. Detected at an early stage it is easy to uproot or destroy and the chance of cure is excellent. But—permitted to grow to a moderately advanced stage, the cancer becomes so deeply rooted that removal is difficult and the chance of cure decreases. When it has progressed to the stage where its cells are scattered throughout the body, there is almost no chance for cure."

Then, as though to emphasize the seriousness of his thought, Dr. Little added in slow deliberation, "The first thing for persons to remember is that cancer is a local disease at the start."

Altogether too many people are under the false impression that pain is one of the first signs of cancer. The fact is that, in its early stages of growth, cancer is rarely painful.

But there are other danger signals which the body will give. Most of these seem harmless on the surface. Because cancer is always an emergency, one must constantly be on the alert for these first warning signals.

It has been said—and correctly—that fear is the greatest ally of cancer. While it is not the intent of cancer scientists to promote cancer-phobia, it is their aim to make people cancer-conscious. In that way, a person receiving a warning signal would know that the only thing to fear would be delay in visiting a physician or an approved cancer clinic.

Chances are that, upon examination, the signal may prove not to mean cancer. But if it should be determined to be cancer, then that person could be secure in the knowledge that promptness of discovery and early treatment mean good chances for cure.

Before giving a list of the most important danger signals, I would like to point out that it is of utmost importance for every one to become familiar with them. If you should note the appearance of any symptoms, be alert; go at once to your physician for a check-up! Here are those so-called "danger signals":

1. A painless lump or thickening, especially in the breast, lip or tongue.
2. Any irregular or unexplained bloody discharge from the nipple or

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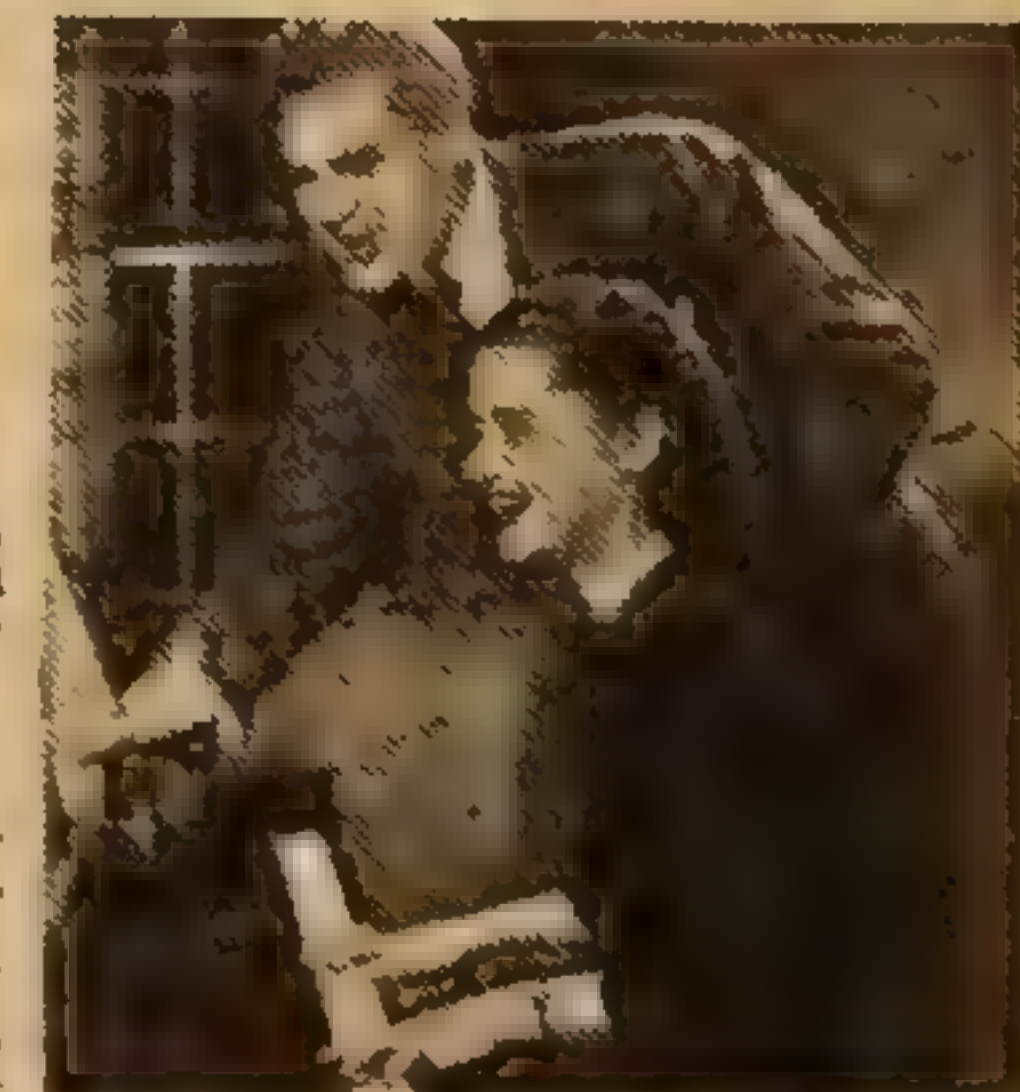
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other body opening—check at once.

3. A sore which does not heal—particularly about the tongue, mouth or lips.

4. Any progressive change in the size or color of a mole, wart, wen or birthmark.

5. Unexplained persistent indigestion or any change in normal bowel habits.

6. Observation of blood or mucus in the stool or urine.

7. Persistent hoarseness, an unexplained cough or difficulty in swallowing.

While the symptoms given above are not the only ones which may indicate a possible early cancerous condition, they are the most frequent types and should be learned so as never to be forgotten. In this way, many needless deaths could be avoided.

Plainly put, then, the second rule of action should be: *Learn the possible early cancer symptoms.*

As time progressed, I became more deeply interested in the fine, humane work being done by the American Cancer Society. It became quite clear why the eminent physicians comprising the Professional Board of the Society were insistent that persons be made to realize the necessity of regular periodic medical examinations.

In such periodic examinations—with special emphasis on cancer detection—the physician will watch for the symptoms I gave previously. However, his training and experience give him a diagnostic sensitivity which is invaluable. For that reason, it is imperative that all persons visit their physicians at least once each year (and twice, if at all possible) for a complete examination, even in the absence of suspicious symptoms. Should any of the danger signals appear between visits, then by all means see him without delay!

Hence, the third rule of action should be: *See your physician without delay if suspicious symptoms appear.*

IT WAS during one meeting of the American Cancer Society that I learned with no small amount of horror of the problem of quacks and quack "cures."

Prodded by unquenchable curiosity, I probed deeper into the matter of quack cures. What I found amazed me! It hardly seems possible that there are people who, because of needless fear, shame or sheer neglect, indulge themselves in the injurious practice of home-made remedies, salves, ointments and a host of other so-called "cures."

It is a medically proven fact that the means of treating cancer are only three—surgery, X-rays or radium.

There are no other medically accepted means known today—no salves, no special diets, no short cuts. To gamble with these "sure cures" is to repose your life in the hands of a dangerous fraud which may cause a cancer to grow more rapidly than it would otherwise.

By all means, make this your fourth rule of action: *Avoid quack cures and home remedies.* Consult your physician or an approved cancer clinic for the proper form of treatment. They alone are competent to administer the only three forms of medically approved treatment—surgery, X-rays or radium—either singly or in combination.

Medical science does not yet know what causes cancer cells to be produced in one person and not in another. But science does know about certain factors which influence the develop-

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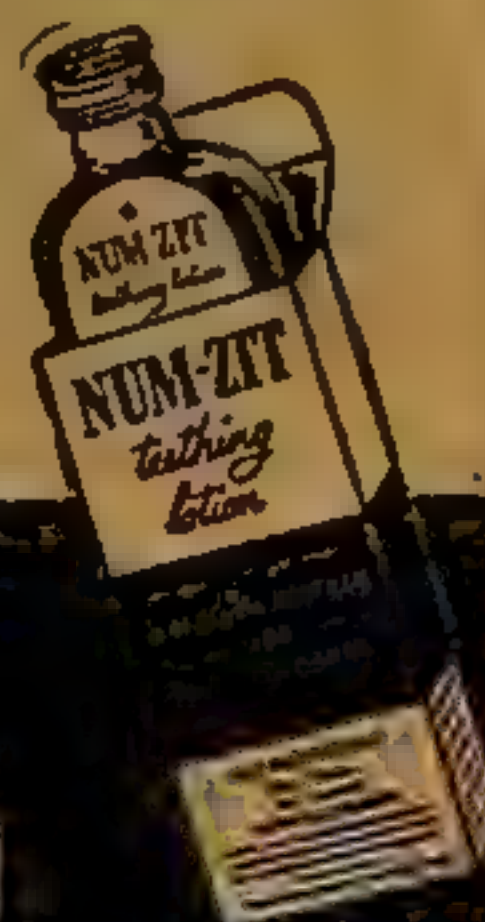


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ment of cancer. One of these factors is age.

While cancer develops in children and young adults, causing a death rate which is two and one-half times as great as that of infantile paralysis, it is essentially a disease of middle or old age.

Dr. W. D. Stovall, professor of Hygiene at the University of Wisconsin, put the matter simply. He said, "As the body gets old the tissues begin to break down or wear out. In such weakened condition they are too tired to protect the body with the same vigor as they could during youth. The result is that the tissues are favorably disposed to the development of cancer."

When asked if old age was the prime factor in causing cancer, Dr. Stovall replied, "Emphatically NO! There are many other causes which will induce a 'precancerous condition.'"

ONE of the members of the audience asked if a list of these common causes would be too long to remember. "Quite the contrary," came the reply. "They can be very conveniently memorized, since there are seven common types in all." Thereupon, Dr. Stovall outlined the following:

1. Tongue and inner-cheek surfaces which are continually being irritated by jagged teeth or dental appliances which do not fit properly.

2. A mole or wart on the body which is constantly being rubbed by some wearing apparel or garment.

3. Prolonged irritation of the digestive tract due to faulty eating habits.

4. Irritations which are the result of neglected childbirth injuries. These should always be repaired.

5. Dry, scaly patches about the neck or face which are constantly being scraped raw by shaving.

6. Failure to protect the skin from prolonged exposure to irritants such as coal tars, lubricating oils, paraffin or arsenic.

7. A sore on the lip, mouth or tongue, or anywhere on the skin which fails to heal within two weeks.

If you should find any of the above conditions existent, have them corrected at once. Your dentist will correct jagged teeth or ill-fitting dental plates. Wear clothes which will not irritate. Protect your skin from exposure to irritants, and, above all, have your physician attend to all irritations while they are minor.

Summed up, the fifth rule of action should be: *Guard against, remove or correct all irritations which may cause a precancerous condition.*

Medical science has, in the past, conquered many seemingly hopeless diseases. It is now hard at work trying to conquer cancer. In the process, it has learned much about what can be done to prevent it and give physicians their very best chance to cure it. By doing those things NOW, you can help scientists cut down the staggering loss of life and prevent unnecessary deaths. To aid in this fight, the American Cancer Society has enlisted the efforts and resources of the National Research Council's Committee on Growth. Upon that body's advice, the Society granted almost one million dollars in 1945 for furtherance of research in various fields of science such as physics, chemistry and biology.

With the help of every citizen the lives of thousands of children and adults can be made more secure from the ravages of this scourge. In the names of children yet unborn, we cannot, we must not, *we dare not* fail them!



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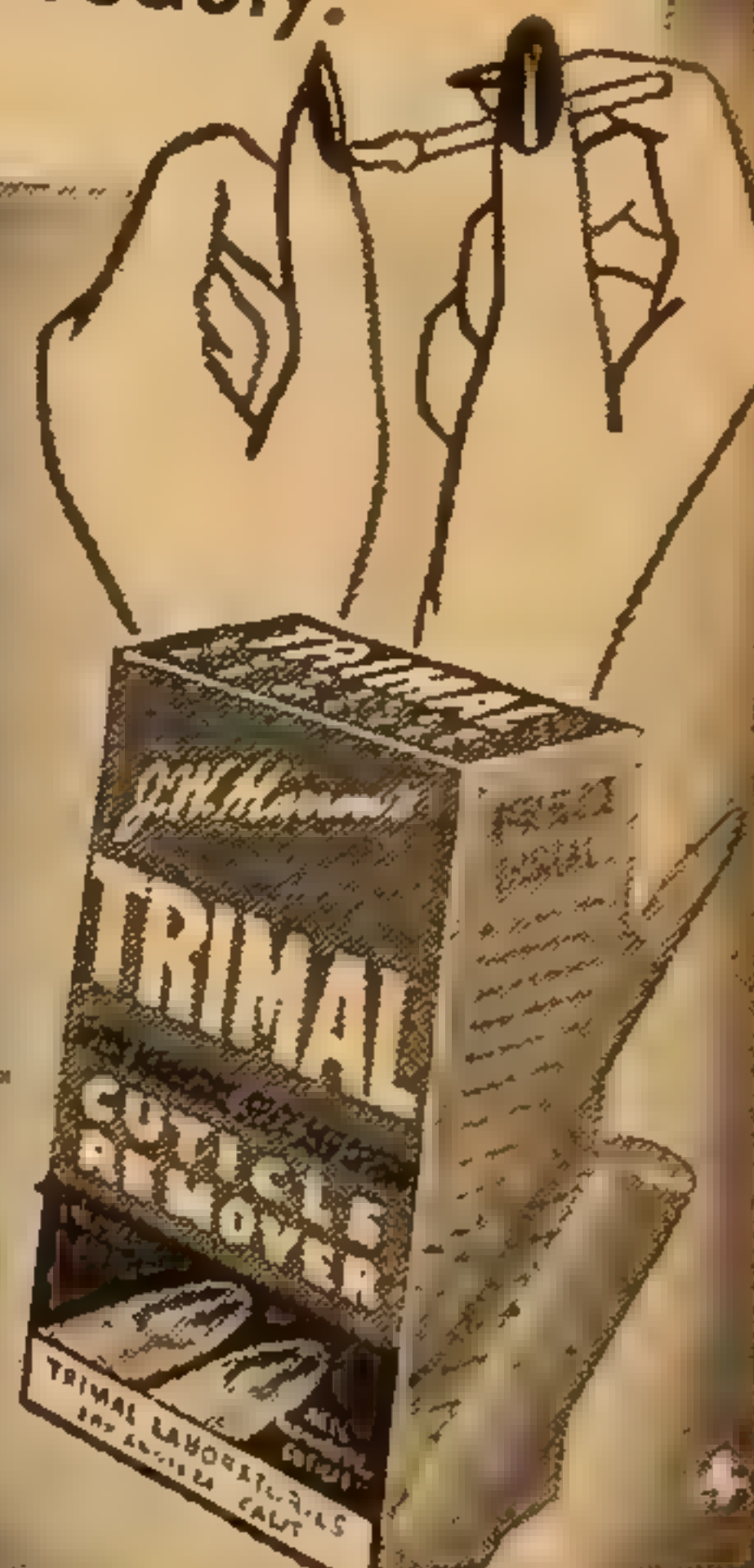
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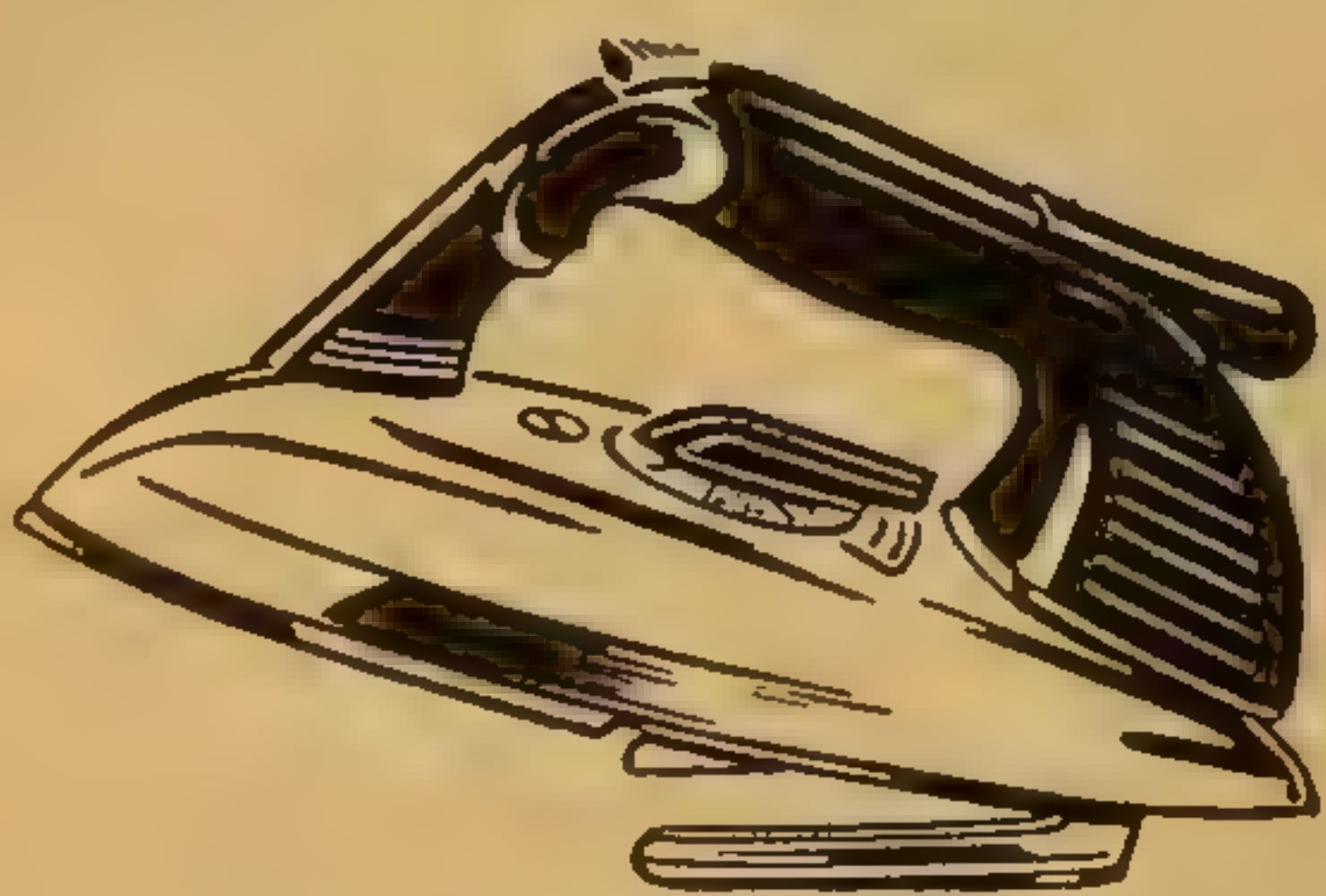
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Facing the Music

(Continued from page 4)

Theater, just signed a recording contract with Victor, was discussing a movie deal with Brothers Warner, and was just about set on the new Follies of '46, heard NBC Tuesday nights.

With his crew cut, cropped hair, loud plaid sports jacket and trim build, you half expected Johnny to whip out an autograph book and join his bobby sox admirers. But twenty-five-year-old Johnny has a three year Army hitch behind him, and is a happily married husband.

Johnny was born in Detroit, son of a modest Italian grocer named De Simone. Neither his parents, his older brother nor two younger sisters paid much attention to Johnny's high pitched singing until he was eleven. One day a customer purchasing some soup-greens from Papa De Simone heard the boy singing in the family kitchen.

"The kid's good," said the customer. "He should be singing on Uncle Nick's kiddy program like my son does."

The man hustled Johnny to the radio station. Uncle Nick was equally enthusiastic.

"Singing on the radio continued right through high school with me," Johnny recalled. "Of course my parents loved it, but it didn't do my school work any good."

There was a brief period when Johnny's voice changed from boy soprano to baritone.

"I thought it was the end of the world. It broke right when I was on the air doing my best with a Shirley Temple number called 'I'm Laughing.' Believe me, it was no laughing matter."

When Johnny became accustomed to his new-found baritone he organized a vocal group, The Downbeaters.

"We tried to sound like the Merry Macs," he explained.

Bob Crosby came to town on a barnstorming tour, heard the group, signed them, and changed their name to the Bob-O-Links.

"In Ohio, Gilda got homesick and quit. We didn't pick up another girl singer till we got to Salt Lake City."

The new Bob-O-Link turned out to be Ruth Keddington, an attractive blue-eyed brunette. She's now Mrs. Desmond. They were married a year later in New York when Johnny was singing with Gene Krupa at the Paramount.

"We got the marriage license between the first and second shows and were married after the fifth show by a tired Justice of the Peace in Yonkers."

Johnny volunteered for the Army Air Corps in 1942, got his basic training at Enid Flying School. When Glenn Miller organized a band for the Corps, Johnny wrote to the late musician asking to become a member of the group.

In 1944, the Miller Air Corps band went overseas. It broadcast from England over BBC and the Armed Forces network. Johnny became increasingly popular with the troops. They liked their serviceman swooner, told the folks back home about him.

Miller and his men performed other important chores. They were beamed to German troops with Glenn reading the announcements in German and Johnny singing to them in their native tongue.

Buzz bombs rained down heavily and the band was forced to quit London for Bedford, England, seventy-five miles away.

"Glenn had a hunch about the bombs.



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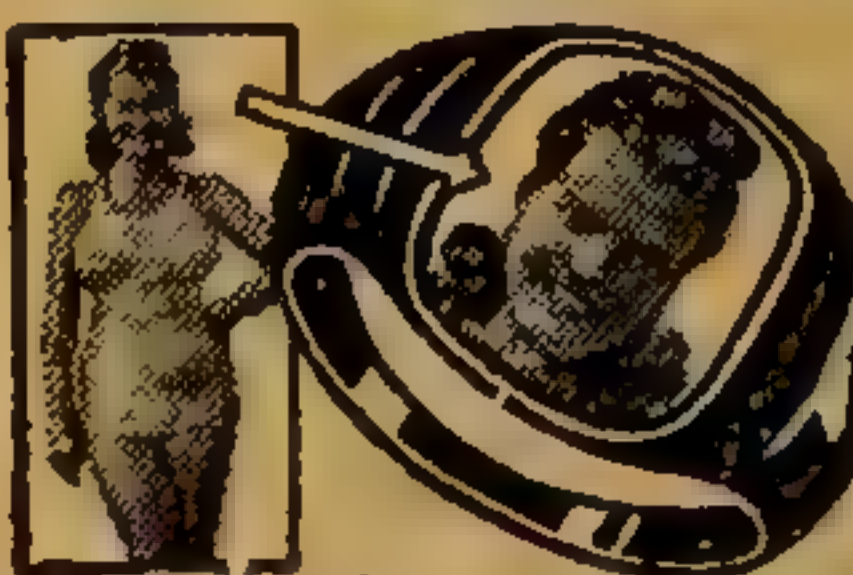
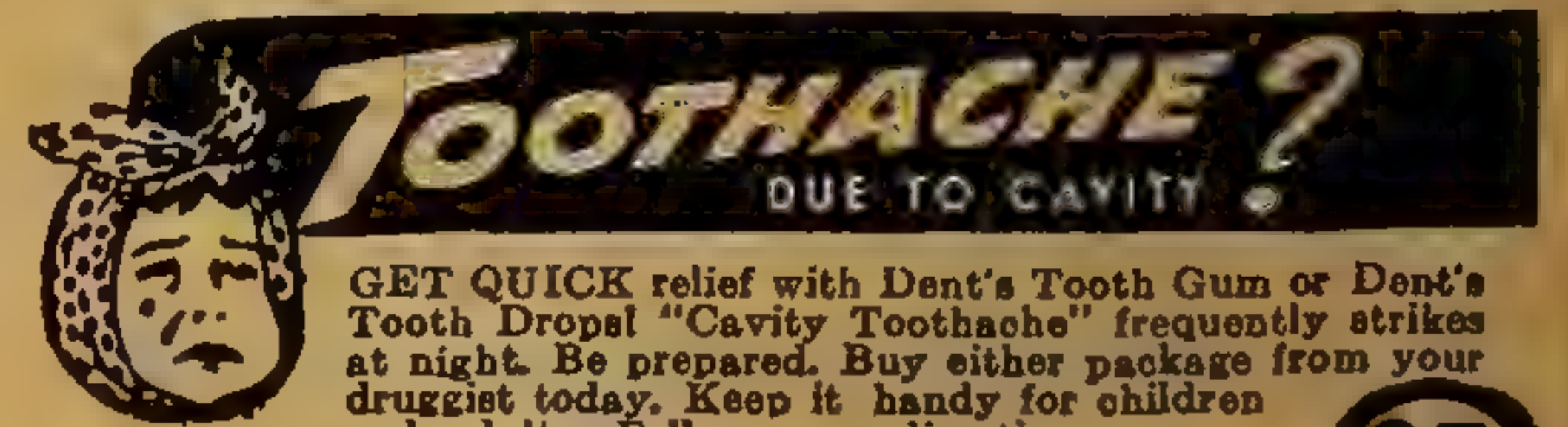


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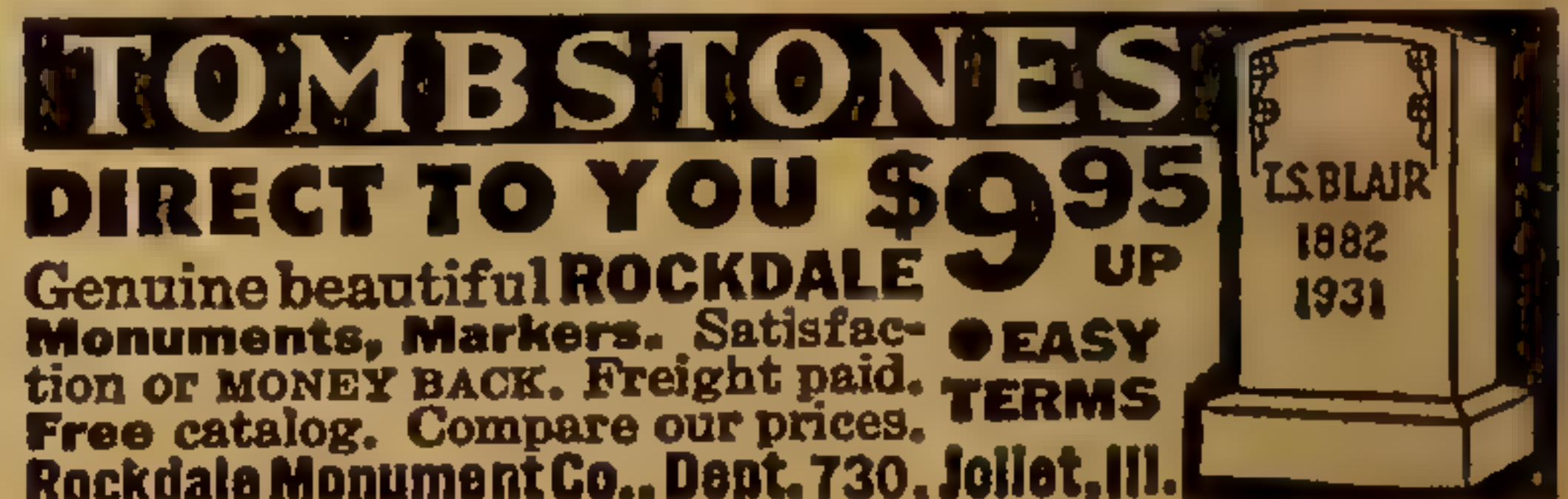
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The day after we left, the street we were quartered in was completely leveled—right to the ground."

On December 17, 1944, Johnny and the rest of the band reached Paris only to learn that their beloved leader was missing. He had taken an earlier plane which never reached its destination.

"It was the saddest day of my life. Glenn Miller was a great musician, a real American, and a great guy."

The work carried on with Ray McKinley waving the baton. The French people were captivated by the band and the singing sergeant. Now Johnny was singing the lyrics in French. The Parisians labeled him "The Creamer."

"I guess they thought my voice had a creamy flavor or was the closest they could get to swooner."

All this adulation re-echoed in the states. National magazines carried stories about Johnny. When he came back his career was cut out for him.

Johnny is still a little dazed by all this but he's a rather retiring and modest chap.

Johnny and his wife live in a small apartment on swing alley, West 52nd Street, hard by Leon and Eddie's and other nighteries.

"It will be kind of tough on the baby we hope to have. The kid will be lulled by jam sessions."

ANDREWS SISTERS - GUY LOMBARDO: An inspired merger organized for an amusing new calypso "Money Is The Root of All Evil" and a new Walt Disney tune, "Johnny Fedora" (Decca). **BING CROSBY:** The Groaner records two numbers from his latest Paramount trek, "Road to Utopia." They're called "It's Anybody's Spring" and "Welcome to My Dreams" (Decca). Dinah Shore also spins the latter tune (Victor), and adds another from the same film, "Personality." For good measure Johnny Mercer has waxed it, too (Capitol).

FRANKIE CARLE: Piano magic with the new Cahn-Styne hit "I'm Glad I Waited For You" (Columbia). George Paxton's fine band handles the same melody for Majestic. Take your choice. **AL GOODMAN:** Radio's able maestro records an album of flowing melodies from the operetta "Polonaise" (Victor) adapted from the works of Chopin. Earl Wrightson and Rose Ingram are among the competent vocalists.

FRANK SINATRA: F.S.'s discs (Columbia) this month are two average ballads, "Oh! What It Seemed to Be" and "Day by Day." **THELMA CARPENTER:** Eddie Cantor's sensational singing discovery makes her recording debut (Majestic) with two fine renditions, "Hurry Home" and "Just A-Sittin' And A-Rockin'."

VAUGHN MONROE: From the musical, "Nellie Bly." They're called "Just My Luck" and "You May Not Love Me" (Victor).

PERRY COMO: A splendid rendition of the ever-welcome "I'm Always Chasing Rainbows" that went from Chopin to World War One to "The Dolly Sisters" without any trouble (Victor). Harry James plays the same melody with a bit more pace (Columbia).

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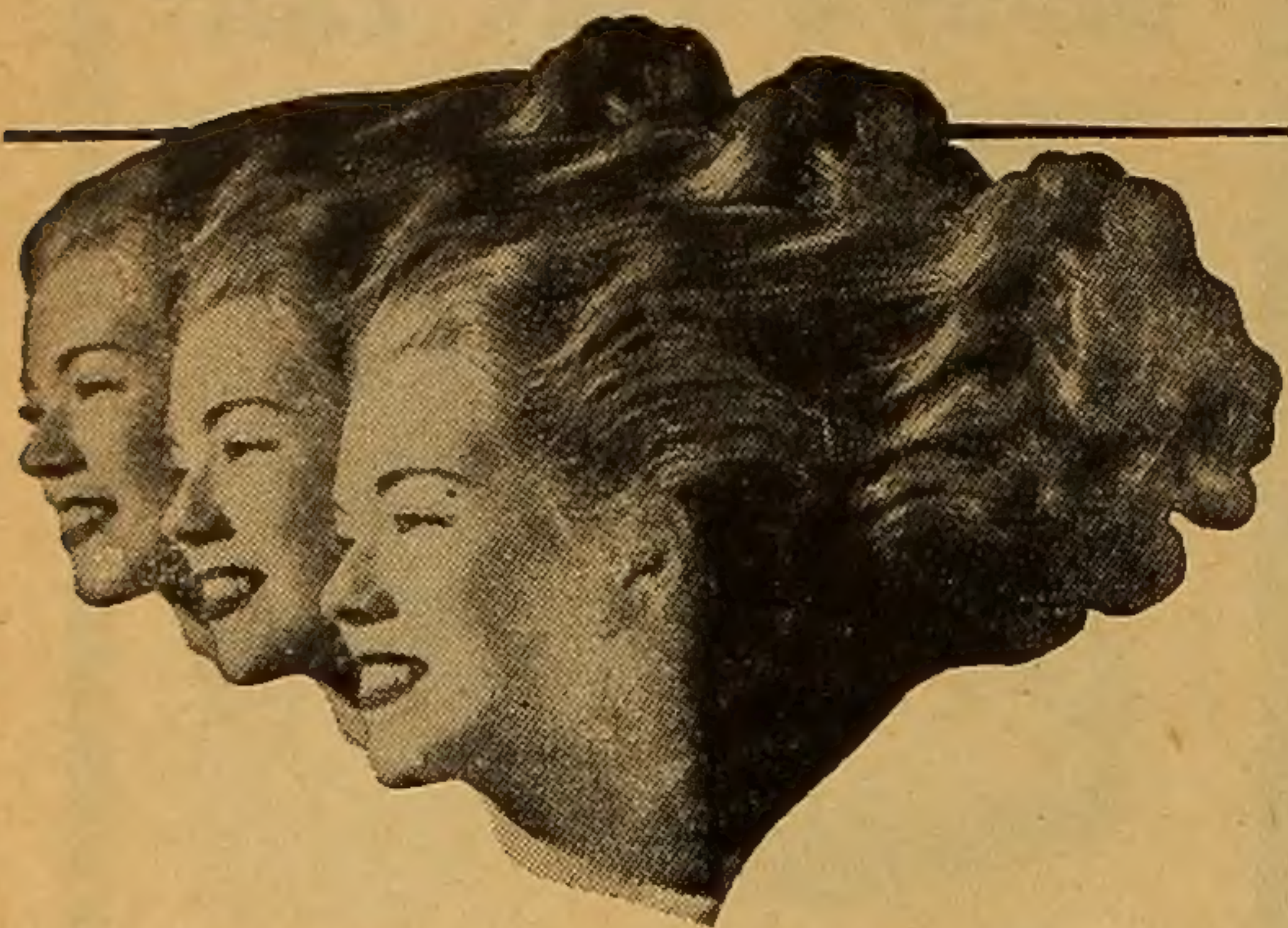
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Wherever Baby Goods Are Sold

Cover Girl

(Continued from page 54)

Sinatra, Jo Stafford, the Pied Pipers, Benny Goodman, Les Brown. In it, she takes a daily singing lesson—which she never does in California. In it, she goes to all the plays. And some day, in it, she hopes to accomplish her two ambitions: going backstage at the Metropolitan, and meeting Arthur Koestler, whose books she reads while the printers' ink is still wet.

But her last visit to New York almost cured her of ever wanting to live there . . . even though she is now doing just that for several months of each year. On that hasty trip there was too much excitement even for Martha. It went like this:

She and Constance Dowling came East last Summer, on their way to Europe and a USO tour with Jack Benny. The two girls wore their USO uniforms as they boarded the plane in Los Angeles, and Martha had carefully wired ahead to the manager of the Astor Hotel for reservations for them. "Just for four days while we pass through New York," she specified.

But Fate intervened, as it so often does. Instead of the plane arriving in twenty-four hours, it arrived (due to bad weather) in forty-eight. This landed the two girl singers in New York City at two—in the morning. Unperturbed, they hastened, complete with seven suitcases, to the Astor—where they were turned down cold for a room. They stared at each other in horror. Both of them knew the hotel shortage too well to expect any luck elsewhere. Then Martha remembered that her old friend Harry James and his band were playing on the Astor Roof. Both girls rushed into the elevator and upstairs.

Once there, Martha hastily worked the crowd (most of whom were her friends) for a room—with no success. Meanwhile, Constance was in a telephone booth, waking all her friends to see if they had an extra bed. One staid and elderly bachelor admitted very, very reluctantly that he did have; in fact, he had two daybeds, one in his breakfast room and one in his living-room. "But you girls can *only* stay overnight," he said emphatically.

"Natch," cooed Constance—and the girls were off. They landed with their seven suitcases at his neat, bachelor-

perfect apartment—and they took it over. Instead of leaving in the morning, they left in two weeks. Meanwhile, they had ironing boards in the living-room, laundry strung in the bathroom, make-up in the bedroom, and friends everywhere. There was finally no room for the unhappy host—so he left town for ten days!

But that Marx Brothers routine was just Martha Tilton routine. She took it in stride, just as she has taken the events in her life in stride. She was born, like many another beauty, in Texas—in Corpus Christi. Like many another beauty, she made tracks for Hollywood; only she came at the age of seven, without a thing on her mind but the trip. Her father, who is in the wholesale rug business, set up shop in Hollywood and raised his family there. And Martha went calmly through high school, singing only around the family piano along with all the other song-loving Tiltons. One evening, however, she sang at a friend's house in front of a musician—who insisted she have a radio audition. The rest is musical history . . . beginning with Sid Lipman's band and continuing with Hal Grayson's.

As for things personal with Martha, they are as follows: she likes sports clothes (and lots of them) in bright colors, with accent on red and blue. She owns only a handful of hats, and seldom wears those. She exercises every morning for about ten minutes, and spends ten other minutes every day lying with her head near the floor—which is excellent blood-treatment for both face and hair.

She reads the usual comic strips, Terry and Dick Tracy . . . and every Book of the Month. She has just finished "The Manatee" and pronounces it good. She sees every movie made, and eats any kind of highly seasoned food she sees—especially Spanish and Italian. And some day she'd like to be a radio producer, and to live with Leonard and their offspring on a ranch in San Fernando Valley with a huge number of horses and dogs: both of which she dearly loves.

All of which we predict will come true—but with a lot of Martha Tilton excitement in the meantime!



The Shadow (Brett Morrison) steadies the young lady's hand (Leslie Wood) as they prepare to escape from a tight spot (MBS, Sundays).

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